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AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

3rd BIRTHDAY SPECIAL ISSUE

WIN A BACHELOR BEACH HOUSE

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW: POLISH SOLIDARITY LEADER

POT: A POTTED HISTORY

JOHN DEREK'S WOMEN

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PLAYBILL

FEET UP, comfortable chair in the afternoon sun, a cool glass at your side. Right, now take a long slow look at this month's Australian PLAYBOY. Some new faces along with some old ones, a touch of the new here with the familiar there. What we've done is to make Australia's top men's magazine even better. Better articles, better pictures, better presentation.

Firstly, to celebrate our third anniversary we're offering you a chance to win a timeshare holiday unit on Queensland's Sunshine Coast. The contest is simple, fun to enter and you can read all about it in Playboy After Hours. Le Club timeshare resort, incidentally, will be a world first when it opens next month — the world's first timeshare resort designed exclusively for singles.

Heading our editorial section this month is an exclusive interview with the now legendary Polish Solidarity leader Lech Walesa. For a rare glimpse of the real Walesa, PLAYBOY sent Polish speaking journalists **Ania** and **Krysia Bittenek** to Warsaw last October. The result is fascinating reading.

On a lighter (and higher) note we offer **Peter Olszewski's** Potted History of Pot, the full lowdown on the dreaded weed in Australia. The author, who for many years wrote under the pseudonym "J. J. McRoach", is now trying to recover from a misspent youth by writing about yabbies and country music.

Elsewhere this month, **Frank Robson** examines the remarkable modus operandi of wisecracking Keith Russell, The Underground Undertaker. Russell, a safari-suited former cop, has taken on the funeral directing establishment in no uncertain manner and his cut-price formula is working. People are dying to give him their business. Groan.

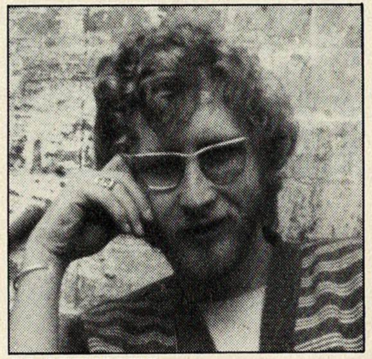
Stephen Brouwer makes a welcome return to the pages of PLAYBOY this month with an absorbing fiction story called An Eye For An Eye. To say it's all about politics, sex, revenge and organic gardening would be to sell it short. Read it and draw your own conclusions. And as a fiction bonus we offer Blue Cadillac by **Michael Malone,** a crazy tale about a girl, a car, a good ole boy and a passion for Elvis. The illustration is by **Peter Lloyd.**

Regular PLAYBOY readers will be aware that this publication has had more than a passing interest in the subject of sex for some time now. But what, biologically speaking, is sex all about? Why are men and women different? Most of us covered the basics in school and later in the back seats of cars, but there is much more to know and it is fascinating. This month we begin a series called Man and Woman, by **Jo Durden-Smith** and **Diane deSimone.** In future issues Durden-Smith and deSimone will be examining all facets of human and animal sexuality. As an introduction to the series we had a brainstrust of psychologists, behaviorists and sociologists help us produce a sexual behavior questionnaire. In a few months we'll publish your answers as part of an international report on what's going on between the sexes.

Humorist **Tony Maguire's** February contribution to the relief of your post-silly season blues takes the form of a guide which explains How To Be A Success At Dinner Parties. We've been to a few this summer where any one of Maguire's 100 interesting facts would have helped after the 13th mind-numbing refreshment.

Roving correspondent **Chris Pritchard** dropped into New Caledonia just before Christmas with a multi-purpose brief from PLAYBOY. Check out the political situation, tourist facilities and the availability of vintage French wines at the right price. Good news for you but bad for us, Pritchard returned home with nothing to declare but a notebook full of facts about The Tricolor's Last Flutter In The Pacific.

And if it's women you be wantin', then how about delightful Playmate **Anne-Marie Fox,** photographed by **Arny Freytag** and **Phillip Dixon.** As well, we present Sydney's **Belinda Knight,** photographed by **Bill Harrington,** and a salute to the women in **John Derek's** life, The Gentleman Prefers Blondes. A very special anniversary issue.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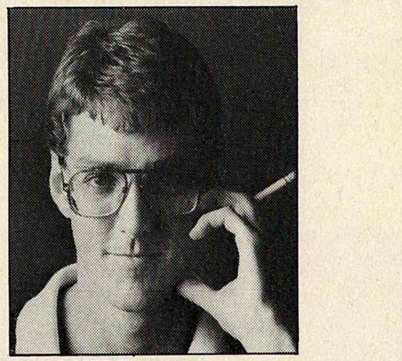
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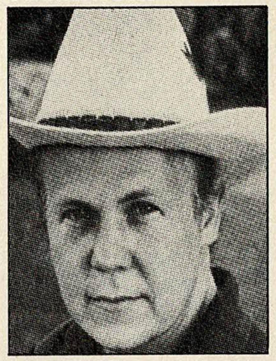
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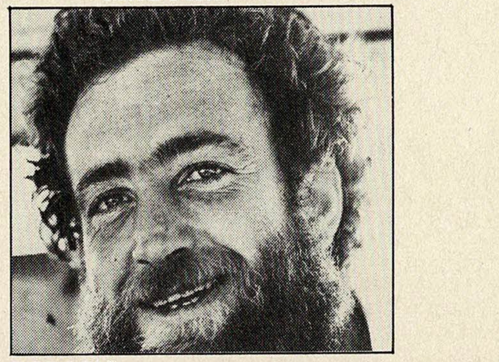
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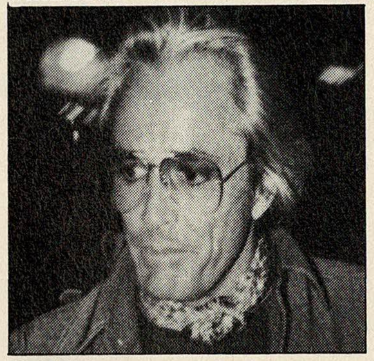
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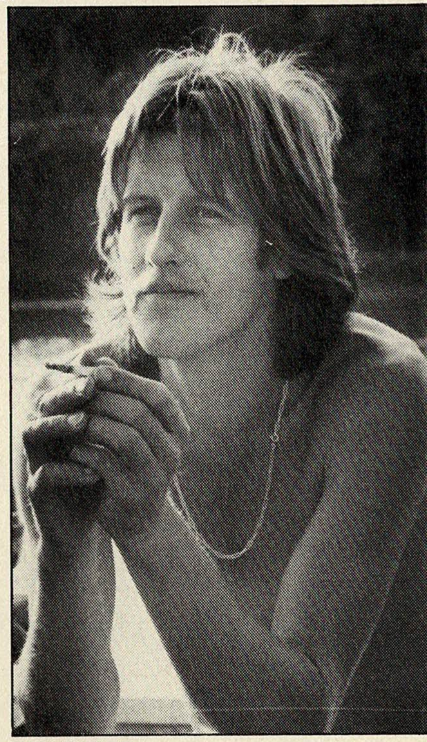
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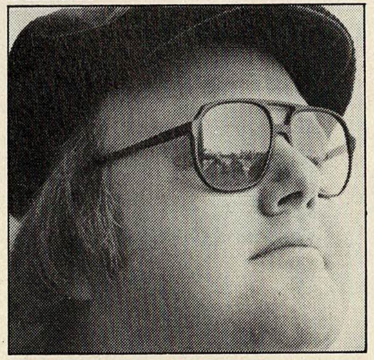
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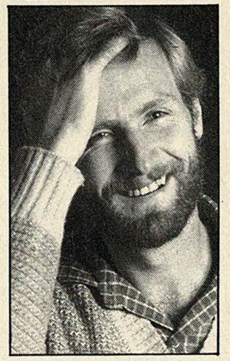
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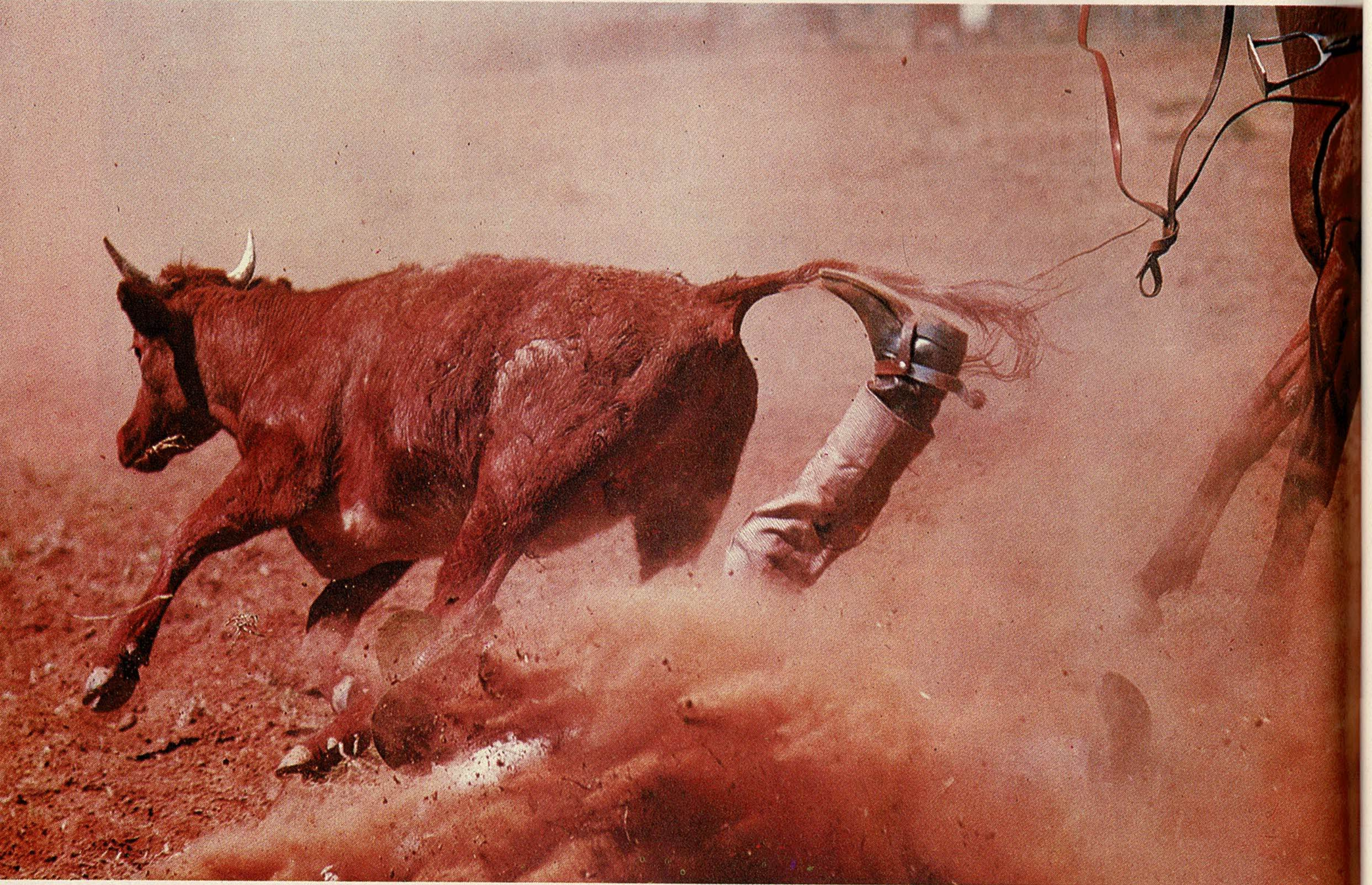

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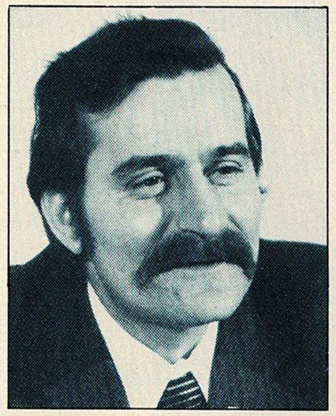

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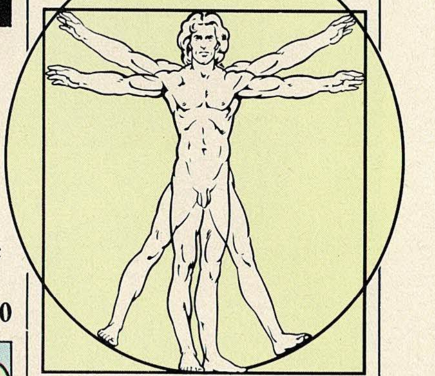

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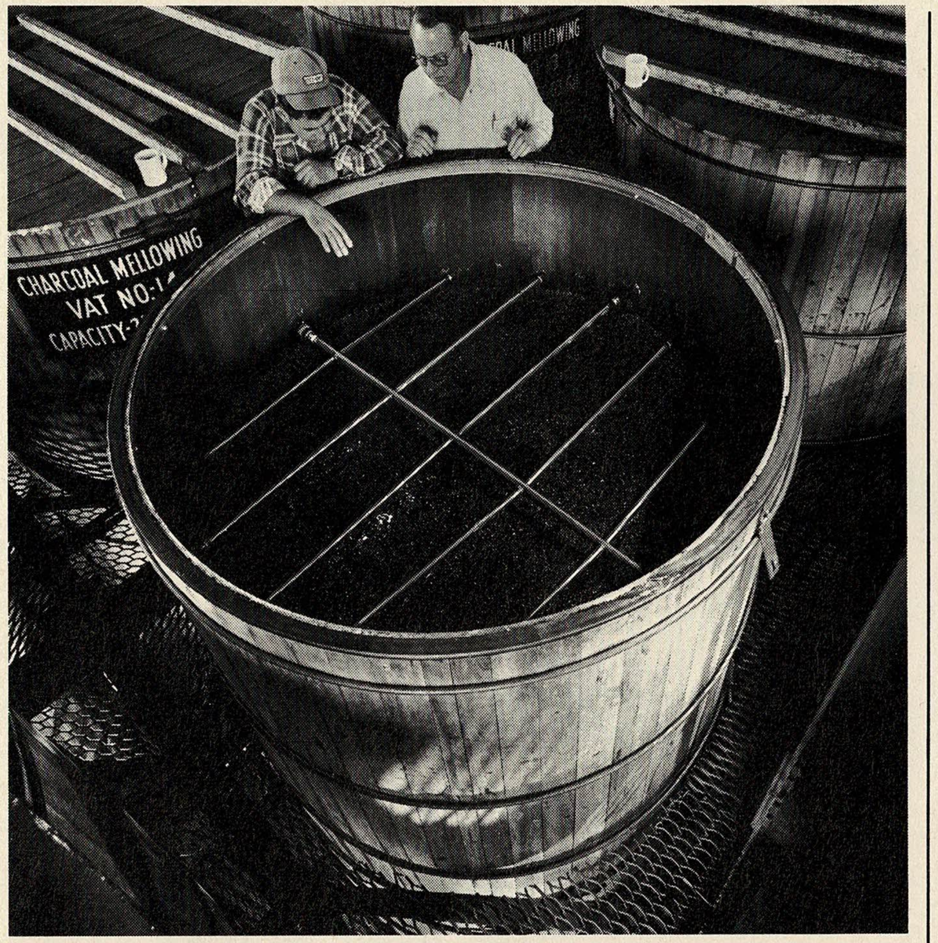

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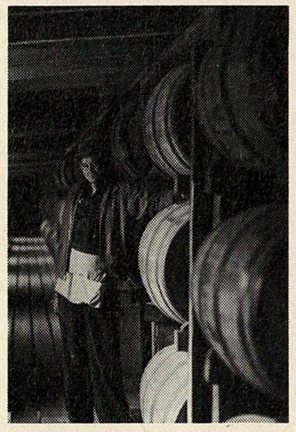

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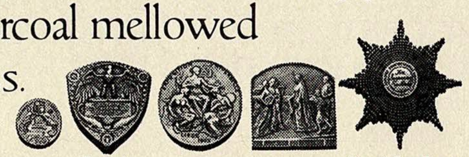

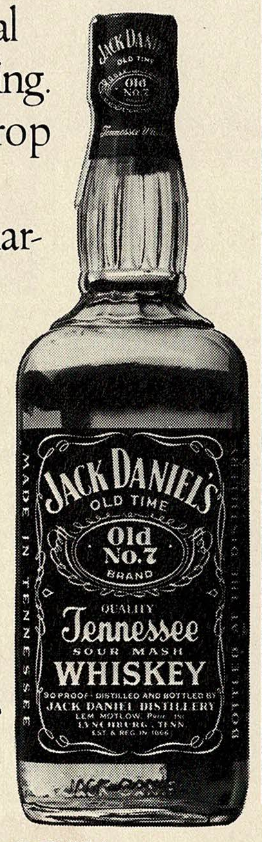

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Black As Knight (Pages 51-57): leather gear from Game Birds, Paddington, Sydney, lingerie from Ann Sterling, Hilton Hotel Complex, Sydney, shoes from Raymond Castles, Sydney, Bell helmet supplied by Scott's Motorcycles, Sydney, motor bike supplied by McCulloch of Australia, Sydney.

DEAR PLAYBOY

address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010

AUSSIE IDEAL

As long as girls as beautiful as your December Playmate Amanda Dole can be found in Australia, I'll continue to believe that this country is still the favorite habitat of attractive females. More, please.

N.W.,
Nambour, Qld.

DARK THRILLS

I've always looked to PLAYBOY to provide some of the outdoor adventure reading not offered elsewhere. I've been disappointed when the odd issue hasn't delivered the goods but received a bonus with Paul Mann's Close Encounters of the Murky Kind (PLAYBOY, January). It's hard to believe the thrills offered by cave exploring can match those of hang gliding, mountaineering or white water canoeing, but the danger element is obviously high enough to boost the old adrenalin charge. I'll be staying tuned for more of the same, so please keep them coming.

R.B.,
Tenterfield, NSW.

NOT JUST SEX

I find it disappointing to read articles on Asia which tend to promote various places for all the wrong reasons. The Other Thriller In Manila (PLAYBOY, January) was another in a long list that concentrates almost exclusively on the cheap sex aspect. For your correspondent to dismiss much of Manila as not worth seeing is to do a great discredit to so many Filipinos. It says little for the Australian traveller if Asia's only lure is the that of cheap sexual thrills.

In the past 10 years I've travelled extensively throughout Asia and by and large have found the local customs and overall gentility of the people a welcome relief from the crassness of Western civilization. It says little for our values and society if we have to travel long distances at considerable expense for a bit of titillation. Try the boot on the other foot and see how it feels: how would it appeal to our sensitivities if all Australia had to offer the traveller was an inexpensive bit of Kings Cross nooky?

G.M.,
Summer Hill, NSW.

I was surprised to find in a magazine of your usual high standards a grubby article like the one on sex in Manila (PLAYBOY, January). Obviously these places exist and obviously a lot of people go to them, but the idea of a reporter going around looking for and having sex with prostitutes in South-East Asia is more of a turnoff than anything else.

I feel sorry for anyone who has to get his sex that way when there are so many beautiful and broad-minded girls in Australia — as your magazine proves every month.

Dennis Bach,
Tamworth, NSW.

MAMMA MIA!

I suppose breasts are a matter of taste, but Patricia Farinelli (PLAYBOY, January) with her blue-veined watermelons was just a little hard to take. I'm surprised she can remain upright with all that weight in front. She'd be a positive menace in a crowded lift. And where does she get her bras from — a parachute manufacturer? It's enough to put you off spaghetti for life.

William Spring,
Balmain, NSW.

TRIBAL MATES

I thought the passing of time had allowed PLAYBOY to be one of the first male institutions to outgrow the more insidious aspects of sexism. However, Neil Jameson's Mates article (PLAYBOY, December) suggested that your magazine has taken a backward step.

As a feeble apology for why some males cannot mature into sophisticated adults with a need and respect for female company, it would only convince the most naive of readers. I found it a soppy defence of a strange set of tribal values which most sophisticated societies find abhorrent or, at the very best, childish.

If you guys are supposed to be in the business of dealing in more advanced sexual values, I thought the Mates article put your cause back 20 years and did great harm to your credibility.

Ms G.U.,
Mornington, Vic.

Full credit to PLAYBOY for injecting sense and reason into a subject which must be very close to the heart of the average Aussie male. Your Mates article in December put into words the underlying nobility of the mateship ethic and why it should be preserved.

I pride myself on being liberated on most areas and have always supported the feminist cause in most of its objectives. However, I could never understand why so many people have seen mateship as a threat and have gone out of their way to demean it. I have faith that the article will spark off the sort of debate which will further promote mateship as an integral and harmonious facet of society.

L.T.,
Salisbury East, SA.

LAST LAUGH

Kathy Lette has made a specialty of lecturing others on how to conduct their lives. It seems from her article, Major Issue Over Minor Tissue. (PLAYBOY January), that life is beginning to catch up on her. "Genital dictatorship" indeed! How does she imagine people conducted their sex lives before the Salami Sisters were being designed in the great smallgoods factory in the sky? Perhaps a few more slices of life may help persuade her she still has a lot to learn before she starts teaching.

I suppose that once feminism has run its course, we'll have naive little creatures like Ms Lette complaining that there's no romance left in life. The rest of us, of course, will carry on coping quite well getting ourselves into and out of relationships and generally living life while the fashion-struck trendies find some new reason to look down on us. Good luck to them, but somehow I think we'll have the last laugh.

Glyn Williams,
Redcliffe, Qld.

THE EYES HAVE IT

I was most impressed by Chloe, who appeared in your December issue. She has the most beautiful, sensual eyes I have ever seen. The rest of her is not too bad, either! More Chloe please!

Fred Anderson,
Glenelg, SA.

MORE MEAT, MATE

I can't help noticing the difference between American and Australian girls when you use them in PLAYBOY. The local variety are all skin and bones, while the Yanks are much more fleshy, without being at all fat. Like that gorgeous Shannon Tweed in your November edition. Now there's a real woman.

Just look at Julie Welling in the same issue. She looks as though she needs a good feed. It might be my southern European background (my mother was Italian, my father Yugoslav), but I like my women with a little more meat on them. Give me more Shannon Tweed and less Julie Wellings.

"Bruno,"
Tweed Heads, NSW.

We take your point, Bruno, but just for the record, Shannon Tweed is Canadian. — Ed.

SLANGING MATCH

I was having a tit-for-tat on the dog-and-bone the other day to an old china of mine about the way everyone's using this new kind of Jack Lang where everything rhythmes with something else. This drop kick was butcher's hook that he couldn't understand a dicky bird of it. I told him to get his Brighton-Le-Sands on a copy of Australian PLAYBOY and it would all become as Happy New Year as Elmer Fudd. Then he went really Captain Cook and told me that if he'd got hot and cold of me, he'd have Old Nicked me out the Dorothy Lamour.

I wonder what he meant?

Con Stylianou,
Haberfield, NSW.

CHERIE RIPE

A special thanks for your October issue and Bill Harrington who showed beauty in its most tantalising form. Cherie's is the most beautiful pictorial you have ever done.

L.C.,
Lalor, Vic.

GOLDEN GIRLS

Of the 18 girls pictured in your Girls of Perth feature (PLAYBOY, November) only eight were actually Sandgropers. I realise you mentioned this in the introduction but that doesn't make up for the oversight.

J.H.,
Camden Park, SA.

Like Queensland's Gold Coast, the Golden West attracts beautiful girls from here, there and everywhere. We were happy to find them all living in WA. Does that prevent them from qualifying as Sandgropers? — Ed.

ROD'S THE MAN

John Benaud went straight to the heart of the debate by offering the name of Rod Marsh as the one deserving of the title of Australian captain. (PLAYBOY, December). If the cricketing powers still hold Marsh's World Series affiliation against him, then it is time they withdrew from the scene. The national team is too important to be dogged by recrimination and Australia's tradition of great captains is too strong to be destroyed by petty thinking.

I can think of a few good reasons why Greg Chappell is unworthy of the job. He seems to have little concept of just how much the "under arm" incident against New Zealand and his decision to make himself available for selection only when he can find the time away from administering to his fortune has undermined his credibility. Additionally, ardant supporters are convinced he is a much better player when relieved of the burden of captaincy. As for Hughes, he still has a lot to learn and who better to be the master than old Iron Gloves?

M.T.L.,
Jolimont, WA.

I'd be first to agree with John Benaud that Rodney Marsh is deserving of the Australian captaincy if it were not for the nagging suspicion that the wicketkeeper prefers to follow.

If this were not the case, surely he would have pushed his claims to captain Sheffield Shield champions Western Australia, a position which would have made his promotion to the Australian job a mere formality.

R.C.,
Castle Hill, NSW.

MORE PLEASE

Anyone who has experienced the seduction of fast food and run the comparison tests of the leading chains would have identified with Michael Colman's War With The Works (PLAYBOY, January). I avoid onion on my burger for fear of it repeating, but I could stand at least another round of Colman's light satire.

F.D.,
Richmond, Vic.

TV TEASERS

Television is certainly more enjoyable when the girls are out front. Your Girls of Television pictorial (PLAYBOY, December) brought small screen sexiness right into focus and my only regret is that the shows do not always portray the girls at their best. Not to worry, I'll stay tuned and look forward to your magazine de-programming any other TV beauties who might come your way.

C.P.,
Brisbane, Qld.

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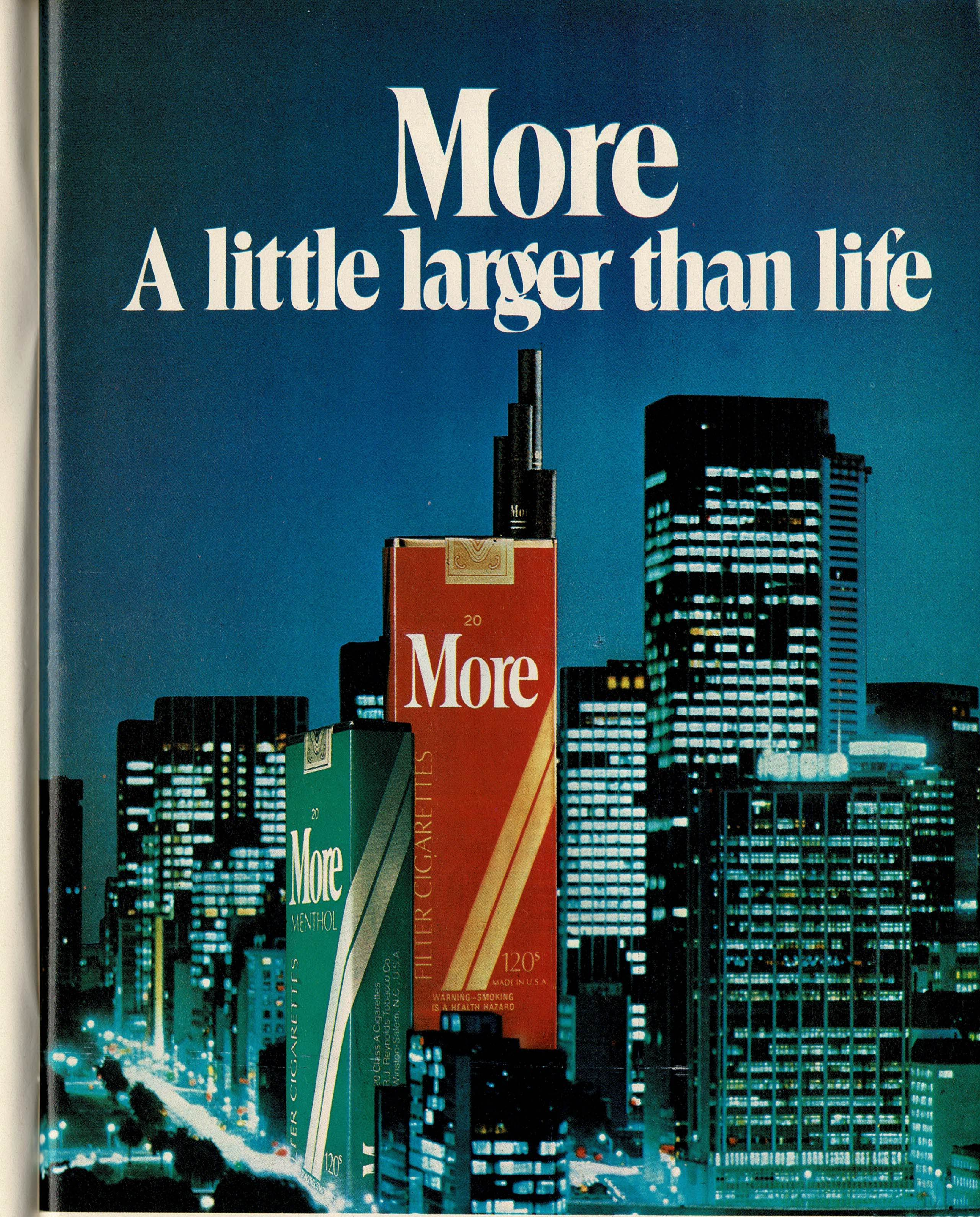

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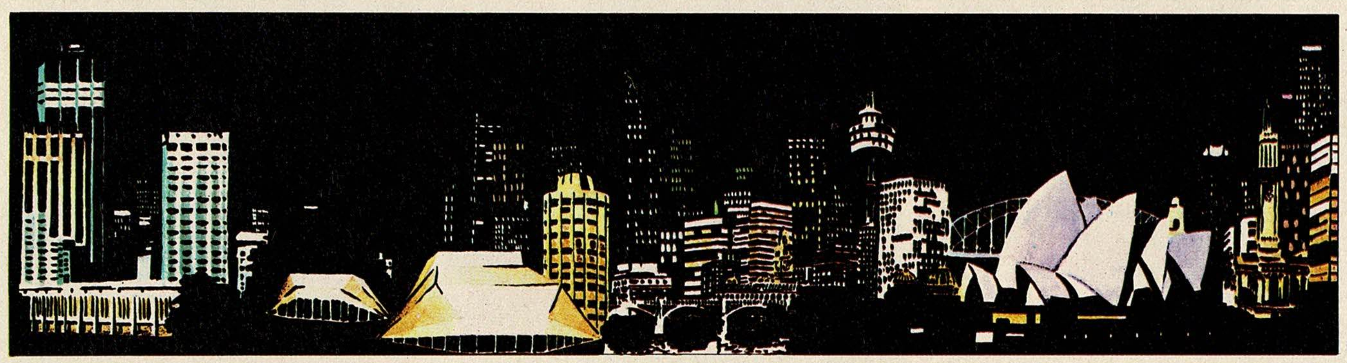


DEMONIC REPOSSESSION

A 53-year-old woman who refused to pay for her dentures claiming they were defective, has filed a half-million dollar lawsuit against her dentist for his unorthodox method of repossession.

She alleged that the dentist pounded on the front and rear doors of her home, hooked a utility to her husband's caravan home and, when she attempted to run for help, ran after her, threw her to the ground, twisted her neck and reached into her mouth to dig out the $600 dentures.

The dentist said that when he put his hand into the woman's mouth she bit him as hard as she could. When he pulled out his fingers, the teeth came with them. He said several other dentists had called and congratulated him since the incident. "They admire my guts," he said.

GLAD TO SEE ME

Remember our feature on penis prosthetics (PLAYBOY, November)? Well, it seems they have their dangers.

After police broke up a scuffle in a San Francisco bar, they ordered the participants to line up. Searching for weapons, one cop noticed a large bulge in a young man's pants. Assuming it must be a gun, he gave the protuberance a hard squeeze. The young man fell to the floor screaming: "You've broken it!"

The cops were horrified but more than a little amused when they found out the man had recently received a 19cm anti-impotence insert. They rushed him to a hospital emergency room where the attending doctor proclaimed the bolstered banger in fine shape. The police, however, still don't know if the thing was ever really loaded.

ROUGH JUSTICE

There is some justice in this world after all. Richard M. Nixon's official papers for his final seven months in the White House are the worst-selling volume of presidential scrawls yet. To date they have sold only 398 copies.

SOLID GROUNDS

A man who injured himself when he punched a faulty coffee machine at work had his claim for worker's compensation turned down on the grounds (if you'll pardon the pun) that the act was not related to his work.

He appealed and the higher court found in his favor. The judge ruled that there was a clear relationship between work and coffee — and the irresistable urge to assault machines that fail to provide it. Now for that tea urn. . .

BITTER PILL

A woman arrested for shoplifting birth control pills ran into more trouble when police informed her husband of the arrest. The husband refused to bail her out adding: "I had a vasectomy five years ago. Leave her in jail."

LOOT FANTASTIC

An eternal triangle came well and truly unstuck when two men and a woman broke into a West German department store after hours. The looting was going very nicely until they came to the furniture department where the woman and one of the men started to make out on a bed. The other male attempted to join in but was brusquely told to get on with the looting. Miffed, he stormed off to the administration office and called the police before fleeing. The officers arrived within 10 minutes to arrest the other two still making out on the bed.

VITAL QUESTION

Now that the International Year of the Disabled is past tense it might be safe to recount the tale of the 23-year-old paraplegic who was locked in conversation with an acquaintance when a third party interrupted with the query: "What?" The man in the wheelchair said: "Don't say 'what' to me," pulled a pistol from beneath his seat and shot the man dead. The killer then engaged the assistance of a bystander to help negotiate a flight of stars with the motorised wheelchair and then made off at speed.

COLD COMFORT

Erroneous telephone listings can be bad for business but when an incorrect listing generates the sort of business you could well do without, the problem takes on new proportions. One mistake sighted in a Texas provincial Yellow Pages was an undertaker listed under "Wholesale Frozen Food".

BOOK ENTRY

A young lady who was in the habit of flying to Britain to visit her wealthy VIP English lover (at his expense of course) was stunned when immigration officials at Heathrow stopped her and said she'd had her full quota of visits for the year.

"But I've got this gentleman waiting," she blurted out in despair.

An odd look came over the official's face and he ushered her into a side office. There he leafed through a large book.

"Ah, yes," he said. "There we are. Just hand me your passport and I'll stamp it."

Curious, the lady looked over his shoulder. There was her name, under the heading Foreign Mistresses. It seems the Brits are not about to restrict the entry of their leading citizens.

HORN-TOED

Back-ache sufferers will have some sympathy for the near-naked man and his woman companion who were trapped by his slipped disc while attempting to make love in a tiny sports car. The woman, who was pinned beneath the man, attempted to attract help by honking the horn with her foot. A paramedic, firemen and a group of interested passers-by soon appeared to help the couple from the car only to learn that the woman's prime concern was how she would explain to her husband the damage caused to the car.

LEG BREAK

Friends of a Toledo, Ohio, woman thought it a limp joke when she bought a pair of crutches to help beat immobility caused by tendonitis. She tripped over one of the crutches and broke her leg.

DEAD TO RIGHTS

A former employee of the People's Bank of China copped a 15-year stretch for embezzling $50,000 from his office. He appealed against what he considered an excessive sentence but found no mercy before the Chinese Supreme Court which ruled the lower court sentence was inadequate. The court's revised ruling sentenced the man to death.

BLACK TIE

The oft-repeated tale of star-crossed lovers coming to ruin through suicide pacts takes no account of age or generation. Thirty-six-year-old bachelor Tony Kenyon and his 14-year-old schoolgirl lover went to great romantic lengths to ensure their demise held true to the tradition. The couple invested their savings on evening dress before retiring to bed where they swallowed cyanide while listening to the appropriately named pop record, Between Heaven and Hell. The couple were found next morning by Kenyon's mother in her home in Huddersfield, northern England.

OFFAL TALE

In a year in which the "Slaughtergate" meat scandals gave the press plenty to beef about, it was comforting to note Australian quality wasn't the only item under the chop. A Finnish meat-packing company was successful in shutting down a group of rock musicians who practised in the building next door. The slaughterhouse owners had claimed the rock music upset the doomed cattle, causing the release of enzymes which made the meat taste foul. We wonder what effect it might have had on kangaroos.

DEEP THROATIE

A Sacramento, California, court was called on to swallow a most remarkable tale of post-operational trauma when a woman filed suit against a local hospital and surgeon. The woman claimed that a metal tube used during a routine operation broke off in her throat. Although gagging and having difficulty breathing, the patient did not discover the object until three days later when she coughed it into a hospital sink.

There were worse problems to follow. A psychologist explained to the court that the woman had to modify her sexual techniques because she was no longer able to fellate her husband. The evidence was based on the plaintiff's contention that each of the four times she attempted to fellate her husband after being discharged from the hospital, she experienced a violent choking reaction which made her throw up. The woman was seeking $US100,000 in damages or, if you like, $US25,000 for each ruined blowjob.

ANT EATERS

According to an official report released by a Philippines Government agency, a cup of termites — yes, termites — a day makes a man more masculine and improves his fighting ability. But all termite eaters should be certain to read the instructions on the pack. The agency advises they are best cooked.

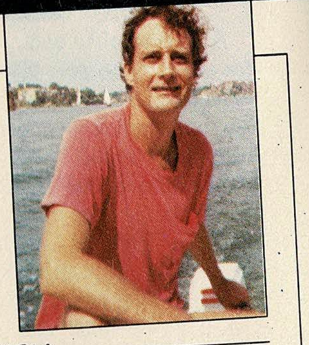
KNIFE JOB

If you think Australian marriage guidance counsellors have it tough, have some sympathy for their counterparts in

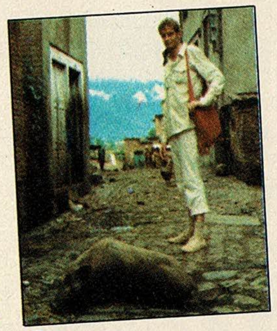
ARE YOU OUR 'LE CLUB' MAN?

this is our birthday but you get the present. . . a chance to win a timeshare holiday unit in a luxurious new singles complex near Noosa

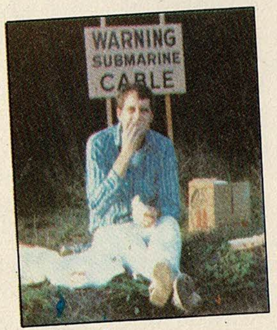
PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



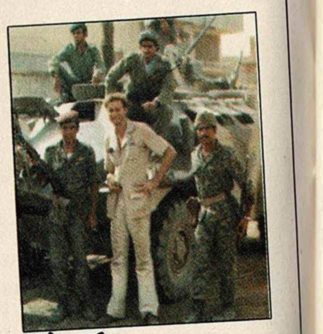
NAME: P D Jack
BUST: Minor WAIST: "Easy" 34 HIPS: Quite
HEIGHT: 6.3 WEIGHT: 12 ST SIGN: Virgo
BIRTH DATE: 1947 BIRTHPLACE: Sydney
GOALS: To retire to my own stud farm & vineyard by the sea
TURN-ONS: Girls, Women, ladies, sport, causing trouble
TURN-OFFS: This sort of thing, rich crooks, bad martinis, (20th
FAVORITE BOOKS: Oxford English Dictionary, Police Rule Book Cantos of Ezra Pound
FAVORITE MOVIES: "Reefer Madness" Mon Uncle
FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Greta Garbo, Catherine Deneuve, Sydney Greenstreet.
FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Barry Otto and 'The Who'
RELAXING: Staring blankly into Space
SECRET DREAM: Predictably unprintable



31 yrs
This little piggy didn't go to market



33 yrs
Quick family picnic



34 yrs
Just slightly to the rear of the front.

So where'd you spend your summer holiday? Surfers? Fiji? Bali? Cost a fortune, right? And all you have to show for it is a penicillin course and a fading tan. How would you like to win two weeks in a singles resort in subtropical Queensland every year for the rest of your life?

Think about that. Two weeks in the sun in your own holiday unit every year. That's what we're giving away to the guy who matches our idea of Le Club Man. More about that in a minute, but first a word about Le Club.

Le Club, just south of Noosa at Coolum on the Sunshine Coast, is Australia's first timesharing resort for singles and separates. Opening next month, it is the first in a series of Le Club projects planned for Australia. Le Club, nestled between one of Queensland's most magnificent beaches and the scenic backdrop of Mount Coolum, enjoys a near-perfect sub-tropical climate, with year-round temperatures ranging between 22 and 28 degrees.

Le Club's 15 fully-furnished luxury units blend skilful architecture with imaginative design. Interior designer Tom Brink-Larson has created an indoor-outdoor effect by incorporating the living courtyard with the lounge area. Each unit has a color television set, AM/FM stereo cassette player, custom newbuck leather and silver ash furniture, pure-wool carpet and a spacious cocktail bar.

The 2739 square metres of the resort house a total living environment with tropical gardens, rock pools and a host of amenities. Le Club boasts a swimming pool, hot spa and fully-equipped gymnasium. Breakfast is served at Brassy's Restaurant from 7am, and a charcoal grill from noon to midnight. The Lost Horizon Bar and the Coolum Courtyard serve exotic drinks or simple, freshly squeezed juices from 10am.

Life at Le Club is, 'ow you say. . . terrifique.

HOW TO ENTER

To win our Le Club timeshare title (valued at over $13,000 at the time of writing) all you have to do is convince us you deserve it. Prove to our incorruptible panel of judges that you are Le Club Man. (Or l'homme du club, as they say in Queensland.)

How you do that is up to you. What you have to do is provide indisputable evidence of your style, savoir faire and conmanship.

Our feature writer and ratbag rounds reporter, P.D. Jack felt he was a moral with this Playmate Data Sheet but we disqualified him for lying about his waist measurement. No doubt you can do better. Just fill in the entry form below and send us the most entertaining (and publishable) essay/photo/little black book/used airline ticket you can find.

The contest closes with last mail on February 12, 1982, and the winner will be announced in the May issue of Australian Playboy.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

1. Entry is free and open to all residents of Australia, except employees of Australian Playboy, Red Button Pty. Ltd., Le Club, associated development companies of the resort, Soundtracts Pty. Ltd., its related companies and its advertising agencies and and relatives of those employees.
2. All entrants have an equal opportunity to win, but entry forms will not be considered where entry would contravene State law. Chance plays no part in determining the winner. All entries will be judged according to creativity by our panel of judges.
3. The decision of the judges will be final and no correspondence will be entered into. All entries remain the property of Australian Playboy.
4. The prize is not redeemable for cash in any circumstances, nor is it transferable.
5. The prize is two 765th shares in an estate fee simple on a piece of land situated in the County of Canning, Parish of Maroochy being the land described as subdivision one of portion 519 on registered plan 92360 containing an area of 2739 sq. metres and being the whole of the land contained in Certificate of Title Volume 5414 folio 45.
6. The winner of the timeshare unit is not eligible to exemption from ownership obligation.
7. A Certificate of Title will be issued to the winner and all legals, other than independent legal advice, will be met by Red Button Pty. Ltd.
8. The winner will receive membership to Resort Condiminiums International and the first year's subscription.

AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY LE CLUB COUPON
Name ....
Address ....
Postcode ....
Cut out and return, with your evidence, to Australian Playboy,
PO Box 746, DARLINGHURST
2010, N.S.W.

Brazil. Police in a provincial town burst in just in time to prevent Lourival da Silva despatching his wife Ana Lucia as a human sacrifice.

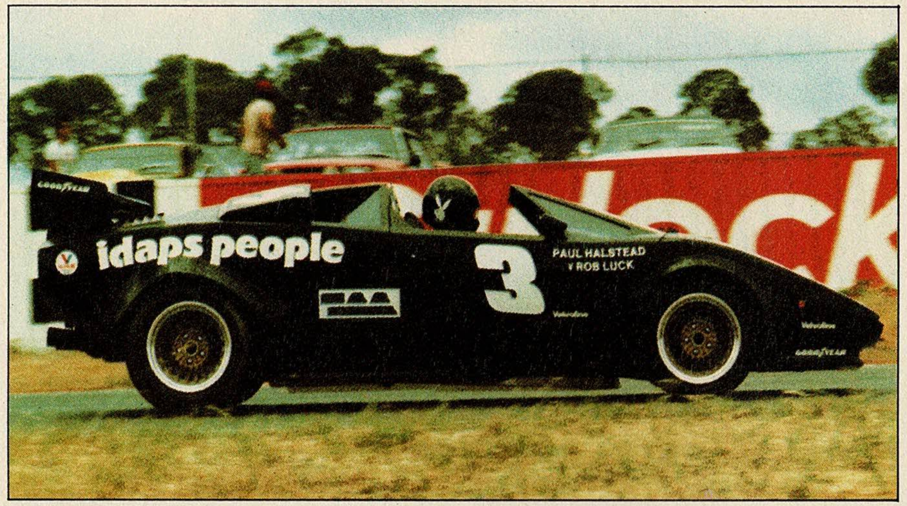
Apparently, Lourival had convinced his gullible spouse that he had been instructed by a medium to sacrifice her to the demon Exu in order to win a lottery. The neighbors learned of the plot and expressed fear for the wife's well-being, but Ana Lucia replied that a faithful wife cannot disobey her husband.

When the police arrived to arrest Lourival, Ana Lucia calmly put away the dagger and other ceremonial items, bathed to remove magic symbols which he had painted on her body, then cooked a meal to take to the jail. After all, explained Ana Lucia, Lourival might not enjoy the prison diet.

DOG BITES. . .

A man who was attacked by a dog while exposing himself in a shopping precinct has had a subsequent damages claim rejected by a South African court.

A security guard unleashed a german shepherd on the victim who had been reported previously for at least two "flashing" forays within the precinct. The claimant suffered lacerations to the lower abdomen and genitals, and received an additional bruising, at a subsequent court appearance, in the form of a $280 fine and a suspended jail sentence.



HAPPY-GO-LUCKY

Paul Halstead's Lamborghini Countach S Targa, our January issue feature sports car, scored a world first when it hit the motor racing circuit of Wanneroo in Perth for the classic Australian sports car enduro, the Parry Turbo 300km event, in the hands of Halstead and Australian Playboy Motoring Editor, Rob Luck. Nicknamed the Darth Vader Invader, because of its wicked black livery and sci-fi styling, the car notched another first before it even rolled a wheel on the circuit — it became the first motor vehicle to fly in TAA's new Airbus super-size cargo hold (it fitted in with just 7.5cm to spare).

Before the event, problems with tyres forced the car up out of its class (street sports cars) into outright, and the car lost its clutch in practice. Halstead edged the clutchless car, jammed in third gear, off the line in midfield and started moving it up the pack when two spins on oil dropped the team 14 laps. Luck took over after the first rolling re-start (the race ran in five 25-lap sectors with refuel breaks) and stayed there for the rest of the race moving up to sixth in class, and, lapping some competitors three times in each section despite running the whole event in third gear. The team earned a special award from the organisers and officials for "the drive of the day".

Three star brandy wins five stars.

reviewed
T.S.T. 3 star
★★★★★
An excellent brandy.
A younger style with clean fresh character.
Vigorous. Displays good wood character, new, and lovely blended pot still flavors.
Cha

Australia's national wine magazine, Winestate, recently asked leading wine-makers to taste and review a range of brandies. Tolleys T.S.T. Three Star scored impressively and not merely by a nose.

AB1487/81 UDT167

New Toyota Celica.

Exhilaration.

If you want a unique and exhilarating blend of impressive performance, outstanding beauty, luxury comforts and surprising economy, Toyota have made a car for you. The new Toyota Celica.

Celica's new 4 cylinder, OHC, 2 litre engine with cross flow alloy head is combined with 5 speed manual or 4 speed automatic transmission with overdrive, rack and pinion steering and TST–Toyota Suspension Tuning–for precision control and outstanding comfort.

New Celica's unique wedge-shaped body is instantly recognisable. An aerodynamic masterpiece that cuts drag to new lows and puts Celica into a class of its own. Surrounded by new standards of luxury. And with all round Toyota economy.

The exhilarating new Celica adds up to something special for you. With all you want and something more. Toyota quality. You can't get it anywhere else.

Something special for you.
TOYOTA

AMF 3647

...anyhow*
have a
Winfield 25's
Five smokes ahead of the rest
EXTRA MILD KING SIZE
Winfield
25
WARNING - SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD
The best extra mild deal in Australia

RWE0091CC511/80

BOOKS

The accepted parameters of popular literature allow for a screw-a-page in racy yarns. Jackie Collins seems to have kept the average up to scratch in her latest romp, *Chances,* and still found room for another dimension in the sensation barometer — a stiff-a-page. And, no Claude, that's not the same thing.

The medium is a behind-closed-doors analysis of mafia operations, that allegedly "spins through six decades" of intrigue centred on "big money, dangerous sex and irresistible power." Small wonder that pages already bulging with all this shafting and shooting have precious little space left for storyline, meaningful plot, living characters etc.

She does fit in a whole cast of rough-hewn characters, with unassailable expertise in expletives. She does adorn them with plasticky handles too glamorous to be gleaned from the great telephone book of life. But the canvas fails to come to life. The central figures are defined in terms of rampant sexual prowess, cut-throat underworld business acumen, sheer cunning. They are disarmingly inconsistent — straight-off-the-street hoods speak carefully enunciated English. Top-shelf ladies slip easily into slang.

The whole thing is thinly strung together with a feminist philosophy designed to provide a contradictory statement to the quotable quote listed in the forward, namely "It's a man's world, and that's the way it's supposed to be," by one Vincent Teresa.

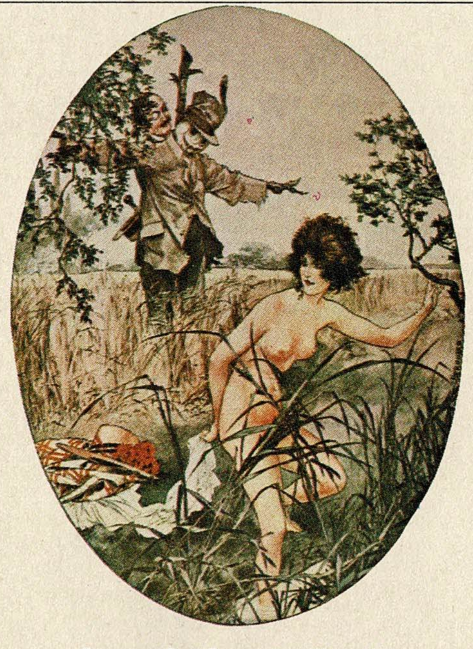
Collins opts for the E. Jong interpretation of equality for her heroine by having her go down as often as possible to put down the male chauvinistic view. In the process, she develops a character with as much charisma and depth as a Zipless Fuck.

For entertainment value I give it the top-line triple-yawn rating.

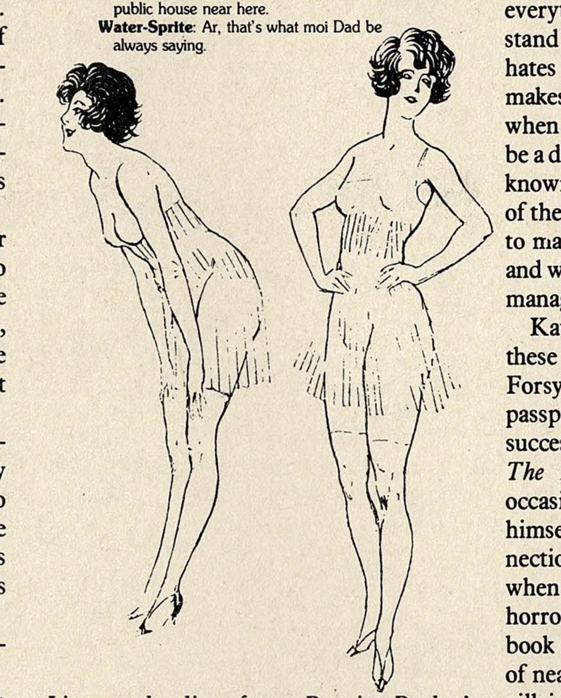
In sharp contrast to the lightweight content, our review copy (Collins Publishers) came in lumbering hardcover form. You might wait for the paperback edition which will undoubtedly go down the garbage disposal unit much easier. Anyway, at $14.95 hardback, you pays your money and you takes your chances.

— ROB LUCK

●



Scarecrow Gent: I'm sorry to trouble you, but according to my guide-book, there should be a public house near here.
Water-Sprite: Ar, that's what moi Dad be always saying.



Lissome lovelies from Ronnie Barker's delightful Sugar and Spice

If you don't already know what little — and not so little — girls are made of, the larger of the Two Ronnies, Ronnie Barker, is eager to tell you, in the nicest, and naughtiest, sort of way. Barker who appears to nurture a nostalgic longing for the days when beautiful women were more his size than Twiggy's, has just released his third collection of tittilation under the title *Sugar and Spice* (Hodder & Stoughton). Following the same general —and successful — formula as his two previous offerings, *Sauce* and *Gentleman's Relish,* he has assembled a potpourri of postcards, drawings and cartoons dating from the late 19th century to about the 1920s and concerned mainly with female foibles and fallacies, garnished with jokes and rhymes, some of the period, some bearing the unmistakeable Barker stamp.

A couple of examples of the first:

Mother: Whenever my daughter plays that French tune, you weep. Are you French?
Man: No, I'm a musician.

and

He: I've half a mind to enter Parliament.
She: Yes, that's all you need.

And an obvious Ronnie-ism — a poem supposedly used to fill the odd corners of those old Romantic Story magazines.

Oh Mary, meet me by the gate
I swear my love be true
And fain would tell you of my great
(Continued on page 2).

And with that, it's goodnight from him.

●

Raymond Chandler must be turning over in his grave; and as for Mickey Spillane. . . A bisexual private eye! A scruffy little individual who goes about picking up and being picked up by men in gay bars! What is the world coming to?

Duffy, the hero of Dan Kavanagh's *Fiddle City* (Jonathan Cape) must be the strangest detective to grace, if that is the word, the genre.

Apart from his sexual predilections, he is what the freudians would term anal-retentive; his flat is spotlessly clean, with everything wrapped in plastic bags; he can't stand the sound of watches ticking; and he hates aeroplanes. The last little foible makes life just that little bit harder for him when he has to investigate what turns out to be a drug ring at London Airport, otherwise known as Thiefrow, or Fiddle City because of the tendency of its temporary inhabitants to make off with anything left lying around and work any fiddle that can be comfortably managed.

Kavanagh's descriptions of just how these little tricks work rival Frederick Forsythe's accounts of how to get false passports, smuggle guns and so on in his successful series of politico-thrillers, from *The Day of the Jackal* onwards. Only occasionally, is Duffy allowed to take himself seriously and then only in connection with those nasty things — drugs — when he drops into the standard shock, horror, drama pattern. Other than this, the book is racily written, easy to read and full of neatly done little vignettes of the various villains, horses hoofs, mug punters and assorted cowboys (to use the local argot) who pop up on our screens so often in things like The Sweeney. Read it on the plane and your Customs check will be a whole new experience.

— LAURIE STRACHAN

●

I have never read *Dune, The Dice Man, Zen And The Art Of Motorcycle Maintenance, Another Roadside Attraction, Gravity's Rainbow, The Women's Room* or *The World According To Garp.* There are many other books I accidentally haven't read but these books I haven't read by design. Why? Well, it has nothing to do with the talent or otherwise of the respective authors. It has a whole lot to do with that awful, gut-churning moment when some idiot masquerading as a friend and cultural saviour bails you up in a corner at a party, rivets you with a soul-baring stare and pulls, as if it were a block of the best Neppy, a battered paperback from his inside coat pocket. "Here," he says. "Read this book. It will change your life."

Yech! It will change your life, he says, and in one sentence that book is all over for me. This is why John Irving's allegedly excellent book about Garp did not change my life and why I got in real quick with his follow-up, *The Hotel New Hampshire* (Jonathan Cape). I am pleased to report that it has not yet changed my life so as you'd notice although it did brighten my disposition for the duration of its 400-odd pages.

Irving's history of the bizarre Berry family makes compelling, and frequently magical reading. The family's fascination with pet bears, sleazy hotels, sex and homespun philosophy is very odd indeed, but the stranger it gets the more sense Irving makes of it. He cuts across two decades, two generations and two very different moral codes to discover that sorrow floats and the solution is to get obsessed and stay obsessed. Irving's characters are all well and truly obsessed. Mad with a passion for life and self discovery.

In this psychological environment Lily's ultimate sadness, Frannie's violation, Father's total material failure and Frank's homosexual confession are all helluva funny and not just a little touching.

A lot happens in this book, but clearly in Irving's mind plot is secondary to characterisation and the big picture superior to both. And the big picture here is all about the perpetuation of myths and legends — the real lifeblood of the nuclear family. Every family has its share of crazies (though few could boast as many as the Berries) and they act like anchors in an often-turbulent sea of human emotion. As Franny says: "We aren't eccentric. To each other we're as common as rain."

— PHIL JARRATT

●

"Not another anti-British Raj story set in the Himalayas" I thought to myself reading the publicity for *Faraway Drums* by Jon Cleary, (Collins). But after I'd read only a few pages I knew this was different.

The action starts straight away when Major Clive Farnol, soldier turned political agent, is ambushed near the Tibet Road in the foothills of the Himalayas. He lives to tell the tale, but suspects that it might have something to do with the coming coronation of King George in Delhi as Emperor of India.

Assassination is in the air, but who, when and why? When he returns to the British Hill Station at Simla, Farnol finds the local high-ranking Indians, (who seem, at first glance, more British than the British) decidedly reluctant to talk.

A few days later, the train which is to carry all the invited guests down the precipitous track from Simla to Delhi is blocked by a landslide, Farnol and the important characters make their way down by road caravan, and it soon becomes obvious that Farnol himself is the target of some skulduggery.

The unexpected twists and turns in the plot are as rewarding as the continuous action and suspense. And for anyone who has been to that part of the world, the book will conjure up the awesome beauty of the landscape and the plight of the people with understanding and compassion.

Any Jon Cleary book is a bloody good read, and this one is no exception.

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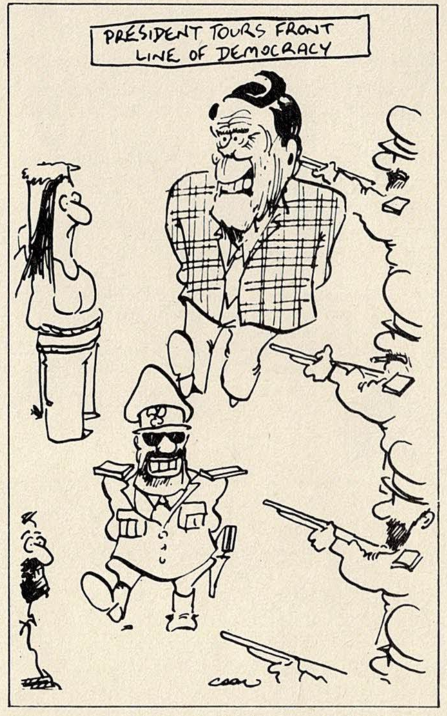
PRESIDENT TOURS FRONT LINE OF DEMOCRACY
COOK

The terror of the politicians, Patrick Cook, gets it all together in The Book of the Year (George Allen and Unwin). This is his comment on the foreign policy of that obscure, former film star.

What struck me first about *P.S. I Love You* (Collins) is the raw honesty of the book. Written by Michael Sellers, Peter Sellers' son, shortly after his father's death it is quite often brutal in his uncompromising regard for the absolute truth.

Gone is the lovable Goon who entertained millions with his countless movies, television roles and radio shows. In his place is an unpredictable, quixotic being whose moods fluctuated wildly and whose restless nature meant that his family and friends were in a state of constant upheaval.

Born in 1925 to Peg and Bill Sellers, a pair of seasoned vaudeville troupers, Sellers was already performing by the time he was three. He left school as early as possible, and took odd jobs like sweeping stages and selling programs, until he joined the RAF as an entertainer, where he indulged his passion for mimicry by passing as various high ranking officers. Fortunately he was never discovered.

Back in England, he had a variety of stage jobs, and his first radio broadcast quickly led to him being very much in demand as an entertainer. At this stage he had met up with Spike Milligan, Michael Bentine and Harry Secombe and at the age of 24, with the *Goon Show* firmly established, Peter Sellers was a star.

But it wasn't enough — nothing was ever enough, not even a string of film successes. His marriage to Anne Howe, by whom he had two children, Michael and Sarah, ended in divorce, after she could no longer take his mad jealousies, selling of houses just after they'd got settled, the changing of schools for the children and the sort of give with one hand take away with another existence they led.

It is not an easy book to read, but then it can't be easy being a Sellers. It's intensity and emotion grab you and shake you, leaving you feeling like a rag-doll at the end. But, despite the disillusionment with the portrayed Sellers, you still love the real him at the end of the book, as do his true friends and his family. He demanded unswerving, uncritical, understanding love and the book demands nothing less.

●

It seems strange that a very English author, should have had, since childhood, an unrequited love for the very American Mississippi River. Jonathan Raban in *Old Glory* (Collins), realises his dream at last and sets out on an epic journey down the River from Minneapolis to the mouth thousands of miles away in the Gulf of Mexico.

Raban takes you on a magical mystery tour of the river and of himself as, in his underpowered motor boat, he sets off, through wheat and cotton country, forests and fields, towns and cities. "I ain't sleeping," says a receptionist in Wabash. "I'm just taking a good look at the insides of my eyelids."

And what does the Mississippi itself hold? Dirty, shabby and sometimes dangerous, it lures you with it's characters and stories. Three times Raban got careless with it, three times he was lucky, and he learned to respect it. It gave him presents too, overwhelming hospitality, an occasional fight, a coon-hunt in Savannah, and a girl in St. Louis.

It's a long way from a childhood in an English country village in Norfolk with a stream running through the garden. But even as a child Raban's fertile imagination turned the stream into the churning river. His Mississippi dream stayed with him for years, but fortunately for us, he didn't let go of it; because it was more than just a search for the river, it was also a searching for answers.

But perhaps what makes this book such a great read is Raban's sense of humor, and his total involvement in his project. Unlike some writers, he's not detached, he really loves people — all people. And that shines through on every page of this adventure-travel-love story.

— CANDY BAKER

The Silk Department.

Bluebird LX is the most luxurious Japanese 4 cylinder car ever to grace Australia's roads.

Bluebird's interior space is head and shoulders above the competition. The rear seat alone has more legroom than any other Japanese four in its class. The plush body-contoured driver's seat adjusts four ways. The soft-padded steering wheel is height-adjustable.

The dash is back lit and features sophisticated fibre-optic illumination. The AM/FM stereo radio cassette has four speakers with four way balance control. The lush, cut pile carpet has sound-absorbent underfelt. Standard equipment includes electric remote control exterior mirrors, remote boot lid and fuel flap releases.

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The first four cylinder limousine.

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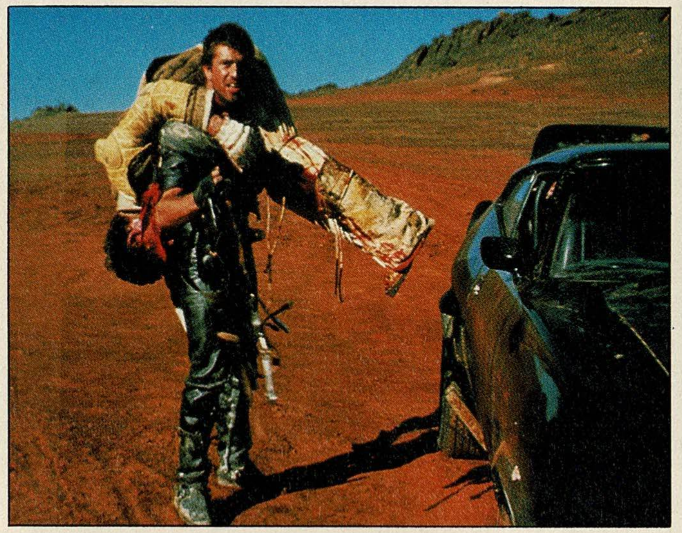
DATSUN

DAT 1062

Nissan Motor Company (Australia) Pty. Ltd.

MOVIES



Maybe he was making a house call," suggests the man most likely to become Cardinal.

"When was the last time you hung your pants over the back of a chair making a house call?" challenges the scruffy cop.

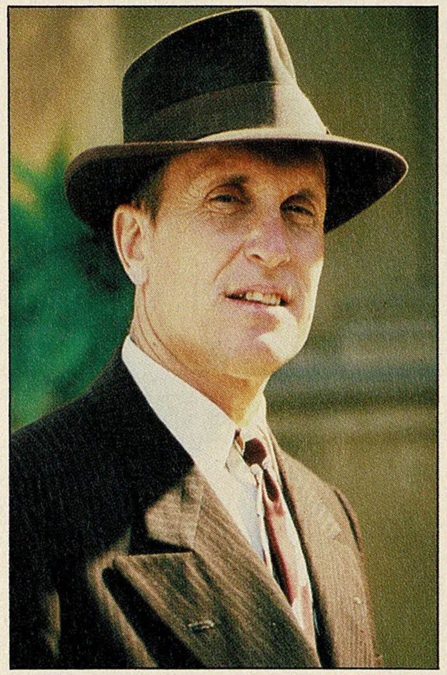
It's a blunt no-concessions exchange that follows the discovery of a dead Catholic pastor in a seedy Los Angeles brothel. . . and it captures the style of *True Confessions,* a gritty more than nitty broadside at religious and social hypocrisy. The gruffly laconic screen version of John Gregory Dunne's novel benefits from towering performances by two actors at the peak of their talents, Robert De Niro and Robert Duvall.

They play brothers — De Niro as Monsignor Desmond Spellacy and Duvall as homicide cop Tom Spellacy — who both become oblique victims of a crime that has no solution. The film is set in Bogey country, a 1940s California full of snap-brim hats and boiling Ford V8s. The inspiration is an actual Los Angeles murder case but the implications are much more far reaching and morally complex.

Desmond Spellacy is on his way to some of the higher honors the church can bestow. Tom, disillusioned with his early days of being "on the take" in the Vice Squad, is now a grimly tenacious homicide detective. The affection beween them is uneasy but it is subjected to impossible pressures by an almost routine murder inquiry that slowly takes on headline significance.

After Tom has hushed up the whore-house death of the pastor who went as he came, he becomes involved in the grisly case of a pretty porn film actress whose dismembered body is found scattered across a vacant lot. The detective's inquiries lead him to believe that a pillar of the church, Jack Amsterdam (Charles Durning), is connected with the girl's death. Back in his Vice Squad days, Tom Spellacy had acted as a bagman for Amsterdam in prostitution payoffs and he has an enduring loathing of the man. Amsterdam's front is a construction business, and he has bought respectability by quoting low on church contracts in return for the accolade Catholic Layman of the Year. The film is allowed to progress at the same pace as Duvall's bandy shamble, but director Ulu Grosbard really screws the tension down in a classic confessional confrontation in which the Monsignor hears not confessions but the angry rantings of arch protagonists, the devout crook Amsterdam and the lapsed lawman brother.

Above left: Stripes hero (Bill Murray) joins the army. . . and meets girls. Above right: Mad Max rides again. Below: Robert Duvall is a cop in True Confessions.



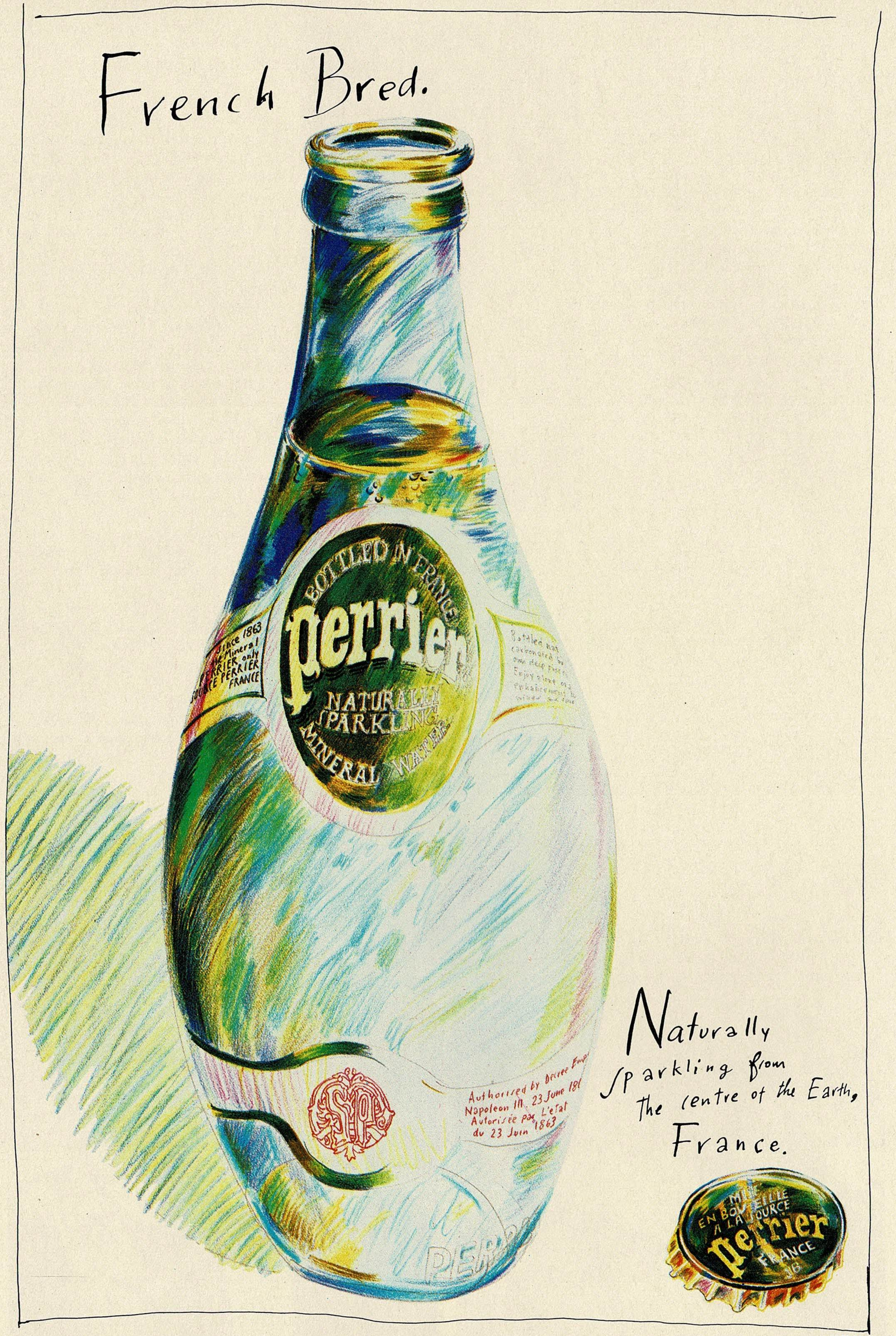
The plot of *True Confessions* is never less than intriguing but the film's great attraction is in the performances of De Niro and Duvall, a relationship depicted with such instinct it will be remembered as a single highpoint in screen acting rather than separate performances. De Niro, superbly understated, helps inject enormous passion into the interaction with Duvall's character quivering with not-quite repressed loathing of hypocrisy and injustice. The story is compelling; the performances commanding.

●

In *Arthur,* Dudley Moore is a derelict but for the grace of a billion-dollar inheritance. He plays Arthur Bach, a cheerful little drunkard slightly out of phase with his surroundings. He would also be star of the show but for the grace of John Gielgud who plays his haughty valet, Hobson. When the crunch comes for Arthur — a family ultimatum to marry the most boring blonde on Long Island or be cut off without a cent — Hobson is there with his characteristic wise counsel. "Marry her," says Hobson. "Poor drunks have very few teeth, they urinate outdoors and they freeze to death in summer." As Arthur's confidante, Hobson is stiffly trenchant. "You know the worst thing about being me?" asks the plaintive Arthur. "Your breath, I should imagine," observes Hobson. A less successful piece of casting is Liza Minnelli who plays Linda, a shoplifter with whom he falls in love. In the film, the tipsy Arthur and the impeccable Hobson assist Linda to hoodwink Arthur's elders and win favor; but in fact, the funny Dudley and the humorous Gielgud make Liza look so bland, she wouldn't stand out in a telephone box. Steve Gordon's screenplay is more conspicuously successful than this generally unobtrusive direction. But he must have his priorities right because the result is an imperially-funny film.

●

Mad Max's 10 AFI award nominations motivated one American critic to express great concern for the downunder film industry, and I'll eagerly look forward to hearing from him about *Mad Max II.* What he overlooked was that even exploitation movies produce classics of their genre. . .


French Bred.
BOTTLED IN FRANCE
Perrier
NATURALLY SPARKLING MINERAL WATER
Authorised by décret Emp. Napoleon III, 23 June 1863
Autorisée par l'état du 23 Juin 1863
Naturally sparkling from the centre of the Earth, France.
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and it's difficult to imagine anything that could out-exploit *Mad Max II.* It gratifies just about every basic instinct that I can identify and, apparently, a few others of which I have a deficiency. But, viewed from the back stalls instead of the front stalls, is it really much different in character and content from Akira Kurosawa's internationally-acclaimed *Kagemusha.* In a Brave New World gone beserk, Max (Mel Gibson) is the wandering samurai, the solitary gunslinger, the maverick cop. Civilisation is in an advanced state of decay. Wars in the Middle East have burned out the world's major source of fuel and what is left becomes the only currency of value. Law and order evaporates and looting and raiding sweeps across the land as battles break out for the remaining drops of fuel that promise the freedom of mobility. Max, a former pursuit cop whose wife and child have been slain by a marauding gang, dons his badge of office just one last time and, like some Heavy Metal Viking, sets out to seek revenge on the bikie warlords. If heavy action can be countered by wispy credibility, this is a well-balanced film and it certainly is a masterpiece of trash culture for those of its audience able to exercise that perception. Top marks to Mel Gibson for sustaining his caricature of authority without actually breaking up on camera, but I suspect the star of movie is really stunt co-ordinator Max Aspin with a special mention for the gall of director and screenplay writer George Miller.

•

Above: John Travolta is good in Blow Out. Below left: Burkhard Driest does a macho act on Katja Rupe in Slow Attack. Below right: Rolf Zacker gains Driest's attention in a scene from Slow Attack — a movie with no lack of plot.

Reinhard Hauff's *Slow Attack* is almost a sequel to his earlier *The Brutalisation of Franz Blum.* The earlier film was based on a screenplay by former convict Burkhard Driest who also appeared in a minor role. *Slow Attack* is also scripted by Driest and this time he plays the leading role of a convicted bank robber released after serving an eight-year sentence. Hauff's filmmaking concentrates essentially on telling a story and there's certainly no lack of plot in *Slow Attack.* Driest plays Nik Dellman who, with his cellmate Henri Kirschner (Rolf Zacher), plans a brilliant kidnap crime. Dellman earns his release first and, encouraged by a former girlfriend who works for a book publisher, decides to turn his plan into the plot of a hopeful best-seller. Kirschner, feeling betrayed, proceeds with the execution of the crime on his release and crime and book release coincide with dramatic implications and results. It's a tough, brutal movie with Driest so convincing at portraying a man with a chip on his shoulder, that it's late into the movie before we care much about his destiny. But director Hauff graduates to the level of Fassbinder and Herzog as a contemporary giant of German cinema by pulling the strings together just in time to produce the most tension-packed final frames on the screen today. Almost barbaric in the opening scenes, it takes the audience along on an emotional roller-coaster ride that poises at the brink before its final scene plunge.

•

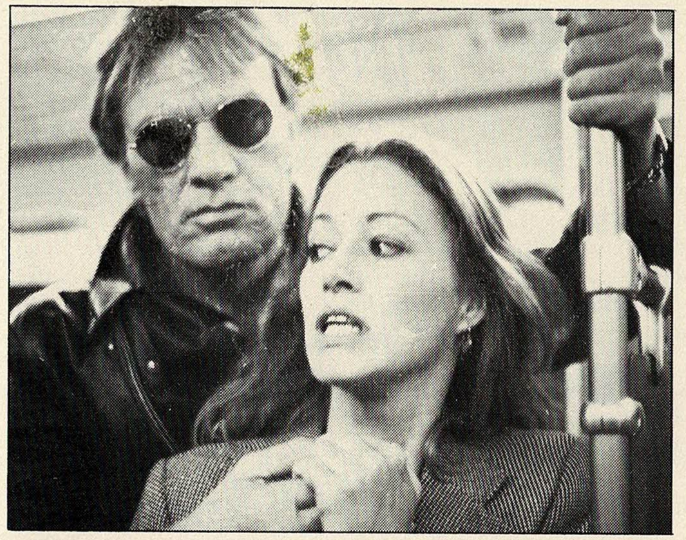
Ivan Reitman, whose comic vision first came to our attention in *National Lampoon's Animal House,* has done for the US Army what Don Lane did for electronic culture, in *Stripes.* With unrestrained lunacy, he shows that the M*A*S*H mentality lives on in America's forces. Acknowledging that today's army needs men of courage, honesty, integrity and ambition, Reitman gives them John Winger instead.

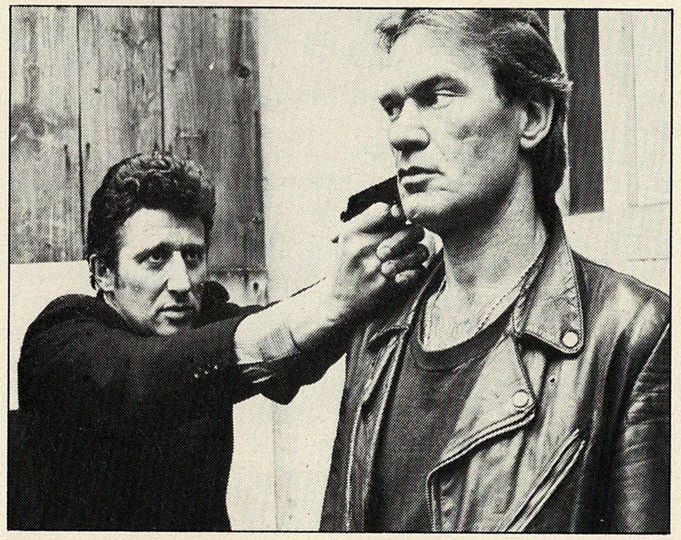
Winger, played well by Bill Murray who established his comic talents in Reitman's earlier *Meatballs,* is the sort of guy who gives losers a bad name. An optimist against all odds, Winger enlists in the Army after the same sort of chain of circumstances that led men to enrol in the Foreign Legion. Priding himself on his leadership qualities, he quickly impresses an amiable sidekick named Ziskey (Harold Ramis), and the two set out to defend democracy. . . and meet girls, most of whom are into mud wrestling. And along the way, they even get to stage manage a misunderstanding with the Third World that nearly leads to the World War III. *Stripes* sustains a snappy pace on the pure momentum of its slapstick antics and for those whose only appreciation of comedy is American television humor, this will be a riot. — R. INGRAM

•

Brian De Palma's *Blow Out* with John Travolta as a movie sound man who inadvertently picks up clues to a political assassination, if pretty much an audio-visual replay of Antonioni's *Blow Up.* Fooling around with the movie medium itself is De Palma's game, which often means that he winds up making pretty good B movies from class-A ingredients. Travolta is good, though his role is pretty standard.

Prepare yourself for many lapses of credibility en route to an underwhelming climax where my patience was at last exhausted. — BRUCE WILLIAMSON





You always do look good in red.
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There's a certain art to choosing the right colour for any occasion. Take red for instance. A colour which must be treated with some reverence. A little too much and it will clash. A little too little, and you achieve nothing.

Red must be chosen with the utmost discretion. Then and only then will it achieve the right kind of result.

It's like choosing a fine red wine. Take McWilliam's Cabernet Sauvignon for instance. It's a classic claret style with a pronounced varietal aroma and flavour, excellent balance, firm tannin finish and good colour.

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MUSIC

Ex-Motown headliners Four Tops get a second wind on the Casablanca label with an album titled *Tonight*. The single, When She Was My Girl is close enough to the heart of their much-loved sound to capture nostalgia buffs. However, old Motown fans might remember that it was the songwriting team of Holland-Dozier-Holland which really got the Four Tops legend moving and some could find the 1980s product lacks the earlier energy. The boys have been together for 27 years and they are now free to call on other writers including Kenny Loggins and Richard Page for Who's Right, Who's Wrong.

Producer David Wolfert drafted in the support of drummer Jeff Porcaro, bassist Ron Carter and sax soloist Tom Saviano to provide a richly layered backing and recording effort which would have been unattainable when the Tops were in their prime.

●

After seeing Sydney pub circuit heroes Sunnyboys live, I have to say that their self-titled debut album (Mushroom) is fractionally high and wide. Handsome? Yes, it is a handsome piece, principally because of the freshness of a band which plays Sixties-influenced rhythm and blues like you're hearing it for the first time. Capturing that energy and giving it an edge of Eighties sophistication obviously posed problems which producer Lobby Loyde and engineer Col Freeman almost managed to surmount. However, instead of capturing the infectious naivety of their youthful charges they achieved something which is perhaps too clean and too stark to do justice to a group whose appeal comes partly from being a bit rough around the edges.

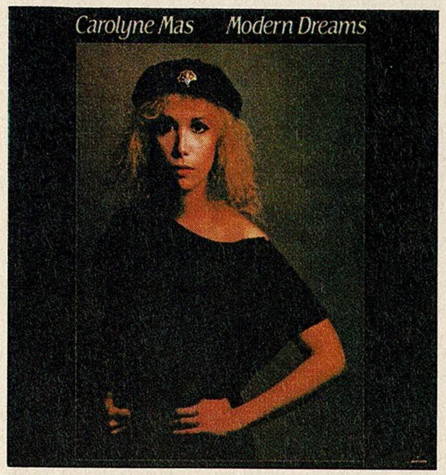
For the record, Sunnyboys' roots are in the northern NSW beach town of Kingscliff. The surprise is the catchiness of their songs and no small share of this appeal must go to Jeremy Oxley whose delivery puts him somewhere between early Mick Jagger and Eric Burdon. The sleeve sticker nominates Happy Man and their pub classic Alone With You as the bait, but don't let that fool you into thinking the four piece band is a two-hit wonder. It is Richard Burgman's guitar vitality which adds much to their craft and completes a definite impression of enthusiasm.

This album might prove premature, particularly if the boys realise their full writing potential. With stronger material they could achieve anything. Easybeats of the Eighties? Not quite, but heading the right way.

●

Making the leap aboard a vehicle which might justify their encouraging British press in the eyes of those abroad was something which defied the Stranglers. Not to worry. Long since leaving the qualification of cult-following-only, the Stranglers are one of the better mid-Seventies English outfits. *The Gospel According To The Men In Black* (Liberty) will not outsell the Nolan Sisters but with the demise of Magazine there is obviously greater scope for a band with the originality and musicianship to do the trick.

On *Men In Black*, the Stranglers go for arrangements which follow a spacey, celestial keyboard-inspired mood in preference to their earlier tough-guitar bent. The title track shows the form at its worst with a prodding keyboard line streaking over a monotonous dirge-like vocal lead.



Tops spin again. . . strangled cry from Alice.

ALICE COOPER
SPECIAL
FORCES

The album is a concept work featuring the Men In Black as something akin to Mafioso-robed divinities. It's an interesting line but the music is not imaginative enough to support the tale, resorting to an almost funereal pace from start to end. Two Sunspots marks a brief departure but the poppy keyboard pace is sustained for too long at the expense of a cramped guitar intrusion. In summation, *Men In Black* is a gloomy album, bogging some good musicianship in a morass of unimaginative tunes and tedium.

●

By God, Alice Cooper looks awful these days. Awful. But didn't he always? No matter, he sounds fine and that is going to cause some problems for the mental filing clerks who thrive on categorising all performers according to form and trend. Now where can we file Alice? He was punk before punk was punk and he had already exhausted some of the flashier items of the heavy metal revival before the blood and thunder boys had got back into gear. He beat most other artists into rock theatrics and adopted makeup and a woman's name as a matter of course. I guess that makes him a one-off and his latest album, *Special Forces* (Warner Bros) is true to his reputation. It marks a renewed lease for Alice out front of the Special Forces, a red hot rock 'n' roll band under the inspired driving of keyboardist Duane Hitchings. A thunder-driving version of Arthur Lee's Seven and Seven Is highlights side one. That song is a one out because most other cuts were penned by Alice and band with aid from the likes of Eric Kaz.

Alice's formula here is energy with elegance, aggression with a dose of smart rock acid to generate an aura of danger and definite threat. Like Marc Bolan, Cooper's original appeal was the full-frontal challenge and any dulling of the razor's edge would be interpreted as a sign of decline. In the guise of the romantic, Cooper is more dangerous than Jim Steinman, a factor which harks back to his stronger grasp of what rock 'n' roll is really about. Nowhere else is it more evident than on the final cut, Look At You Over There, Ripping The Sawdust From My Teddy Bear; a lesson in ambiguity in which we're left treading the line of wondering just how seriously to take him.

●

For those who abhor computerised excess it is comforting to note Kraftwerk have shot for a bit of self parody on *Computer World* (EMI). The album is so blatantly a sacrifice to the power of microchip ingenuity that the Deutscher boys have structured an edifice which gallantly exposes their obsession with computerised music.

Pocket Calculator, a mocking microcosm of the electronic form, captures Kraftwerk's approach with the numbing line ". . . by pressing down the key it plays a little melody" followed by a scrambled scale of computer beepery. When seen in the context of the group's concert performance, the effect is a stunning structure of futurism in which the automatic process is supreme.

Here, it is a world turned over to robots and Messrs Bartos, Schneider and Schult are the technicians. Melody and spontaneous creativity are almost lost art forms, hence Kraftwerk's stabbing attempts to capture the magic of tune through the impersonal flash of electronic impulse. Here, almost everything, including the human voice falls redundant before the crude computer juggernaut as Kraftwerk conclude with the heavily-programmed It's More Fun To Comput.

The work achieves its mock value by being presented as a crude, devised-by-technicians propaganda piece for the wonders of the computer age. Yes, something like the soundtrack for *Brave New World.*

●

Modern Dreams (Mercury) is Carolyne Mas' third album and the little New Yorker is long overdue for credit. Put her in the mucho brass file along with Pat Benatar, Chrissie Hynde and Deborah Harry, the difference being the latter pair have already received the plaudits. If the business runs true to form, *Modern Dreams* just might be the album to do the trick for Carolyne Mas in Australia. The first two long plays were both outstanding records and both went relatively unnoticed. *Modern Dreams* is not as good as her debut release. Not to worry, Neil Young, Boz Scaggs and Randy Newman would be three among a score of artists who got their commercial breaks via inferior albums after finer releases had slipped through relatively unseen.

Signal For Help has the most commercial trappings but the cut with the mood to appeal is Little Baby of Mine. Phil Chapman who co-produced the album with Jon Astley, had a hand in the writing of It's Important but Mas (once again) has done most of the writing here. For that reason she looms as a more significant figure than Benatar, but it is the latter's obvious sex appeal that permits a lop-sided share of the publicity. Mas' double-tracking harmony technique means that there is no confusing who the star is on this work. Even when backed by the Uptown Horns (led by saxist Chris Cioe) it is still Carolyne's hot-town vocals which grab the listener.

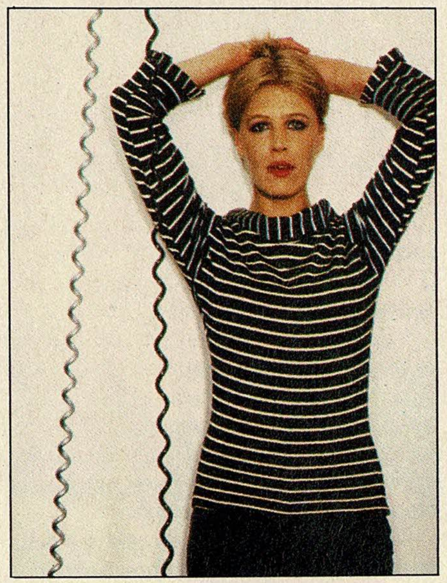
As an overview, *Modern Dreams* has a quieter, detached mood when compared to the earlier releases. It portrays the lady in a fractionally different perspective but, from any angle, it appeals.

●

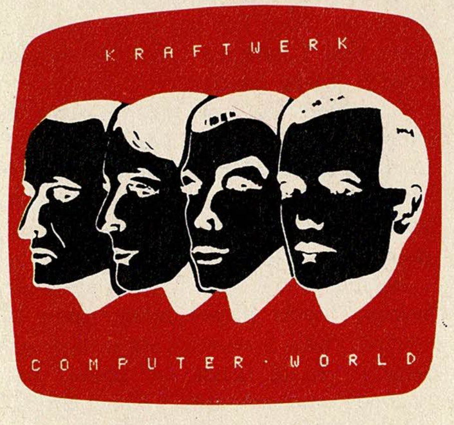
To dispel any doubts that *Broken English* was but a brief flicker before the dark, ex-wild child Marianne Faithfull has backed up with *Dangerous Acquaintances* (Island).

Less brooding and not quiet as stark as its predecessor, the new album embraces Faithfull's passion for scripting and delivering songs that tear at the soul.

It is evident that Faithfull is again right for the times, and her attitudes, style and fragility find her in harmony with the new music. Her backing band of Jo Mavety, Barry Reynolds, Terry Stannard and Steve York has been retained with guest sits from other notables including Steve Winwood and Chris Stainton — shades of the swinging Sixties.



Faithfull to the end. . . spitting silicon chips.



Produced by Mark Miller Mundy, *Dangerous Acquaintances* succeeds in projecting Faithfull as more than just another singer-songwriter. It embodies the sense of mystery which Marianne has always possessed and projects her as a notable lyricist and a superb interpreter of song.

SHORT CUTS

Harry Vanda and George Young are not prone to backing losers and their hand in the production of Rose Tattoo's *Assault and Battery* (Albert Productions) is part of the reason why this chain gang charger rocks so well. Angry Anderson is still one of the best hard rock vocalists in this penal colony and this album proves that the Tatts' strong overseas following is well deserved.

Green Ice (Polydor) with music by Bill Wyman is possibly the best soundtrack album currently available. Don't look for Stones raunch here from the quiet bass player. With outstanding support, including Maria Muldaur, Wyman has crafted beautiful themes with a strong Latin feel.

As Devo have adopted a futuristic image, Tubes (another clever American concept group) have donned corporate clean-cut looks for *The Completion Backward Principle* (Capitol). This is quite an exceptional album laced with bright songs and outstanding playing to support outrageous lyrics.

Nah-Poo — The Art of Bluff (WEA) promised much from a group called Wah! Recruited from the ranks of some of Britain's more progressive bands, Wah! have the reserve to achieve much but we might have to wait a little longer.

Compiled in 1980 but only recently available here Georgie Fame's *20 Beat Classics* (RSO) consists of 20 tracks of blues, jazz and beat music and portrays the musical career of a great interpretative vocalist. It suffers marginally from the age and standard of some of the tracks and the problem of too many cuts crammed too close together.

Swell Maps are another British band destined to be heard no more following their disbandment. Purveyors of the concept of the instant record, their popularity was based among cult followings which thrived in offerings like the 90-second Read About Seymour. *Jane from Occupied Europe* (Rough Trade) is the last album and was pieced together from material conjured in 1979-80. It sounds piecemeal offset by the odd flash of brilliance the band obviously found difficult to maintain. . . . — NEIL JAMESON

TELEVISION

Every country has such a person. In Australia he's called Fred Nile and, naturally, he has a direct line to God, chats to him every day to pass on the latest gossip on the activities of this Sodom and Gomorrah of the Antipodes.

"You see, God, they're a dirty lot of buggers down here," says Fred, although it's likely he uses more pious language. "Take our telly programs. You wouldn't believe what goes on. Bad language, violence and. . . erkk!. . . nudity and sex.

"Fair dinkum, God, they've got no respect for those of us who *don't* know how to operate the OFF switches on our sets."

One would like to think God was much too busy trying to stop the world destroying itself to listen to Fred. One hopes so.

But this would not unduly concern the Reverend Fred Nile because he labors under the conviction he has a mandate from God to be both judge and jury on contemporary social issues, including TV.

For those not aware of Fred Nile, which may include only the population of Birdsville, I must explain he is a Sydney clergyman who holds the title of national co-ordinator of the Festival of Light. Then a few months ago he was elected through some strange abberation — was it the time of the full moon? — to the NSW Upper House. He writes a newspaper column and runs a regular radio program.

All this gives him influence far beyond his importance when pushing his arguments, the main thrust of which seems to be that whatever is enjoyable cannot be good for you. He has a lot in common with modern American food faddists.

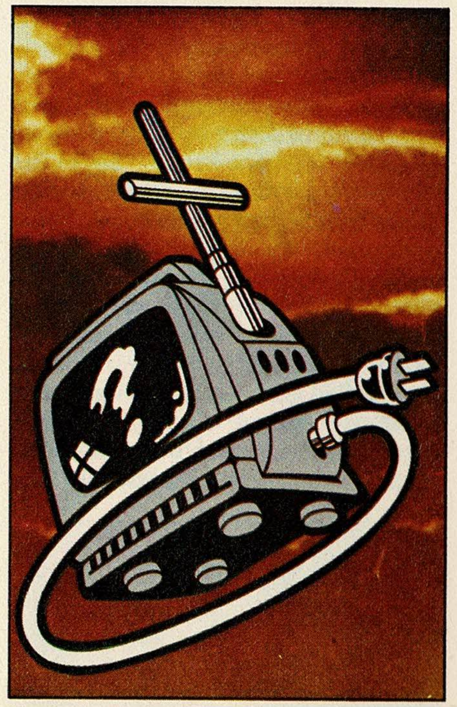
He would not, for instance, applaud the statement of Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, founder of the movement popularily known as the orange people, who declared: "Sex repression, tabooing sex, is the very foundation of human slavery and man cannot be free unless sex is free. Sex energy is life energy."

Fred wouldn't agree with that at all.

Fred has now poked his nose into television, organising teams of media action groups to monitor television shows and ring station managers to complain if a show offends them. (Of course, the viewer of average intelligence could spend much of his or her time on the telephone, there being much to offend anyone over the age of 10; but that's in the intellectual sense and has nothing to do with Fred's campaign. Amen!)

A small sermon from Fred on his latest moral hobby-horse wouldn't go astray:

"I receive calls from irate members of the public each week. They are concerned about the standard of television in this country and are encouraged to ring stations and complain.



"I believe the public is becoming increasingly disturbed at the lowering of TV standards, particularly in American shows which are screened in Australia.

"Excessive violence, nudity, sex and bad language are major sources of concern. Americans consider swear words to be a normal part of their vocabulary. Four-letter words appear in most of their movies and TV programs and I feel this sort of language often spoils an entire show.

"It is a serious situation and we don't want this sick American culture corrupting our society. If the level of unnecessary swearing, violence and sexual content in these shows isn't reduced, we should have them banned from screening here.

"The *Alvin Purple* series is no longer being made because we campaigned against it, but now a lot of shows from the Channel Ten stable, in particular *Prisoner*, are disturbing. Some of the British shows are under serious observation. For example, *The Benny Hill Show*. Hill may be a clever man but his show is strictly lavatory humor and sexist toward women."

As you can see, the man is positively dangerous. And I'm not being paranoid about this. I have not dined too well on Alice B. Toklas cookies.

One needs to look only at what is happening in the United States where the so-called Moral Majority and its ugly offspring, the Coalition for Better Television, have seriously interfered with the programming of the major networks.

Harken, if you will, to the *Wall Street Journal*, hardly a publication given to hysteria: "Skin is covered, sex is subdued. Sensitive social issues are scarce, and innovative entertainment is all but absent.

"In their place are righteous and often violent law-and-order shows — fully eight of the 23 new series fall into that category — along with family-oriented dramas and comedies."

This is what the Coalition for Better Television has already achieved. It has, for instance, forced the actresses in the comedy series *Making a Living* to cover up what little flesh they were showing. (Incidentally, the flesh was displayed nowhere as lustily as in the almost-forgotten Australian series, *Number 96* and *The Box*. No bare tits. No naked buttocks.)

It has made the producers of *Love, Sidney* change the lead character from being gay into near normality, a turnaround that could, no doubt, be considered an insult to those of the homosexual persuasion.

It has caused advertisers to shy away from such harmless, albeit puerile, shows as *The Dukes of Hazzard, Knots Landing, Dallas* and *Flamingo Road.*

Even worse, its influence has spread from the commercial networks into the public broadcasting network, the American equivalent of the ABC.

A play, *Mrs Reinhardt*, written by the not unknown Edna O'Brien and produced by the BBC, starred Shakespearean actress Helen Mirren and Brad Davis (of *Midnight Express*) in an explicit, two-minute sex scene.

The scene was vital to the play. Without it much of the plot would be as meaningless as a cornflakes commercial. But when it bought the play, the American public broadcasting network, under heavy pressure from religious groups, completely cut the scene.

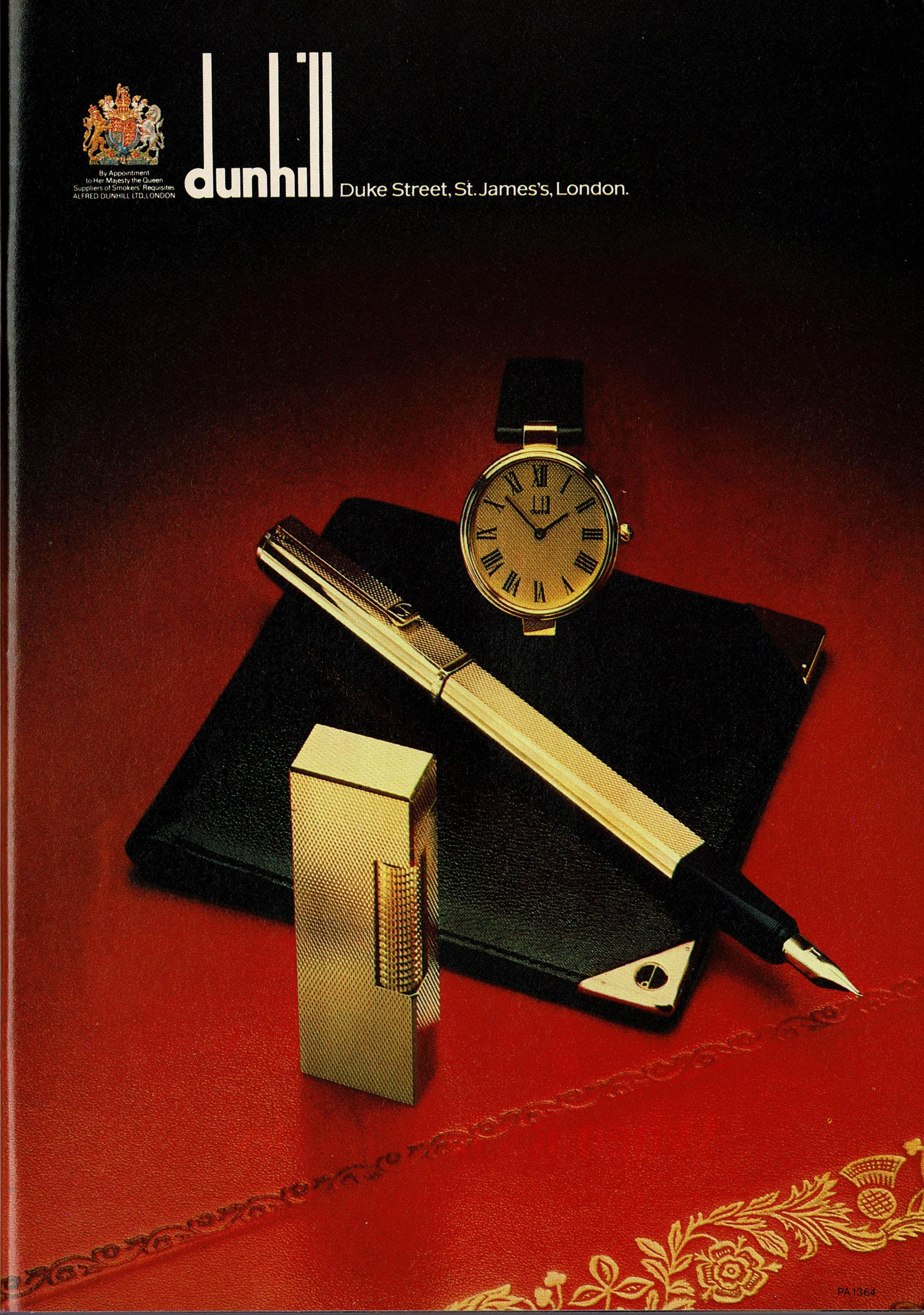
Of course it can happen in this country, and it probably will because Australian television stations are notorious for the lack of strength in their knees when it comes to public opinion, or pressure groups, especially those who claim God is on their side.

So are advertisers. A soap company, for instance, would have an attack of hysteria if it thought all those clean, clean born-agains were no longer going to shower twice a day with its products. A car company would faint at the refusal of all those little old ladies to buy its cars to drive to church once a week.

At present the clean-up campaign is only in its infancy. It will get a large boost next month when the Reverend Jerry Falwell arrives on these shores. Falwell is the electronic Bible-basher responsible for the Moral Majority and the Coalition for Better Television.

You can bet the first person to extend a welcoming hand will be the Reverend Fred Nile.

— NEAL AKERMAN



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

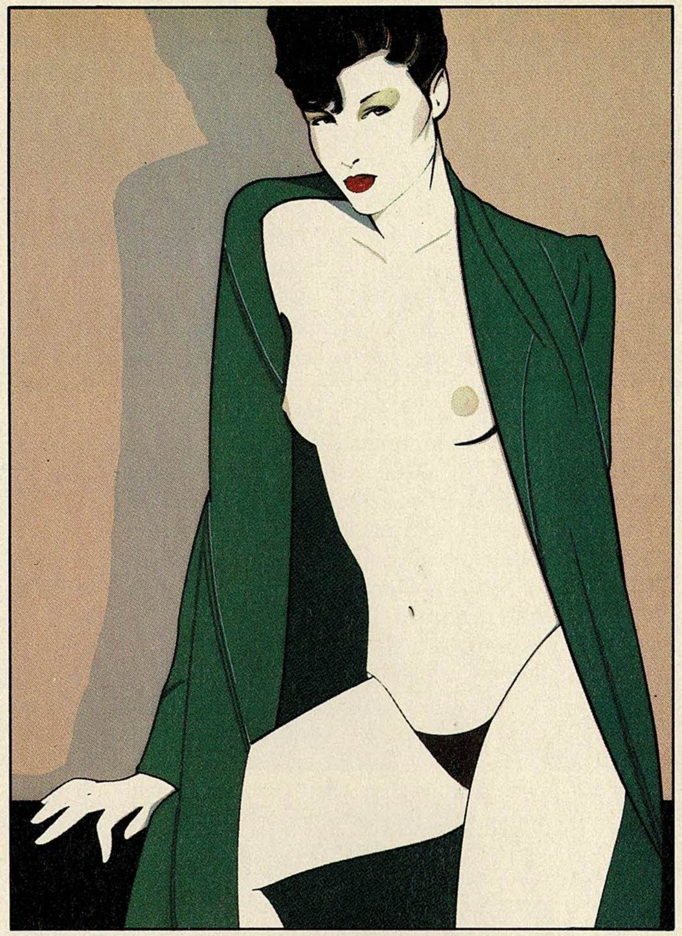
ANTI-ROYALS

Pleased to see PLAYBOY is at least keeping the republicanism issue alive with Geoffrey Dutton's We're All Right, Jack in the January issue. However, Dutton's suspicion that we're not likely to be ready for the move within the next decade is justified. It's indicative of the national malaise that our apathy about the issue might not let it happen.

Ironically, the injection of national pride required to get us off our butts is something we could take for granted if we had the ethic of independence with which citizens of, say, the United States are blessed. But, with no nationalistic intent to speak of we remain trapped by our emotional dependence on the Royal Family and our basically British background.

It's the perfect Catch-22 poser — we relish the idea of an independent identity, but our nationalistic self-esteem factor is so low that we're too bogged down to do anything about it.

J. Kovac,
Blacktown, NSW.



I'm convinced that Australia would be much closer to its republican target if the Government adopted a more enlightened attitude to higher education. Withdrawal of funding at higher tertiary level has repeatedly played havoc with post-graduate programs to such an extent that many students headed for an academic career have been forced out.

You might ask what this has to do with the move towards a republic. Well, it follows that the leaders of the republican drive must come from among the Australian educated academics who have the feeling and the history of the move much closer to heart. Instead, the shortage of funding at post-grad level means our institutions are still looking overseas for many of academic talent. It means that there are precious few notables to add their voices to those of such giants as Manning Clark and Gough Whitlam.

If those in high government are anti-republican and aware of the importance of academics to the movement, it would be easy for the politicians to railroad republicanism by tightening the education purse strings.

L. Dawson,
Campbelltown, Tas.

LUST AND LOVE

Just when we thought we had women at the point where they would willingly admit they appreciate a bit of heavy screwing as much as any man, along comes Kathy Lette to plummet us back into confusion. Lette's article, Major Issue Over Minor Tissue (PLAYBOY, January) revived the old headache that the problem with women is that they don't know what they want.

I can cop the case for screwing for screwing's sake because that equates very well with the male attitude. But the fine line between lust and emotion which Kathy Lette would have us tread is just a bit too risky for words.

Too many males have seen their friends wander down the old path of love, sex and marriage without ever being able to remember the point where they made a conscious decision to spend the rest of their lives with any particular girl. Sure, you say they must have been weak or easily led, but it appears they were following a wicked conditioning laid down by some unwritten law of pairing.

It might sound strange but I hang out with a social group which comprises seven or eight guys and about four girls. The four girls have slept with each of us on repeated occasions and the group's silent rule is that it is sex for sex's sake and commitment is something else all together. We've had people drift in and out, unable to handle that attitude, but amongst the long-term friends the idea works very well. There's no emotional blackmail and sex is seen as just one of the fun inter-actions between a group of friends. It is the simplest most straightforward situation I have ever experienced and we've no plans to change it.

S.T.,
Deakin, ACT.

GRAND DADDY

As an old Daddy Cool fan, I enjoyed your mini-interview with Ross Wilson (PLAYBOY, December). I know rock 'n' roll is supposed to have a sense of immediacy but I can't help thinking that Wilson's feel for the history of the form qualifies him to eliminate much of the crap from his act. He knows what is good because he is aware of the yardstick created by the greats of rock. It shows in his current leadership of Mondo Rock, a band light years removed from the Daddy Cool concept, but one with a unique style and integrity. Figures of Wilson's stature are few and far between on the Australian scene; glad to see you gave him the time and space.

E. White,
Glen Iris, Vic.

BED GAMES

Last winter I had cause to travel interstate for a sporting carnival. Without naming the sport, I have to say that it was a teams event which gives indication enough that there were several hundred girls from all corners of the country concentrated in a relatively quiet city for a period of 15 days.

If there was ever a case to show just how sexually liberated some women can get when they are away from home (unaccompanied), this was it. I'd guess about a quarter were married but on our nights off, wedding rings were being slipped off with great rapidity. I was under the impression that sex and alcohol were two of the driving forces on any male sporting trip, but some of the girls on our trip proved they can stand the pace as well as the men.

I was worried that my room-mate, who

left her husband home in Brisbane, might cramp my style. There was no need to worry, because she set the pace and for the number of guys who shared her bed, she beat me on a ratio of two to one. We're both hoping we get picked in the same representative team next season.

Name withheld by request.

GROUPIES GONE

Has the rock 'n' roll groupie become extinct? The toughest little numbers in the teen empire aren't so visible these days. Does this mean that the biggest bands are too well looked after by promoters? Wall to wall dope might be an important backdrop to any rock tour. Likewise hot and cold running women. Sadly, the little stage-door battler has been squeezed out of the top action by a proliferation of professionals recruited by the record companies or promoters.

I can recall the early days of the big tours when the Beatles, Stones and, even later, the Monkees, were all considered fair game. In those times the average street-wise groupie who knew all the back doors, tradesmen's entrances, the skill of leaping from a cab into a limo midstream or how to sneak past security heavies had a great chance of cracking it.

Now, unless you are a politician's daughter, a former beauty queen or a high-class hooker it's almost impossible to get within cock-grabbing range of a Rod Stewart or even a Leo Sayer. The local groups are easier prey, but that old magic of unashamed, competitive lust seems to have disappeared. Maybe the next generation will revive the art form.

K.D.,
St Leonard, NSW.

BORROWED WIFE

Recently my company sent me to Sydney for a national business conference at which I'd have the chance of meeting the firm's representatives from other cities. Most of us were booked into the same hotel and I knew that some delegates had accepted the option of bringing their wives.

I was in my suite shaving and bathing in preparation for the evening out with a branch manager, his wife and a few others. As I was drying myself I became aware that somebody was in the bedroom. Assuming it was a member of the hotel staff, I was not worried about walking into the room with nothing on save a bath towel. You can guess my surprise when I was confronted by a young, extremely attractive woman in a state of semi undress. She made no attempt to cover her breasts but demanded to know what I was doing in *her* room.

Sure, enough she was in the wrong suite, but before she had a chance to apologise or withdraw, I was helping her out of the rest of her clothes and she was removing my towel. It was just one of those impulsive encounters but the lady really knew how to use a bed in the best fashion.

I thought I'd had enough surprises for one day when I let her out to seek her own room. However there was more to come. That night, while waiting in the restaurant bar to be joined by the other guests, the branch manager strode over and introduced himself. "Please come over and meet the wife," he said gesturing towards a distant table. You can guess the mutual surprise and the ensuing embarrassment when the beautiful wife turned out to be the same lady who shared my bed earlier.

K.S.,
Plympton, SA.

FLANNELLED DOOM

Cricket's greatest saving grace is that it is played in summer when all of us who resent having our TV programs choked with the monotony can get outdoors and do other things.

Let me be the first to announce to my brothers and sisters who are at a loss to explain the nation's fixation with such a boring sport that the game's demise is at hand. By courtesy of overkill, cricket is definitely headed for doom, a result which will release millions of Australians from the white-flannelled foolery to pursue more entertaining ends during the summer.

Why am I so certain of this? Anybody who pursues a program which trots out almost half of the world's top playing nations on one format and in one season must soon realise that the public will quickly lose the mystique.

So, we owe a great debt of gratitude to those old men who placed cricket's promotional fortunes into the hands of a bunch of pop merchants. Like everything else in the rapid consumer field we will be able to say of cricket "here today, gone tomorrow". Good riddance.

J. Lowe,
Eltham, Vic.

GOING TOPLESS

Enjoyed Rob Luck's Going Topless (PLAYBOY, January). Australia is the perfect place for driving in an open car. The climate also explains the healthy sales of motor bikes in this country.

This has left me wondering why sun roofs are not as popular here as they are elsewhere and why the makers of the world's best sports cars and convertibles do not direct more of their product lines towards the Australian market. Rising fuel prices have not yet put pleasure motoring totally out of our reach and with the means to mix economy with performance there is still plenty of scope.

I sense that the move to bury the sports car as an obsolete item stems from the grey times experienced in overseas economies. With the virtual demise of the British sports car breed, perhaps the Japanese will seize on the option and offer more convertibles in the Mazda RX7 and Datsun 280ZX lines.

R.L. McMahon,
Mona Vale, NSW.

BANG ON!

I've never been to Manila but as a long time and regular visitor to Bangkok I can appreciate the attraction as outlined in The Other Thriller In Manila (PLAYBOY, January).

The Thai authorities scared the hell out of me recently with the news that they were cleaning up Bangkok's Patpong Road red light area. I hurried back to (a) see if it was true and (b) if it was, to grab a slice of the action before they shut it all down.

My fears were groundless. I had a better time than ever including a visit to one favorite haunt where the girls perform the most wonderful blow jobs while the patrons watch blue movies.

So, old Bangkok lovers need not worry. I'm certain the authorities have realised they would devastate the tour business if they closed the sex houses.

F.K.,
Albury, NSW.

SEXY SHAPES

PLAYBOY should take a bow for displaying the feminine form with such style for so long. I've got a heap of material both ancient and modern, depicting womanhood over almost 200 years, showing changes in figure styles.

It makes it all sound like so much cattle market judging but women must remember that they are more responsible than men in dictating how they prefer to look. Most of us males are merely admirers.

G. Sullivan,
Maylands, W.A.

HOT CHIPS

I don't know why so many people are terrified of the silicon chip revolution. It has certainly made a difference to our lives. When overseas recently I noticed just how comprehensively computers had moved into the domestic lifestyle. So many professional Americans have taken the computer home that it might soon become as familiar an electronic device as the VCR or even the TV.

While in the US I purchased an NTSC-based system which includes TV and works here in Australia without modification. It has revolutionised our lives mainly because we've used it with the intent of maximising our leisure time, solving such headaches as tax returns, loan projections and long-term budgets.

As a leisure item, we've picked up programs which permit an infinite variety of games and it never runs out of challengers. The more we use it, the more aware we become of the benefit and potential of computer development and how the individual can rationalise his lifestyle around the revolution.

R.D.,
Clayton, Vic.

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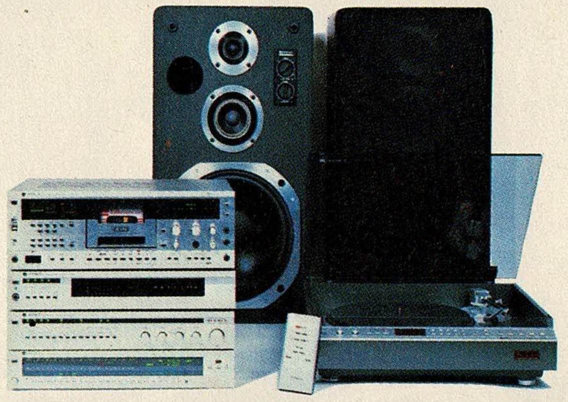

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

LECH WALESA

a candid conversation with the controversial leader of poland's solidarity union

By now his story has taken on the trappings of a legend. An unemployed Polish electrician named Lech Walesa scaled a fence at the Lenin Shipyard in Gdansk, Poland, to join striking workers who were occupying the plant. Within days, he had become the leader of the strike and was demanding that the Polish government give workers the right to form free trade unions, unprecedented in an Eastern European Communist country. Six months later, Walesa had become one of the most powerful men in Poland, leader of the 10,000,000-member Solidarity union. By December, he was on the cover of TIME *and spotlighted in its "Man of the Year" coverage for 1980.* TIME *called him "one of the Communist world's most charismatic figures," and noted that "from his first appearance in the striking shipyard last August, Walesa showed an instinctive ability to inspire crowds and win their trust. . . [mesmerising] audiences with a mixture of folksy quips and deadly serious admonitions."*

In the months since Walesa's rise to international fame and unprecedented power in Poland, the world has watched him lead his Solidarity union into a series of tough confrontations with Polish leaders. It has also watched the Soviet Union mass thousands of troops and artillery along the Polish border in a not-so-subtle reminder of what happens to Russian satellites when they stray too far from the socialist orbit.

Throughout it all, Walesa (his name is pronounced Lek Vah-when-sah) has maintained a careful balance in his public image of international media celebrity and humble, deeply religious Polish working man. When he appears in public in Poland, he is the object of adulation, signing autographs and travelling with a squad of bodyguards. Yet his favorite response to admirers is often "I am not your master, I am your servant." To factory workers he has been known to say that "anyone who turns his head as I walk by isn't doing his job."

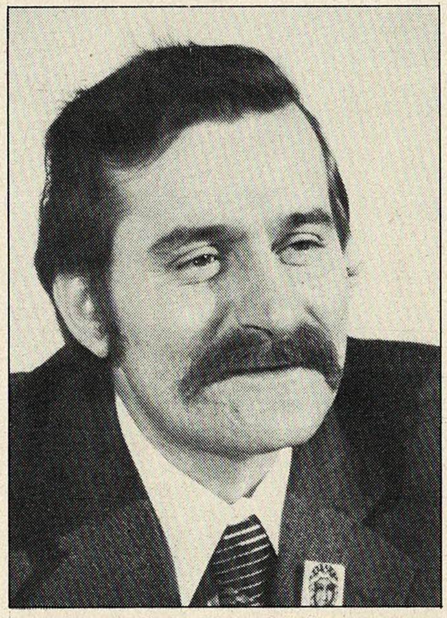
Walesa has also managed to become adept at both public speaking and political infighting. In front of mass audiences who sometimes chant "Long live Walesa," he is calm, understated and given to parables and simple anecdotes that enhance his image as an average Polish worker with little formal education. Yet he has been able to motivate an entire country to stand up to Soviet domination and has become a symbol of Poland reborn. Within a few weeks of his rise to power in Gdansk, he engineered a major strike that brought Poland to a standstill for exactly one hour. In public, he seems to draw out of all Poles latent feelings of both patriotism and Catholicism. He rarely misses daily Mass. He wears a medallion of the Virgin Mary in his lapel. When he appears in public to speak, a large crucifix is installed on the wall near him.

Recently, however, Walesa has become considerably more moderate and conciliatory and has taken a softer line on strikes. "Let us stick to what we have already achieved for the time being. Otherwise, we might lose everything," he told a group of workers who threatened another strike. "There is a danger that they might reply with tanks and rockets," he added, with no need to state who "they" were.

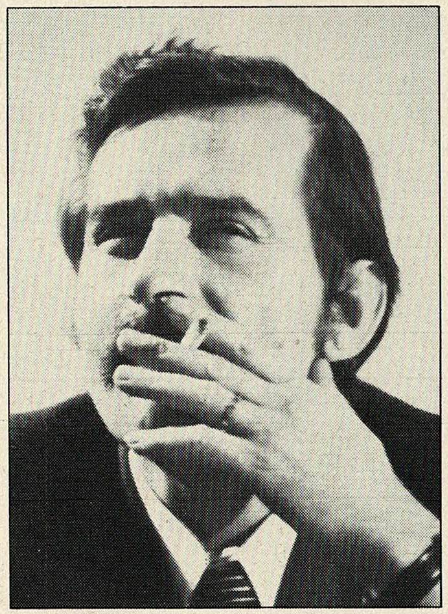
In negotiations with Polish officials, Walesa is known as a bargainer who speaks softly but carries enormous clout. In addition to fighting for free trade unions, he has managed to get government concessions for increased wages, less media censorship and even radio broadcasts of Sunday Mass. He is always careful to deny that he is "anti-socialist," insisting that he is a union man out to better the lot of the workers. Bringing down the government is not his aim, he maintains.

At the age of 39, Walesa seems an unlikely figure to be articulating a country's unhappiness with its rulers. Although he has been involved in union activity in Poland since 1970, he seems to have come out of nowhere. The son of a carpenter, Walesa is an electrician by trade, who happened to be working at the Gdansk shipyard in 1970 when bloody riots over the high price of food erupted and at least 45 people were killed. Six years later he was fired from his job at the shipyard for protesting too vigorously that the government hadn't made good on concessions granted to workers after the rioting. It was not the last job he was to lose for his labor activities.

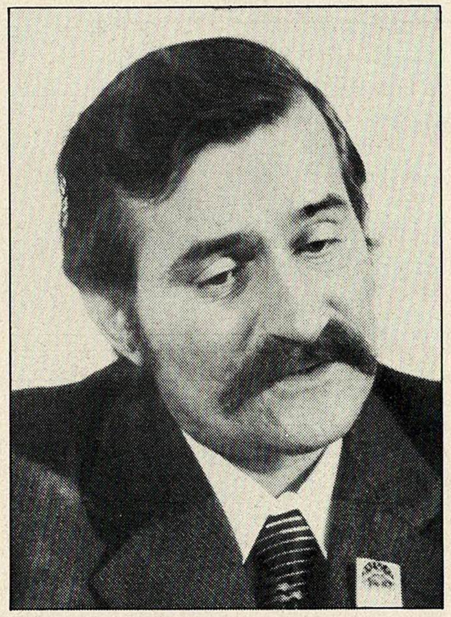
However, by 1978, a Polish Pope had been installed in the Vatican and the climate



"In the past year we survived. This is the greatest accomplishment of all. We signalled to them what we wanted. Next year we should be able to pursue the dream of this Poland we have imagined."



"Poland was always a rather free country. We hobnobbed with France, England, America. Suddenly, we were ordered to love something else. We have freedom in our blood; non one can hold us captive!"



"We cannot overthrow the [Communist] Party, for that would be a disaster to all of us. do you think that without the party I wouldn't push myself for president? We'd all shoot each other down!"

seemed better for Walesa's ideas. He was instrumental in the formation of a small free trade union on the Baltic Coast, and by 1980 another government decision that raised food prices led to another protest at the same Gdansk shipyard and Walesa's climb to fame.

In private, Walesa strikes yet another balance between simple living and the accourements of power that have fallen to him. Critics say he has become a demagogue, interrupting others to voice his opinions and expecting them to be followed. The trappings of celebrity have piled up. He often travels by government-supplied helicopter, and a pipe or a cigarette, symbol of hard-to-get tobacco in Poland, is ever present in his hand. He and his wife of 12 years, Miroslawa, and their six children have moved to a six-room apartment from their former two-room flat, and Walesa's wardrobe now includes four suits in addition to the wrinkled one he invariably wore only a year ago. His salary is now $333 per month, about average for a shipyard worker in Poland, and it is drawn from the Solidarity Union he has been instrumental in founding.

If his own personal life seems relatively sound, he is deliberately vague about where he intends to lead his country. He once told an interviewer that he had a vision for what he wanted Poland to become; but when asked to describe it, he replied, "Not in an interview." Even though he is a man of very little formal education, he has surrounded himself with some of the ablest advisors in Poland. With food shortages seeming to bring Poland to the very brink of catastrophe in recent weeks, Walesa is being put to perhaps his severest test yet. So far, he has managed to strike a balance between the hard-line radicals who want more reforms faster and the Russians who may be becoming increasingly restless.

To obtain an interview with one of the most significant figures in postwar Europe, PLAYBOY *sent* ***Ania*** *and* ***Krysia Bittenek*** *to Warsaw in October. The sisters are journalists of Polish extraction (both speak fluent Polish) who have had extensive contacts with Solidarity officials.*

The sisters first obtained a commitment for an in-depth interview from Solidarity's press spokesmen. But when they arrived in Warsaw, the confusion surrounding daily wildcat strikes, food shortages and a totally disorganised bureaucracy resulted in a wait of almost three weeks before they finally met Walesa.

Ushered abruptly into his presence at the drab union headquarters in Warsaw, the Bitteneks were told they would have only ten minutes with an obviously tired Walesa. As he sat down to speak, at least two, and sometimes four men, variously introduced as aides or bodyguards, were in nervous attendance. Walesa, despite his fatigue, seemed the most convivial person in the room.

The questions asked by the Bitteneks were evidently provocative enough to Walesa for the "ten minutes" to be stretched to more than an hour, during which many topics, both light and serious, were covered. The journalists had other questions to ask and pressed Walesa hard for more interview sessions. But time was precious because the Solidarity Congress was in progress, and the pressure was increased by an announcement that Walesa would meet with Prime Minister Wojciech Jaruzelski and Archbishop Jozef Glemp, the first such three-way political summit in Poland's history. The days of waiting for a follow-up interview session stretched into weeks, until it became clear that there was no assurance Walesa would see the PLAYBOY *reporters again before the end of the year.*

A look at the first session's dialogue however, was enough to convince us that what we received was worthy of publication. It more than makes up for its brevity by being a rare and revealing look at a man under nearly impossible pressure; the often-frantic quality of the conversation, along with the abrupt switches to dark humor and folk-tale parables, adds up to a portrait of a man we have not seen depicted elsewhere.

Interestingly, the transmission of the text of the interview was halted when one of Walesa's translated answers dealt with the actions of the police in Poland. It picked up shortly thereafter, presumably after censors had reassured themselves as to the nature of Walesa's remarks.

PLAYBOY: We've been waiting nearly three weeks to speak with you. Obviously, you've had many important things to do, but other

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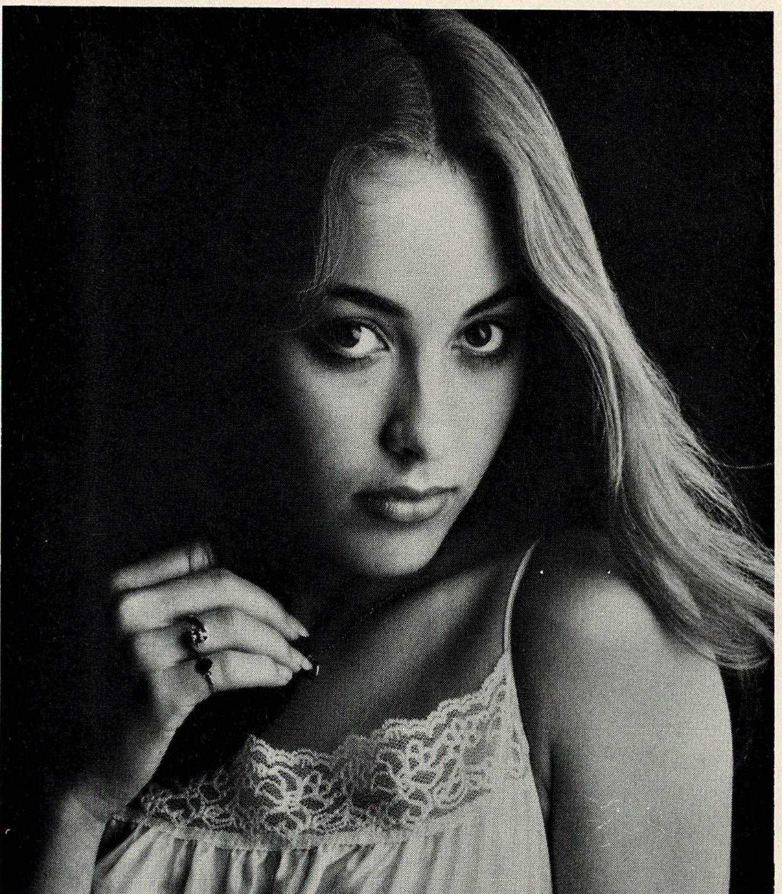

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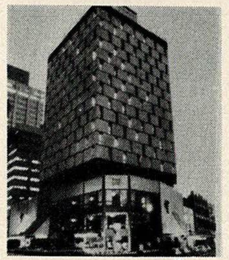

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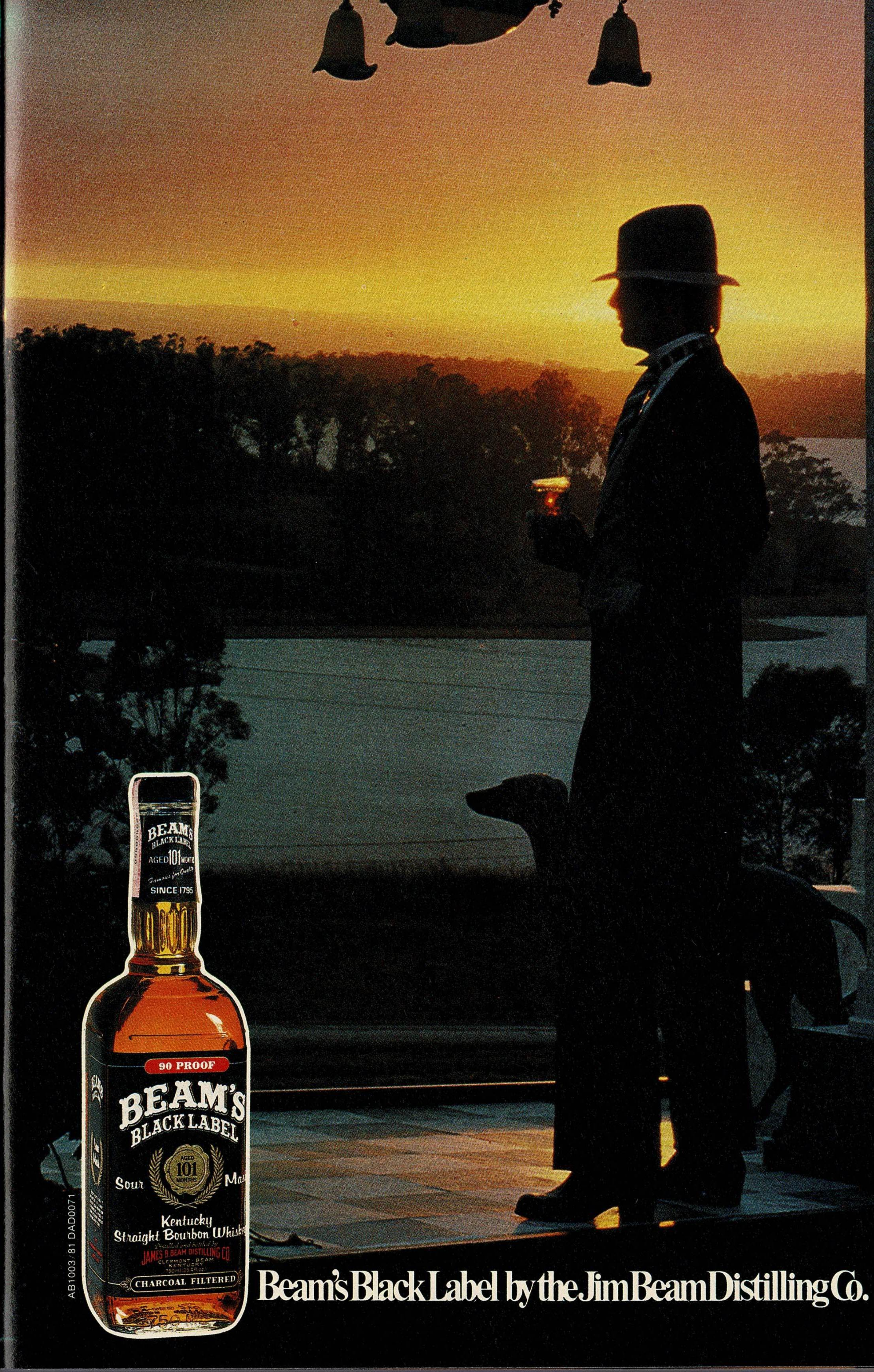


journalists have been in and out. Do you have a problem with PLAYBOY?

WALESA: I'm not prejudiced against the magazine. I just don't have time. For now, I'm giving you 10 minutes because you have been persistent. I am so tired, both physically and psychologically, that I want you to finally give me some peace. I'm giving you your 10 minutes, so take advantage of them. You've already spent two minutes. Such is life. I can't satisfy everyone.

PLAYBOY: Then it wasn't a bias against—

WALESA: Who told you that?

PLAYBOY: One of the men in your press office.

WALESA: *Jezus,* the man is crazy. You can tell him I said so. I have never had a bias against anyone. You've now spent almost three minutes.

PLAYBOY: Seven more minutes is certainly not what we came to Poland for, nor what your people promised us, but we'll do what we can.

WALESA: Look, please understand, today I have a more important goal. I respect you. After all, the press made a star out of me. That makes me happy. I owe you a lot. Without you, I would be nothing, it's true. But I have my main priority. Now you've used up *four* minutes.

PLAYBOY: Here's our first question.

WALESA: All right, I take it all back! You can start again with 10 full minutes. Let's see what will happen.

PLAYBOY: Fine. You're an interesting breed of political leader. You are at the head of a democratic process, which is new for Poland, but some of your tactics are those of a dictator. Do you consider yourself something of a benign dictator?

WALESA: No I'm a *democratic* dictator.

PLAYBOY: What does that mean?

WALESA: Well, I know that I ascertain our goals in a democratic way: We agree on a framework together. But the *realisation* of this framework, of these goals, is my business. I handle them in a dictatorial way. Do we understand each other?

PLAYBOY: Do you establish any restraints for yourself? Do you just bludgeon those in your way?

WALESA: No. I do not wage war. I do not conduct some great battle. For the time being, I do not shoot to get things done. I select my advisors, I rely on them. I use tricks, devices in order to accomplish the tasks I am given.

PLAYBOY: Given the fact that you established this framework of Solidarity a year ago, why has it taken so long to realise your goals?

WALESA: Come on. This is a movement that is 10,000,000 strong. You must realise what our geographical and political position is. You realise where we are.

PLAYBOY: All right, but that's true only as far as tactics go. We'll keep it general and ask you simply: What is your goal?

WALESA: My goal: for Poland to be Poland.

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL FLAG COMPETITION.
ENTRY No 1.
MELDRUM

PLAYBOY: Meaning what?

WALESA: Meaning that Poland will be Poland when we shall speak what we think. We shall be richer than you, for instance. Because we *can* be. We are no stupider than you. Certainly not. We just live in a country that brought us up with different social models to follow. So we had to assume different attitudes. We learned *despite* our models, so that is why we are actually stronger, better off than you are. Still, one has to make the most out of what one is given. Whether we will or will not is a question. But I think we will.

PLAYBOY: How can you hope for that kind of prosperity, and especially that kind of freedom, as long as Poland is part of the Societ bloc?

WALESA: We have attained one tremendous accomplishment: In the past year, we have survived.

This is the greatest accomplishment of all. We survived for a year. This year we also showed them our hand, our aims, our goals. We signalled to them what we wanted. Next year, after this [Solidarity workers'] congress, we should begin to realise those aims. Then we shall be able to pursue the dream of this Poland that we have imagined.

I see two Polands: I see the one we dream of and, at the same time, I see the present Poland, beset with difficulties. I see the games each side plays, I see the variants of those games. But I am — *we* are — capable of winning every single variant of every game! I know, it sounds like phenomenal conceit [laughs], but there you are.

PLAYBOY: Given the pressures on you, how, specifically, do you intend to accomplish even a few of those goals?

WALESA: If I were to tell you that — [*An aide interrupts.*]

AIDE: Don't reveal your tactics.

WALESA: I would help those who don't wish us well. So I won't do it.

PLAYBOY: All right, we'll go back to more general themes. You say you have a dream of what your ideal Poland would be. Can you describe it? What would your Poland be like?

WALESA: Independent, self-governing. [*An aide again interrupts.]*

AIDE: Self-*financing!*

WALESA: A Poland in which one can speak, one can write, which one can leave, to which one can come.

PLAYBOY: In which military or trade agreements are made by free choice?

WALESA: No, No! The military does not concern us at all! We want to fight with the same weapons we are using now. With those weapons we can smash tanks, cannons, neutron bombs. And smash them we will!

PLAYBOY: For all your rhetoric, Poland is a shambles as we speak. What are your specific ideas for rebuilding the country economically?

WALESA: You must realise one thing: I lead this movement and my main task is to keep the movement together. We may quarrel and fight, but we must stand together. It is my job to keep it tight and strong. But I am not the alpha and the omega, the be-all and end-all. Specific problems will be solved by those I lean on, people who are wise, advisers, experts, people who really have something to say. I must choose the best ideas after discussing them in a democratic manner. Specific problems will be solved by people in specific fields; for example, education, commerce, foreign trade. I would be some sort of peasant philosopher if I were to take all that on myself. I know nothing of such things. All I know is that Poland must be different from what it is today, based on sound laws and principles of profit. It is this I will squeeze out of the groups whose task it is to think about these things.

PLAYBOY: Are you afraid that despite your popular support people will get tired of this struggle? After all, it's been more than a year and from a practical standpoint, things have got worse in Poland.

WALESA: One can get tired of many things. Even making love can tire you. So you should make an effort to concentrate on things that are both pleasure-giving *and* useful. Work can also be love, you know.

PLAYBOY: As it should be—

WALESA: And vice versa. Love can be nothing *but* work. [*Laughs heartily*]

PLAYBOY: We were in Poland last year and one of the things that has struck us most during this visit is that people on the street have stopped being afraid. Do you agree with that?

WALESA: Let me reflect on that. . . I once heard about some kind of sea animal that commits suicide by swimming right up on the beach.

I have this dread that it might be that *we* are doing a similar thing. You cannot just disregard realities and become happy and euphoric without wondering if it all might be wrong, this euphoria. And it would be tragic if it turned out that way.

But, at the same time, yes, we are *not* afraid. Because we have a soul. It is not a soul so much in the religious sense as in the spiritual sense. We have a goal. We know that man does not live by bread alone, that he's not automatically content when he's well fed and he has a lot of dollars. We know, somehow, that inner satisfaction is worth more, that there is nothing to be afraid of. We shall *all* go one day, anyway. You know, we have something that you people have less of. You have some of it, but not much.

PLAYBOY: And so you are afraid of no one?

WALESA: No, of no one, of nothing. Of God alone. I believe that.

PLAYBOY: Then, is it fair to say that since the formation of Solidarity, the threat is larger but the intimidation smaller?

WALESA: Let me put it differently. Someone could say that because Christ was crucified, it means he lost. He lost because he was crucified. But he's been winning for 2000 years. The fact that I lose today because someone breaks my jaw, or hangs me, does not mean I lost. It only means I lost physically, as a man. But the idea, whatever happens later, may prove to be a greater victory.

I can say that our victory is certain. Certain! I do not know how long it will take or how high the price will be, but we shall smash a few things over in *your* country. Because this is nearly the 21st Century, and we can no longer think in the same old terms. Even you still think in such terms — threats, tanks, one worker killing another worker. If small things go my way, in 50 years I am convinced that someone could order us: fight with this woman soldier. But we will kiss.

PLAYBOY: How would you like to be remembered? What would you like school children to read about in history books?

WALESA: It would be best if they left me alone, if they did not bring flowers to my grave. For it would all be artificial. Someone would have ordered the school children to be there, someone would have proclaimed it Walesa Day or something. The person brings flowers because he was told to, because someone praised me, when, in reality, the person never really knows whether I deserved the praise. No one ever got to know a man to his very depths and no one ever will.

> *"The fact that I lose today because someone breaks my jaw, or hangs me, does not mean I lost. It only means I lost physically."*

PLAYBOY: You seem to have an ambivalent opinion of yourself. How do you see yourself as a leader? Are you a prophet? An accident?

WALESA: I see myself as a very unhappy man. A very unhappy man whom fate — with some help from me — has thrown into this position of leadership. I fell into it and only then looked around. Leadership *seemed* interesting, stimulating — until I saw what goes on behind the scenes. Once I learned all of that, I didn't like it at all. But, at the same time, I cannot get out of it. It would look bad and be wrong. If someone were to throw me out. I would thank him personally. When I am absolved of responsibility, I shall be a happy man. I would live differently.

PLAYBOY: What would you do?

WALESA: Fish, write books. I'd write books and earn money. Earn a lot of money. See other countries, travel all over the world in a big bus with a bathroom and everything. I'd like to have a lot of money, because now I can't — no, I'm *not* interested in money! I'd write, fish, travel, sight-see, make love, and so forth.

PLAYBOY: You say you'd write books, but you don't read much, do you?

WALESA: I'd like to, but I don't have the time.

PLAYBOY: It's been rumored that you've never read a book; is that true?

WALESA: No, it's not true. For instance, I did read my primer in kindergarten. [*His aides laugh.]*

PLAYBOY: We'd better get back to our political questions.

WALESA: We are way over your 10 minutes, but you are so nice I shall talk to you some more.

PLAYBOY: You're pretty charming yourself.

WALESA: Of course I am. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Putting aside the daily headlines, do you think you could put your revolt into a historical context?

WALESA: Well, some say that the history of the world turns in circles. I find that to be a bit so, a bit not so. People and conditions are different. If someone wanted to speak generally, he would insist that history turns in circles, but we are different because our grandmothers were different.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

WALESA: Oh, come on. They were different from us because we have travel and communications that let us get anywhere, hear anything, in a flash. But we still don't communicate or get there on time. Our grandmother could climb into a horse and buggy, make her trip and still find time for fun. We take a plane and are late.

PLAYBOY: We meant what differences were there with regard to your being Polish? Is there something about the Polish experience specifically that affects *this* period of history?

WALESA: As Poles? I answered that indirectly already. From bad examples we learned good things. Therefore, we are wiser than you, because you learned good things from good examples. We had a bad school in which to learn, but from ideology alien to us, we learned a new and splendid ideology.

Poles are best at everything! Although I don't know history, for I didn't study — as you may have noticed. I don't know my dates, and so on — I do know one thing: The system that was put into place here is as if you took someone to a place where it was very hot and dressed him in a heavy sheepskin. Poland was always a rather free country. To a large extent, we are democratic. We hobnobbed with France, England, America and others. All of a sudden, we were ordered to love something else. We have freedom, justice, and so forth, in our blood and no one can hold us captive! Many a time we paid an awful lot. After all those payments that have been made, now we have figured out something so as not to pay this time.

PLAYBOY: We read somewhere that you had

(*continued on page 105*)

RASS BONG LEBANESE RED
BHANG WHACKED CHARAS
OKE DOOBIE ROACH HERB
GANJA BOB HOPE BOO
RIPPED STONED HIGH
OINT THAI STICK WEED
BUDDHA REEFER LOG
N SCOOB VIPER HASH
SH POISON SHIT TEA
HWEED DURBAN ZONKED
UI WOWIE ACAPULCO GOLD

A POTTED HISTORY OF POT

australia's foremost dope academic reviews the stoned age

IN November last year, Sir John Gorton, knight of the realm and former Liberal Prime Minister of Australia, announced that he had become patron of NORML — the National Organisation for the Reform of Marijuana Laws. His rather astonishing announcement followed hard on the heels of a suggestion by the Anglican Dean of St John's Cathedral Brisbane, the Very Reverend Ian George, that the possession of cannabis for personal use should no longer be a criminal offence. On June 20-21, the State Premiers met the Prime Minister. On the agenda was a recommendation from the

article by **PETER OLSZEWSKI**

recent Commonwealth Royal Commission into Drugs — the Williams Report — that the laws relating to marijuana be considered in 1990. A decision on the recommendation was deferred and "official sources" said the legalisation of marijuana was as far away as ever it was.

The three news items highlight the strange position marijuana "enjoys" in Australian society. It is smoked by hundreds of thousands of everyday people and its cause is espoused by some of the country's most respectable citizens, yet no State has legalised — or even decriminalised its use.

In fact, despite increasing use of the drug by an ever-widening cross-section of the populace, penalties have been increased rather than reduced. So, just where is marijuana going?

To understand the question better, we have to look at the history of cannabis and its derivatives in Australia; and it's a history that goes back a lot further than you might think — back to the closing years of last century.

In the 1880s, a French asthma cure was widely used in Australia. Its effectiveness was never officially examined, but its popularity could not be disputed —possibly because the cure, known as Cigares de Joy, was simply a packet of marijuana cigarettes, precursors of the reefer, or today's joint.

Another popular smoke of the time was Savar's Cubeb Cigarettes — "To be smoked through the nose for hay fever." Cubeb cigarettes contained a mixture of marijuana and datura.

A catalogue published in 1898 by H.E. Kugelman and Company, wholesale botanic druggists, offered cannabis for sale in Victoria and NSW for 1/2½d a pound; in South Australia for 1/4d a pound and Queensland, 1/6½d a pound. The catalogue described cannabis as: "Not poisonous according to best authorities, though formerly so regarded. Antispasmodic, analgesic, anaesthetic, narcotic, aphrodisiac. Specially recommended in spasmodic and painful afflictions; for preventing rather than arresting migraine; almost a specific in that form of insanity peculiar to women, caused by mental worry or moral shock.

It is the best hypnotic in delirium tremens. Used with excellent results in habitues of opium, chloral or cocaine. In hysterical cases not calmed by chloral or opium it acts especially well."

Standard American fluid extracts of cannabis were offered by the company at 7/3d a pound in Victoria and NSW, 7/7d a pound in South Australia and Queensland.

Australian lolly shops stocked gaily decorated tins of octagonal linseed, liquorice or chlorodyne cough lozenges. Chlorodyne was quite an interesting sweet, containing a mixture of morphine, chloroform, prussic acid, peppermint, treacle and cannabis. In 1907, Octavius Beale conducted, at his own expense, a one man inquiry into "Patent or proprietory medicines" — the precursor of many royal commissions into the Australian drug scene. Investigating the chlorodyne cough lollies, Beale was told by a doctor that children bought them, "for the sake of prompt intoxication, and having once acquired the taste, will use no other sweet".

Women were sold a mixture called Dr Collis Browne's Chlorodyne. This contained six grams of morphine, one drachm of chloroform and six grams of cannabis extract. In 1915, a Sydney doctor, investigating reports of a woman's ill health, discovered that she was using a bottle of chlorodyne a day, and a search in her garden revealed 940 empty chlorodyne bottles.

Use of cannabis in Australia during the latter half of last century is always historically recorded as "medicinal", yet there is evidence that the drug was used "recreationally", or for intoxicating purposes, without the medicinal pretence. In the 1850s a Sydney doctor, Francis Campbell, published a lengthy diatribe on the evils of tobacco smoking. Cannabis was the one smoking substance he permitted, describing it as "excellent". He also recommended the commercial cultivation of Indian hemp for ropemaking, though such an industry was never fully established.

Traditionally, wars have the effect of spreading the use of drugs and World War I was no exception. Bronzed Anzacs picked up the cocaine habit to such an extent that at one time its use in Australia was described as an "epidemic". During R and R at such exotic locations as Cairo, diggers were also introduced to marijuana and its derivative, hashish.

A translation manual given to troops on leave in Egypt included the phrase "pass the hookah".

And, while our lads were fighting Turks at Gallipoli, Turkish and Afghan migrants in Australia continued their traditional use of hashish. A mixture of hashish and crazed patriotism was blamed for the Battle of Broken Hill which occurred at high noon on New Year's Day, 1915.

Two Turks were responsible for this incident. Mullah Abdullah, an elderly gentleman, was the local Islamic Imam for the Afghan camel-driving community. During working hours, Abdullah plied a donkey-drawn icecream cart and at the height of the war he was often abused by Broken Hill hooligans. Tension mounted. In 1914, Abdullah befriended Gool Mohammed, a young Turk who had grown quite wealthy plying his own particular trade — he was the hashish dealer for the Afghan camel drivers, and had made four lucrative hash-runs to Turkey.

On New Year's Eve, 1914, Gool and Abdullah began a hashish smoking binge, and by the dawn of 1915 it appears, the pair had agreed to seek a glorious death by attacking their country's enemies.

At noon that day, a train containing 1200 members, family and friends of the Manchester Unity Order of Oddfellows steamed out of Broken Hill for the Oddfellows annual picnic. Two miles out of Broken Hill, passengers noticed a deserted icecream cart standing by the track, flying the Turkish star and crescent. This caused some consternation, but panic set in when the two Turks, hidden behind a sand dune, opened fire with old snider rifles.

News of the attack was telegraphed to Broken Hill and several hundred troops and police were sent to quell the enemy. Gool was guickly killed but Abdullah kept the troops pinned down for almost an hour. In the early afternoon the troops charged and over-ran his position. He died shortly afterwards. At the end of the skirmish, six people lay dead and seven wounded, and the Afghan camel drivers were wondering where to find their next hashish connection.

Between the wars, minor inconveniences like the Depression pushed such matters into the background, but W.M. Maidment, an associate professor at the University of Sydney recalls that cannabis grew wild along the Hunter River at East Maitland around 1937, and was smoked by school children.

According to Max Harris, that literary lion of the Adelaide intelligentsia, visiting American servicemen, particularly jazz musicians, helped spread the smoking habit amongst Australia's literati during World War II; but it wasn't until much later that interest in the "new" drug really began to kindle.

Marijuana laws had been introduced into Australia, not because of any local problem with the drug; but rather to comply with international treaty obligations. As a result, they were often lumped in with laws designed primarily to combat opium use. Victoria was the first State to impose marijuana controls in 1928; South Australia dealt with the drug in its 1934 Dangerous Drugs Act, although the legislation did not come into force until 1937; NSW incorporated marijuana into its drug legislature in 1935 and Queensland in 1937. However, Western Australia did not legislate against marijuana until 1950, and in Tasmania it was legal as late as 1959.

The Commonwealth had stepped in earlier. The 1925 Customs Act declared that "Indian Hemp" and its derivatives could be imported only on licence from the Collector of Customs. This prohibition became absolute in 1955. In the mid 1960s, both the States and the Commonwealth began overhauling drug legislature to comply with obligations incurred under the Geneva Single Convention on Narcotic Drugs, 1961.

The marijuana "scare" finally broke in Sydney during the festive season of 1960. Detectives raided three nightclubs in or near Kings Cross — the Afro-Cuban Club, the Pigalle and the Primitif. Found in a lift well were marijuana cigarettes, known as *reefers*, but also known by older and *wiser* jazz musicians, who had felt the *bite* of its addiction, as *vipers* — or so said one "overseas expert" at the time.

A 38-year-old musician, Mario Theumoz, who played at the Afro-Cuban club was fined £200 on a charge of having marijuana cigarettes in his possession. A solicitor told the court Mario had been smoking marijuana since he was a boy of 13 in Egypt!

Police feared the Sydney discovery meant that the drug had filtered into other Australian cities, especially Melbourne, and Melbourne police confirmed that an influx of migrants from the Middle East and Mediterranean countries had renewed the danger of a drug outbreak. Melbourne detectives were assigned to watch espresso bars and Fitzroy nightclubs.

On New Year's Eve, 1960, the Melbourne *Truth* reported that vice squad raids on nightclubs had uncovered small quantities of marijuana. *Truth* told its readers that marijuana was, ". . . a sex stimulant. Smoking the drug leads to addiction which, if indulged leads to madness and death. Those under its influence can kill or maim without knowing what they are doing."

Perhaps such astounding claims unnerved the Victorian police, for it was almost four years before they could emulate their Sydney brethren and actually arrest (or *bust*, as the jargon later had it) a real, live marijuana user.

In 1964, Anne Grant, the proprietor of the El Sombrero, St Kilda coffee lounge, came to the attention of Melbourne's vice squad.

A prostitute with whom she was having a lesbian relationship informed the squad that not only was Grant selling amphetamines to tow-truck drivers, but she also used marijuana and sold the stuff to prostitutes. What a marvellous catch Grant would make for the police! Enough to boggle the municipal mind of Menzoid Melbourne.

View the woman through the eyes of a mid-Sixties law abiding citizen for a moment: an attractive lesbian marijuana-smoking drug-peddling prostitute provider who, according to the constabulary, also "laced coffee", and yet was perfectly free to foul the thoroughfares. She had to go.

A major police exercise was immediately set into action, combining the brain and brawn of the Customs Department, the vice squad and the entire drug squad — both members. A trap was set whereby Grant would be persuaded to park her "flashy" MG in a certain city location (200 metres from the vice squad headquarters) and initiate the almost-innocent prostitute informant into the depravities of reefer smoking.

Shortly after 7pm on November 27, 1964 police pounced on Grant's parked car which was full of marijuana smoke — Grant was smoking a reefer through a matchbox device. One of the officers participating in the historic action, Bernard Delaney (later to become a Bureau of Narcotics agent) described the "drama" of the moment: "There it was: the first marihuana cigarette I had ever seen! The sum of my knowledge then was the expression 'reefer' — and that,

(continued on page 138)

MAIL-ORDER MADNESS

The Carey Caper

IN the mid 1970s a young South Australian launched what was to become one of the strangest and most sensational pot reform lobby groups of all. Peter Carey was a university dropout, who in 1973 founded the Drug and Legal Protection Union, later to become the Dope Smokers Union. Carey said the Union had helped people on drug charges to go "underground"; it also offered free joints to people wishing to try the drug, free "how to grow" booklets, and free legal aid. Free joints were sent to politicians, police and other prominent citizens.

However, the campaign Carey most relished was an attack on alleged brutality and corruption in the South Australian drug squad. Carey published a booklet of alleged incidents, with the aim of prompting a public investigation into the drug squad. In turn, the South Australian Police Commissioner, Mr Salisbury, announced that the drug squad had approached him and requested an investigation to clear the squad's name because, "drug users were anxious to discredit the drug squad both inside and outside the force so there would be less pressure on people using and trafficking in narcotics."

After a month-long internal police investigation, Salisbury announced there was no proof to support Carey's allegations. However, little was made (publicly anyway) of the fact that a reshuffle had taken place in the drug squad. One of the two officers conducting the internal investigation, Inspector Dudley Beath, took over and immediately earned kudos with a timely raid on a pot plantation. This resulted in a much-publicised "Giant Drug Haul". An estimated $300,000 worth of marijuana was discovered on a farm near Berri, SA, and the haul was then billed as "Australia's largest".

Carey also went on to bigger things. In September 1974, he placed the first of a series of weekly advertisements in the *Nation Review,* promising mail-order marijuana at $30 an ounce, hashish at $20 a "deal". A few weeks later he announced that the mail order business was booming, and $15,000 had been set aside to fund the Apolitical Party which stood for the legalisation of just about everything, marijuana, of course, included.

The media went mad. Almost every mass circulation daily publicised the caper, and reports of the amount of the mail order marijuana profits magnified overnight: the original claim of $15,000 doubled to $30,000, hit $40,000 and peaked at $60,000. Carey's organisation was described as a huge network with, at its nerve centre, a group of 11 high-powered lawyers sifting and sorting through damning evidence which would bring the entire SA drug squad undone.

Carey issued a further press release. He apologised to intending purchasers, and said there was a delay in filling orders. Business was so brisk he had run out of marijuana suppliers. He said he had been buying in bulk from local growers, but following demand had to find larger interstate growers with whom he was now negotiating. The ABC current affairs program *This Day Tonight* asked why he had not been arrested for openly advertising and selling marijuana. Carey replied: "We've got the South Australian drug squad blackmailed. They know if they give us any trouble we will tell all we know about their activities."

In February 1975, Carey was arrested along with his lone off-sider, Mark Adey. Carey went to trial on April, 1975, and the police smiled quietly as his answer to the *This Day Tonight* question echoed around the courtroom. They knew there was no real evidence against them, no battery of inspired lawyers, no nationwide organisation to deal with. They knew Carey's mail order revolution was a PR stunt which everybody, probably even Carey himself, had believed. The only course left open for Carey's defence was a plea for mercy — it was argued that he had acted out of conscience, that he wanted to right a law he felt was wrong, and that he had not acted out of purely profit motivation. As for the $15,000 profit, the defence proved the escapade had been a financial flop; the marijuana had been bought at high cost and sales hadn't even covered the cost of packaging, postage, advertising and printing.

At the end of the trial, all the incident had achieved was four years imprisonment for Carey, later reduced to one year on appeal.

HOW TO BE A SUCCESS AT DINNER PARTIES

One hundred useless facts guaranteed to make them sit up and take notice

YOU are at the sort of casually elegant dinner party to which readers of PLAYBOY are always being invited, trying hard, perhaps a little too hard, to attract the attention of the rather attractive blonde person on your left. Unfortunately,

humor
by tony maguire

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB WATSON

so is the trendily-dressed and faintly effete gentleman opposite her. And he's having rather more succes.

"I see there's another train strike on the way," you venture.

"I *walk* to work," the really *very* attractive blonde replies with a tired smile.

"Did you know," says the gentleman with the Fiorucci cravat, "that there's a lake in Kenya which has such a huge population of flamingoes that the water appears to be colored pink."

"Really," says the young lady, her large but firm breasts quivering with interest.

"Yes," he smarms on. "Of course, you can't drink the water because even if it wasn't full of flamingo droppings, the concentration of natural caustic soda in it would do your tummy no end of damage. And, of course. . ." but at this point you stop listening and turn to the rather less attractive lady on your right because you know you've lost.

If the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, the way to a woman's heart (or whatever else you have in mind) is through her mind. Project yourself as a fascinating, knowledgeable fellow and you're half-way there.

Since you can't get this information by swallowing the *Encyclopaedia Brittanica,* here is PLAYBOY's potted general knowledge course — 100 Amazing Facts that will help you break the ice at parties, out-trendy the limpest-wristed denizen of Paddington or Carlton and win the hearts, minds and various other parts of countless women.

UNFORTUNATE PLACE-NAMES

1. Intercourse, Pennsylvania.
2. Rooty Hill, Sydney.
3. Tit, Algeria.
4. Blue Ball, Delaware.
5. French Lick, Indiana.
6. Iron Knob, South Australia
7. Climax, Colorado.
8. Screw River, New Guinea.
9. Dicks, South Africa.
10. Shit Creek, Alaska.

UNUSUAL DEATHS

1. Marc Quinquandon died in 1979 after consuming 72 snails in three minutes.

2. Pope Leo VIII died of a stroke while having intercourse.

3. George, Duke of Clarence was drowned in a barrel of wine by his brother Richard III.

4. Possessed of an impetuous desire to find out if snow would halt decay of a dead body, English writer Francis Bacon stopped his carriage and bought a hen which he killed and stuffed with snow; he died of a sudden chill shortly afterwards.

5. Turkish wrestler Yousouf Ishmaelo sank to the bottom of the Atlantic in 1898 after refusing to discard his gold-filled money belt when the passenger ship he was travelling on was wrecked.

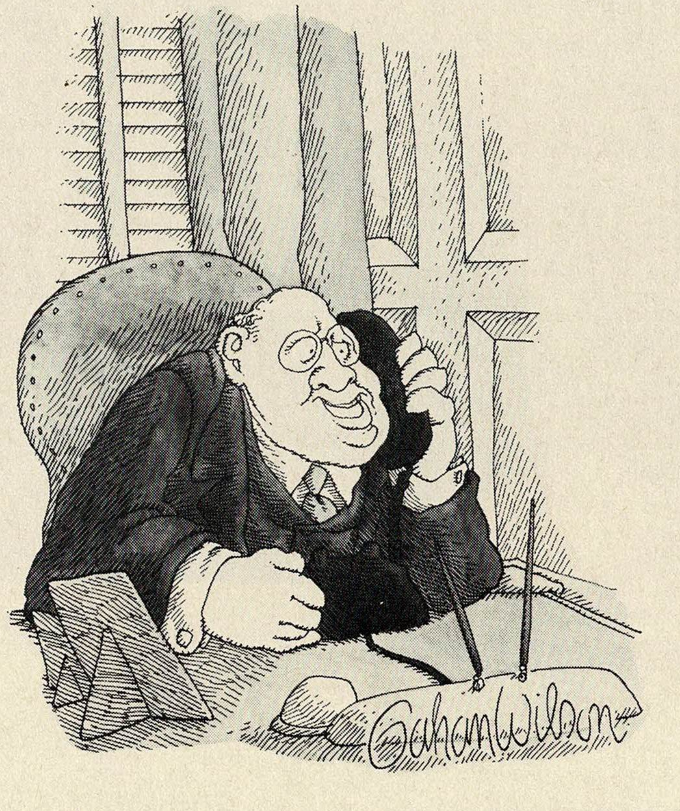
6. Henry H. Bliss (d. 1899) is believed to be the world's first car accident victim.

7. A British man literally laughed to death while watching the TV antics of comedians Morecambe and Wise.

8. An American eccentric called Langley Collyer was killed by his own burglar trap, being buried under thousands of old newspapers, a suitcase filled with metal, a sewing machine and three bread boxes.

9. British novelist Arnold Bennett died of typhoid in 1931 after drinking a glass of Parisian water to demonstrate its purity.

10. After discovering that her husband had been playing around, a New York woman jumped from an 11th floor apartment block, only to land on the offending spouse; he died, she lived.



"Sell all my stocks and buy lots of old comic books instead"

THE ARTS

1. An abstract painting by Henri Matisse hung upside-down in a New York gallery for more than six weeks without anybody apparently noticing.

2. In the 19th Century, an Englishman invented an organ which played "music" by applying pincers to different members of a herd of sheep, each of which had a squeal of a different pitch.

3. Huang Erhnan, a Chinese artist in the 1920s, painted intricate designs on silk cloth with his tongue.

4. The score for avant garde composer John Cage's First Construction in Metal calls for, among other things, four brake drums, five thunder sheets and four anvils.

5. Portrait artists in early America toured the country with an assortment of paintings of men and women which were blank where the faces should have been; on being commissioned, they would fill in the void.

6. Andy Warhol's film *Sleep* consists of eight hours of one man sleeping.

7. 19th Century Austrian Karl Waetzel built an amazing conglomeration of 378 instruments designed to be played simultaneously by one person; it featured 150 flutes, 150 flageolets, 50 oboes, 18 trumpets, five drums and five fanfares.

8. In 1846, John Banvard, painter and immense admirer of the Mississippi River, completed a 1700 metre long, four metre wide work called Panorama of the Mississippi.

9. The most boring song of all time is Ein Ton (One Note) by 19th Century German Peter Cornelius; a single note is repeated 240 times.

10. In 1976, an Englishman was given an Arts Council grant to create a "living sculpture" — three live men walking around with their heads connected by a wooden plank.

SEX

1. 53 percent of women like the odour of their vaginas.

2. Next to your genitals, the hottest part of your body during intercourse is your thumbs.

3. There are more than 14 million possible sexual positions.

4.Sneezing is the physiological phenomenon most closely resembling orgasm.

5. The vast majority of men reach orgasm within 90 seconds of starting to masturbate.

6. The vast majority of men reach orgasm within eight minutes of beginning intercourse.

7. Some women can achieve orgasm simply by having their eyebrows stroked.

8. When a woman is turned on, not only do her nipples expand, so do her actual breasts — by about 25 percent.

9. In 85 percent of men, the left testicle hangs lower than the right.

10. Wealthy people enjoy sex less than poor people.

RELIGIOUS PHENOMENA

1. The founder of Scientology, L. Ron Hubbard, once claimed to have had intelligent communication with a tomato.

2. According to the Ayatollah Khomenei, it's okay for men to have sex with pigeons under certain circumstances.

3. Les Vauxbelets Church in Guernsey has an area of 4.8 x 3.6 metres, room for one priest and a congregation of two.

4. In the Middle Ages, priests would often strip and beat young girls as "penance" after confession.

5. Midway through being roasted to death on a grid-iron in AD258, St Lawrence remarked: "I am done on this side — turn me over, eat."

6. Members of at least one Catholic order of monks are specifically forbidden to touch their sexual organs, even while urinating.

7. A Texan woman once married her pet dog in a standard religious ceremony presided over by a cleric.

8. There are at least two existing religions — the Rastafarians and the Florida-based Coptic Church — which require the faithful to smoke large quantities of marijuana.

9. St Simeon the Younger spent his last 45 years perched on a pillar.

10. As a sign of his devotion, Indian Swami Maujgiri Maharij stood without sitting or lying down from 1955 to 1973.

THE ANIMAL WORLD

1. A baboon worked for nine years as a signal box attendant on the South African Railways.

2. Fish can get seasick if kept on board ship.

3. A flea can jump 80 times its height and 150 times its length.

4. Australia has almost three times as many sheep as any other country.

5. A roundworm usually only lives 12 days, but can hibernate for 40 years.

6. The Australian Walking Fish frequently leaves the water to climb trees in its search for food.

7. Just as we say a pride of lions or a gaggle of geese, it's correct to refer to a **rag** of colts, a **murder** of crows, a **shrewdness** of apes or a **parliament** of owls.

8. There are more individual species of insects in the world than there are humans.

9. A dingo is a master of feigning death and will allow a captor to beat it unmercifully until it has a chance to escape.

10. Female porcupines sometimes enjoy lesbian relationships.

STRANGE CUSTOMS

1. The Masai tribe in Tanzania spit at each other when they meet.

2. Duelling is legal in Uruguay if both parties are registered blood donors.

3. New Guinea natives shave by plucking individual hairs with a bamboo clamp.

4. Women in ancient Egypt used a contraceptive made from crocodile dung.

5. The fad for high-heeled shoes was carried so far by 17th Century Venetian women that many had to be supported by a pair of servants as they walked.

6. Our ancient forebears used to wash with ashes and water, then apply grease to relieve the itching caused by the ashes.

7. One possible reason for the British tradition of washing infrequently is that the water supply could run out if every person in the British Isles bathed daily.

8. An old Chinese law permitted a convicted murderer to get off the hook if someone else offered to be executed in his place; condemned men with enough money would do a deal with the stand-in's family.

9. Eating a mouse is an ancient cure for tooth-ache.

10. Women called Mary are banned from working as prostitutes in Siena, Italy.

Our ancient forebears used to wash with ashes and water, then apply grease to relieve the itching caused by the ashes.

DUBIOUS ACCOMPLISHMENTS

1. NSW housewife Carolyn Webb can write with both hands and both feet simultaneously.

2. In 1970, Don Snyder of Mississippi spat a wad of tobacco juice more than eight metres.

3. James W. Zaharee once wrote Lincoln's Gettysburg Address on a human hair using a very fine pen and a microscope.

4. Englishman Martin Moore created a new world record by eating 2380 cold baked beans one by one with a cocktail stick.

5. Would-be Australian author William A. Gold received his 54th rejection slip in December 1979.

6. A Roman glutton called Apocras once devoured a broken glass and four tablecloths between courses.

7. In 1960, a US man was found to have swallowed 258 items, including 88 coins, 39 nail files and 26 keys.

8. British housewife Emma Smith spent 101 days buried alive in a coffin in 1968.

9. Sri Lankan student Pubuda Senanayka clapped his hands continuously for 42 hours in 1980.

10. The former Governor of Oklahoma, Dewey Bartlett, broke the world cow-dung hurling record in 1972 with a throw of more than 40 metres.

LONGEST THINGS

1. The world's most lengthily-named lake is Lake Chargogagomanchaugagogchaubunagungamaug, near Webster, Massachusetts.

2. A Chinese priest once let his fingernails grow to a length of 70cm.

3. A chameleon's tongue is twice as long as its body.

4. Literature's longest sentence is believed to be a 823-word effort in Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables.*

5. Debbie Luray and Jim Shuyler kissed for 5½ days in a 1980 St Valentine's Day promotion in Florida.

6. The longest jail sentence on record is 381 years, doled out to a Mexican youth in Montreal for six counts of attempted murder and various armed robberies.

7. The longest worm ever measured was a 60-metre lineus longissimus washed ashore at St Andrews, Scotland, in 1964.

8. Swami Pandasannahi of India had an eight-metre-plus head of hair in 1949.

9. The Galapagos Islands tortoise is the longest-living animal, with some specimens estimated to be 200 years old.

10. NSW agricultural student Kevin Tyerman set a world crawling record in 1976 with a 22.5 km effort.

FAMOUS PEOPLE'S SEXUAL QUIRKS

1. Adolf Hitler frequently made love to Eva Braun with his boots on; he also used to ejaculate while making political speeches.

2. George Bernard Shaw was a virgin until he was 29, when he was seduced by an older woman, an experience which put him off sex for the next 15 years.

3. Sarah Bernhardt had more than 1000 lovers and often slept in a coffin lined with their letters.

4. In 1850, a London prostitute called Laura Bell received $250,000 for one night of sex.

5. King Carol II of Romania had a gigantic penis which caused the deaths of several young girls by rupturing their perinea; eventually, the royal surgeon began to enlarge the vaginas of the king's mistresses so they could accommodate him.

6. Samuel Pepys loved masturbating and put a special symbol in his diary whenever he did it.

7. Queen Victoria refused to accept that lesbianism existed and would only permit legislation banning acts of male homosexuality, thus making lesbianism legal.

8. Chinese princess Shan-Yin had a special bed made to accommodate 30 lovers.

9. Louis XVI was unable to have sex until he was 23 because of an abnormal foreskin which made erections painful and intercourse impossible; circumcision allowed him to consummate his seven-year marriage to Marie Antoinette.

10. Richard the Lionheart was gay.

THE UNDERGROUND UNDERTAKER

wise-cracking keith russell wants to bury the undertaking establishment and reduce the high cost of dying

CORAL ruined the perfect crime by exploding in the cremation chamber. She was dead, of course, but the chloroform in her lungs went off with a bang — a final unconscious gesture that would tell the world she had been murdered by her husband.

Frederick Fogarty, after 28 years as an undertaker, had thought of almost everything. The wife who derided his failures and refused to acknowledge the impact which low-cost funeral operators were having on his business. . . well, chloroform took care of her.

After a body and document swap to show that Coral had died of a heart attack, Fogarty would scatter the unidentifiable ashes, sell his ailing parlor, collect $100,000 insurance and start a new life.

But when Coral went bang, and the authorities were about to realise why, Frederick Fogarty was overcome with terror. . . "From a detached distance, Frederick watched his own body slide out of the chair and roll on to the floor, and in the slow silence he watched the pink blotches spreading over the contorted face as darkness enfolded him."

The above is a summary of a short story by Pauline Sharpe. "Pauline" is a slim six-footer with greying hair and a moustache, a former detective and washing machine salesman who now makes a million dollars a year out of death. Pauline's real name is Keith Russell, and his role in the Australian funeral industry is precisely that of the low-cost funeral operators who drove poor Frederick Fogarty to attempt the perfect murder.

You may not have seen Keith Russell, but it's odds on that one day, he'll see you. In less than two years, the wise-cracking outsider has muscled so far into the funeral business — with branches of his Simplicity Funerals in Adelaide, Perth, Sydney, Brisbane and Melbourne — that his traditional opponents have come as close to despair as their hallowed dignity will allow.

Like Kerry Packer (but with different ashes), Russell the Irreverent has slaughtered entire herds of sacred cows. Instead of 10-metre hearses, he uses ordinary station wagons; instead of sombre suits, Russell and his lads wear sky blue safari outfits; instead of referring to people no longer living as "deceased," or "passed on," or "absent", Russell calls them dead. And instead of piling up charges for various facets of funerals which can end up costing as much as $1500, Russell charges (at the time of writing) a standard $686 for burial or cremation, all inclusive.

Once, at the funeral of a taxi driver, Russell read a eulogy he had written himself. It was so funny that mourners pulled out their handkerchiefs to dab tears of laughter. He unashamedly seeks publicity and very ably generates his own — typified by his hilarious piece of fiction about the explosive Coral Fogarty, which Russell sent to a national women's magazine. It's not difficult to imagine a clutch of undertakers — traditional ones — reading the savage send-up and mournfully shaking their heads at how low things have sunk since the sacred cows began popping off, like Mrs Fogarty, in 1979.

Now Russell has declared his intention of taking 51 percent of the country's $100 million annual funeral business by 1986. He offered to sell a quarter share of Simplicity to H.H. Webb and Co (coffin suppliers with subsidiary funeral companies) for $639,000, and when Webb's chairman expressed horror at the price, quietly assured him it would be much higher next year.

Three years ago, Russell and his friend Vanessa Hume were driving towards Russell's property in the Adelaide hills to plant jojoba seeds. He would ram holes in the earth with a crowbar, and she would drop the seeds.

As they began to climb through the foothills, Russell chuckled. "A man shouldn't bother with bloody jojobas," he said. "What we ought to do is get a post hole digger and turn the property into a cemetery where people could be buried standing up."

The joke led to a discussion on the high cost of dying and the hypocrisy inherent in the funeral industry. The couple agreed that what they wanted when the time came was a simple, inexpensive disposal job.

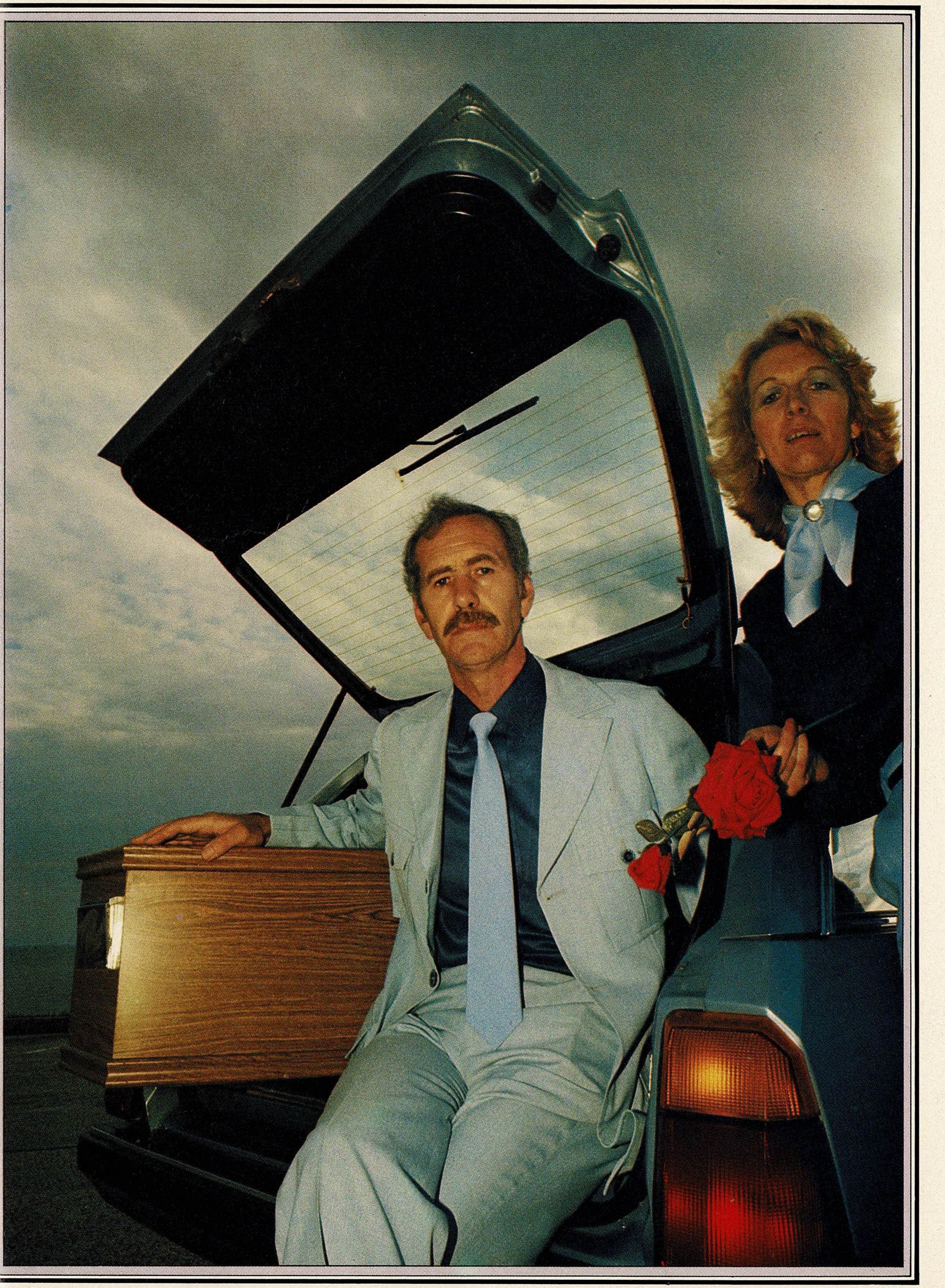
Driving home, Russell wondered where such a funeral was available. If he left instructions for a simple disposal, chances were that friends and relatives would deem it necessary to splurge on something more fancy. Or that some Uriah Heep of an undertaker, by raising a trained eyebrow at the suggestion of anything cheap, would shame them into coughing up for the traditional $1000 ritual.

Less than a month later, while still operating his washing machine repair and leasing business from his Adelaide home, Russell entered the funeral industry. He advertised that for $396, he would meet the minimum legal requirements and conduct funerals with dignity — but without the highly-priced hocus-pocus, hand wringing and pseudo-grief of so many traditional undertakers.

His preparation for becoming an undertaker included exchanging his XA Falcon hardtop for a Falcon wagon (the hearse), researching legal requirements and ordering three chipboard boxes, two feet by six feet by one foot, from a local joinery. His first job was an 18-month-old girl who

article

By FRANK ROBSON



PHOTOGRAPH BY ROWAN FOTHERINGHAM

drowned in a backyard swimming pool. Russell told the dead child's father: "You know, I've never done this before." "If you do it the way it said in the newspaper," said the father, "that'll do me."

In December, 1979, between repairing busted agitators and faulty spin driers, Russell conducted four funerals. In January, catching on to the awesome power of statistics, he announced to the local media a 20 percent increase in business — five funerals. In February, he was interviewed on *Nationwide*, and the following month, after an exchange of letters with Phillip Adams, became the subject of a page feature in the Melbourne *Age*. The *Age* story, by Robert Haupt, cast the 44-year-old former NZ cop as a rough-as-guts backyard operator, as irreverent as he was innovative.

"When I read it," says Russell, "I began to weep. I kissed bye bye to the business; the end of a good idea."

He couldn't have been more wrong. From all over the country no-nonsense Aussies began ringing and writing, pouring out tales of manipulation and legal extortion by undertakers.

Then followed the media — radio and TV interviews galore, more newspaper articles. For the journalists, Russell came as a real surprise. Instead of the earthy, insensitive "character" they anticipated, the man from Simplicity Funerals was articulate, composed and very funny. He made so many clever funeral jokes that in no time he was invited to appear on the *Mike Walsh Show*.

Accommodated at the network's expense at a plush Sydney hotel, a pleasantly dazed Russell spent an evening with his fellow guest on the show — a country undertaker who kept bodies in a home freezer — who drank everything in the fridge.

As the evening progressed, Russell's bizarre companion made himself increasingly comfortable by removing items of clothing. When the fridge was empty, the country undertaker was down to his Y-fronts, but when the show was over and the stripping undertaker had returned to his two-body business in the bush, Russell soon lost his image as an oddity. As business improved, he moved slightly up-market and swapped the chipboard boxes for cheap standard coffins. He changed his newspaper ads, too, coming up with the snappy heading "I am dying — aren't we all?"

With the Simplicity name registered in most parts of the world (for later) Russell felt (in his words) "the whole operation was zooming into orbit". Now at least 16 cut-price imitators have also begun advertising cheapie funerals, but in many cases the advertised price — as low as $239 for cremation — skyrockets when a gullible Bereaved One agrees to all kinds of extras.

Quite a lot of Russell's imitators are controlled and funded by established traditional undertaking firms, now forced to take him on at a level beneath their dignity — but not beneath their desire to stay in the death business.

On the subject of dignity, the man from Simplicity boils: "It is considered the epitome of dignity to take somebody's dead mum, insert an instrument called a Trocar through her anus for the purpose of disintergrating the viscera, which are then sucked out mechanically to make room for a couple of gallons of formaldehyde. In the hands of most undertakers, a shy, retiring grandmother is stripped, gutted, stuffed, painted and dressed so that she can be put on show like a wax dummy. . . for a quaint activity called 'viewing'."

You guessed it — Russell does not approve of embalming. Behind the unseemly advertising wars (traditional Sydney parlors have now broken their own ban on advertising to promote "tasteful" expensive funerals), slanging matches, union bans and death threats generated by Russell's invasion of the industry, there lies a simple truth: talking about dying and cadavers, even on TV, is suddenly socially acceptable.

"In the hands of most undertakers, a shy, retiring grandmother is stripped, gutted, stuffed, painted and dressed so that she can be put on show."

So how does Russell deal with bereaved relatives? When I rang him from Brisbane to arrange an interview in Sydney, he asked me to bring along something as close as possible to a sky blue safari suit. When I met him at Sydney Airport, we were both wearing dark blue shirts and pale blue trousers. And when we left his flat at Miranda to visit three families in need of funerals, I was sporting one of Russell's pale blue ties.

●

Off we go in his big, dark blue Fairlane, just a couple of color co-ordinated undertakers out for a Saturday arvo spin. Our first call in a working class neighborhood is at the home of a retired factory worker who died in a nursing home that morning. As we pull up, we pass a woman about 20 bending over to clean inside her car — presenting the boys from Simplicity with a glorious view of black knickers.

"Let's go round again," I say, but Russell just smiles discreetly and picks up his clipboard. Inside, we stand in the hall being introduced — me by my own name, without elaboration. As the old folks shuffle about, I realise I am standing, hands behind my back like Prince Philip, head bowed slightly, features arranged to convey a blend of respect and mild sorrow. Russell, by comparison, is polite, friendly and perfectly at ease. We enter a small lounge and sit down, just as an old lady calls out from the front of the house: "With you in a minute. I'm just watching the last race from Randwick!" The widow? I relax, and Russell whizzes through his spiel.

In 10 minutes, the funeral arrangements have been made and we are back in the Fairlane. "Well ahead of time," says Russell cheerily. "You know, there's so much bullshit and red tape involved in arranging a funeral in NSW it would take an inexperienced person about 100 years. First, you have to pay sixty bucks to the doctor who attends the death, although it's difficult for even the most skilled practitioner to do much good at that stage. Hah ha!

"Then you have to get an A Form, a B Form, a death certificate, a confirming medical certificate and finally, a medical referee looks over the whole thing. These documents, signed and sealed, have to be lodged at the crematorium 24 hours before the funeral. In South Australia, you can start at 9am and have the funeral by 4pm. Up here it's bloody hard, frustrating work. And people go crazy if you miss a full stop in their death notice!" Russell shakes his head. Lighting another cigarette, he explains how the biggest funeral Simplicity has handled was almost a disaster because the booking was made before the body reached him: "We had to be at the church at 10am, and we didn't get the body until 9.02 — 23 kilometres away in the city on a wet day. We had every man and every vehicle on the job, a huge police escort and hundreds of people waiting at the church.

"We went from Glebe to Miranda in a continuous four-wheel drift! Ninety K an hour, through red lights, across the wrong side of the road. We had four guys with screwdrivers crouched behind the church waiting, and we came in very quick in one of those American cop show spinning turns. The body was slid out, transferred to the hearse and we made it in time, but that was hair-raising. Booking the funeral before you get the body is like starting open heart surgery before checking to see whether you have supplies of the patient's blood type."

Our next call is a neat brick veneer where a dismal-looking man listens silently to Russell's plans for his dead father. "Tell me," Russell asks, "what attracted you to Simplicity?"

"For some time now, I have known there is nothing after death," the man mumbles. "No after-life, and therefore no need to do any more than dispose of the body with respect, honesty and as little expense as possible."

It could have come from one of Simplicity's ads, except for the reference to after-life. Russell personally believes in the existence of an eternal soul — not in the Christian sense, but a soul that lives out a lifespan and moves on, incarnating from

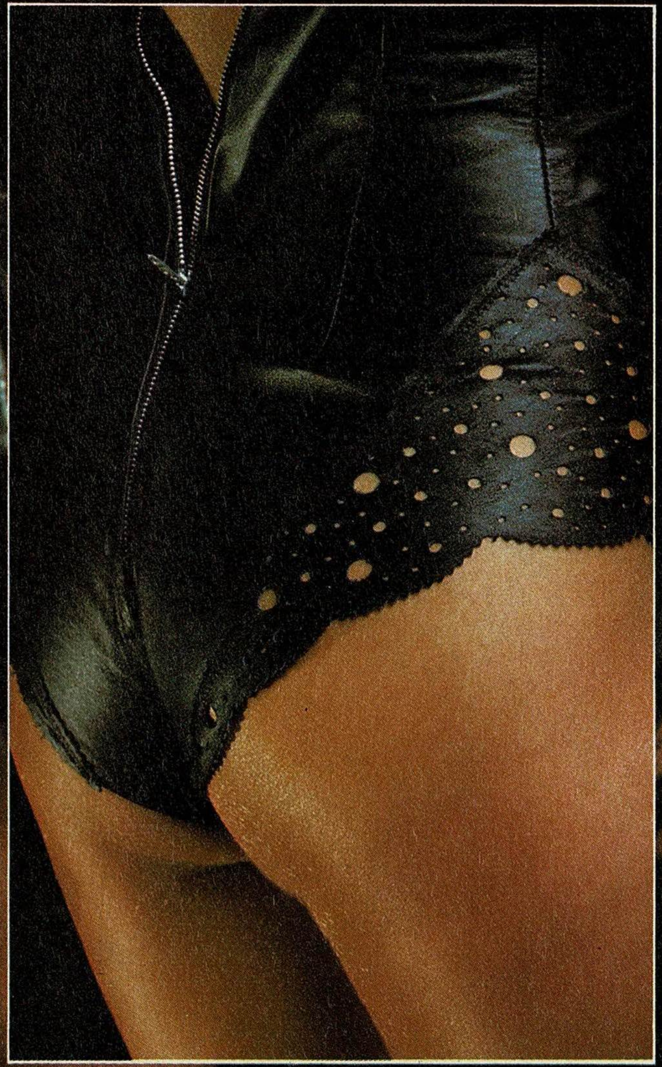
(continued on page 58)

Black as Knight

sydney's belinda knight is a dare-devil. dare her to do something and she's devil enough to do it

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL HARRINGTON

Honey-blonde, 21-year-old Belinda took up a challenge to ride a motorbike — but in her own choice of leathers.



As the pace hotted up, so did Belinda —
and it was time for gear changes
all round.

Belinda won her dare and enjoyed the ride, but don't expect to see her at Bathurst this year.

THE UNDERGROUND UNDERTAKER

(continued from page 50)

He tells the family he will handle all the paperwork. At no stage does he wring his hands and say he's sorry.

one dimension to another. His reasons for this belief are fascinating, but more of that later.

Right now, we're back in the big blue car and Russell is back on his favorite subject —traditional undertakers: "The best way you could explain how they came to be is that it's Darwinism working beautifully.

"Let's go back to pre-industrial revolution times of small isolated communities. . . when one community member was dying, everybody knew about it. They died slowly, and at home. The local minister would visit, and often he'd be present when the person died.

"The church had a big involvement in death because the family would take the body to a church and put it on the floor under a pall (cloth). After a ceremony, they'd take the body out back and put it in a hole dug by the sexton. That was it — a straight-forward community duty. . ." He pauses for effect. The man is a riveting talker.

"Then — enter the coffin, a relative novelty in the English-speaking world, going back only about 150 years. When coffins arrived, so did carpenters — and it didn't take carpenters long to figure out that there should be different coffins and different prices for different folk. So the funeral director grew out of the carpenter. Since then, the funeral director has taken death away from the church. With their own chapels they have it neatly sewn up. Now the funeral director rings the minister and says: 'Get your arse over here to *my* place and conduct a service,' but in Sydney today, there are 52 funeral directors and not enough business to keep them all going. The only way for some to survive is by charging higher prices. The death rate is going down, too. It's dropped 10 percent in 10 years in South Australia.

"This and other factors have forced some undertakers to sell out, so there's a gradual clumping together of parlors with fewer and fewer people controlling the industry."

Russell says he told Geoff Gabriel, managing director of H.H. Webb and Co, that by 1986, Webb and Simplicity would be the only undertakers left in business.

"Gabriel — great name, isn't it? — has the resources to go right on buying up the funeral business and establish a monopoly," he says "but he won't get me. Our operations are too different. I'm the little guy coming from the bottom up. He's the big operator buying up the opposition. We'll meet in the middle — one undertaker for people who want fancy funerals, one for the simple approach."

But why couldn't other low-cost operators successfully compete with Simplicity? Russell grins. "Who was the second man to walk on the moon?" Gotcha! Plenty has been said and written lately about funeral fund rip-offs, a subject which sends the man in the sky blue safari suit into another withering diatribe.

"There's an absolutely worst kind of undertaker," he says. "The relatives come to his parlor and say Aunt Maud has died. She paid for her funeral way back in 1962 and is legally entitled to it. The undertaker will solicitously point out that Maud paid only $200 for her funeral, the going price at the time."

Russell imitates the undertaker: "Now we'll do it for that price if you want us to, but I must tell you that if we do it according to that contract (voice drops to conspiratorial whisper) it's not going to be very good. Do you really want to see this dear lady go off in a cheap old chipboard box?"

"And the relatives say 'Oh no!' So the undertaker sends them downstairs to the coffin room to select something nice. Down there they discover that "nice" coffins start around $500. The upshot is that with all kinds of extras, this jerk sells them up from 200 bucks to a thousand on the basis that if they don't, they'll have a funeral everybody will be ashamed of."

The president of America's National Morticians' Association is on record as saying that one of the good things about a fine funeral is that it hurts people in the hip pocket, and that allows them to expiate real or imagined feelings of guilt towards the deceased. Russell acknowledges that in some cases this is probably true — but it bothers him watching Greeks and Italians throwing money into coffins.

"I have tried to get them to throw cheques instead," he sighs, "but there's no logic in the death business."

Indeed. And now yours truly is alighting from the Fairlane at our third and final bereaved household of the day — a youngish couple show us into the lounge. It's dark and gloomy and the man, whose father has died, looks like a tall, sluggish version of D.H. Lawrence.

So far, no one has questioned me on anything more complicated than the weather — but this one is becoming tricky. Mrs Bereaved wants to talk about life after death. Russell joins in for a while, then busies himself with his paperwork.

The woman is a confirmed Christian and quite reasonably wants to discuss the Bible and Heaven with the nice young man from Simplicity. . . problem being that the Bible is not one of my strong points, and all I know about Heaven was gleaned from jokes about who mows the lawns up there. Still, one muddles through. After 15 uncomfortable minutes, we leave. On all three visits, Russell has been direct, no nonsense, no sales pitch. He tells the families he will handle all the paperwork and details. At no stage does he wring his hands and say he's sorry to hear of the death, etc, etc. He smiles, chats in a friendly way if that's what they seem to want, but doesn't make jokes. Several times on each visit he tells the people the funeral will cost $686 — no more, no less.

Back in the car, I ask him if there is ever a temptation to get among selling some of the funeral industry's high cost hardware. "Not worth the risk," he says. "We keep everything standardised. I wouldn't even be tempted by a Batesville coffin."

A what?

"It's an imported American coffin that sells to the public for $3500. The funeral director buys it for about $1500.

"So if somebody came to my office and demanded a funeral with a Batesville coffin, that'd be DING! instant $2000 on the cash register.

"But I'd send that person to another parlor. Why gamble a five million-dollar business to pick up a lousy two grand? One day, I'd be sitting in front of Mike Walsh with five million people watching, saying: 'No, Mr Walsh, I never rip people off,' and he's going to say, pulling out the receipt for the Batesville; 'what about this?'

"Jesus, would I look a twit? I never want that to happen."

Relaxed now, we're tooling along with the electric windows down, smoking and laughing. Russell says most undertakers are genuine in their belief that death must be treated with a sweet and sticky covering of "dignity" and euphemisms. Because of the way they dress, he refers to them as The Mafia.

"They genuinely hold some very odd ideas," he muses. "A spokesman for the Funeral Directors' Association here in Sydney, referring to me, said he wouldn't insult the relatives by using an ordinary station wagon instead of a hearse. He went on to say a proper hearse is a vehicle cut in half and rejoined with 30cm of steel in the middle.

"I think that's *funny,* because I can't imagine anything further removed from dignity than a bloody pregnant bread van. These are grossly exaggerated vehicles! They have two metres spare at each end of the coffin. In our new station wagons there's a good foot to spare."

What would he do, I cunningly inquire, if called upon to provide a mass funeral for the Harlem Globetrotters?

(continued on page 96)

"Every bloody night — sax and violins, sax and violins!"

SUMO
DAVIS/FARRELL

WEIGHT WATCHING

sumo wrestlers carry a lot of weight — particularly with their fans

SUMO is the most misunderstood sport in the world. Non-Japanese who have never seen it think it must be grotesque. To its devoted fans — million of Japanese, and a good many of the Westerners living in Japan — it is the finest spectator sport of all, as enthralling today as it must have been when it was entertainment for the gods and emperors of Japan at the beginning of recorded history.

Its gigantic stars, rejoicing in names like "Jewel-bright Mountain" and "Great Dragon River", heirs to the world's oldest tradition of professional sportsmanship, are now more popular than ever. Six times a year, three times in Tokyo and once each in Osaka, Nagoya and Fukuoka, the 15-day tournaments fill the stadiums and dominate the nation's TV screens.

Part of the fascination of sumo is that it remains thoroughly traditional in a Japan where so much has changed. True, in the sumo stadium a great illuminated scoreboard looms above the tasselled canopy of the ring, and video replays are used by the judges in difficult decisions. But the sumo world itself, with its intricate hierarchy, does not change.

The young wrestler enters a sumo "stable" as an apprentice. The master of the stable is a retired champion and his rule is autocratic — some would say feudal. Apprentices expect, and receive, tough treatment. Their aim is to work their way up through the ranks to the top division, and finally to the highest level of all, that of champion. Very few will make it even to the middle of the ladder.

A wrestler's grip on any rung is agonisingly insecure; a score of fewer than eight wins out of 15 bouts in a tournament means demotion. A wrestler has to beat all the champions many times over before he himself can become an *ozeky* (champion) or *yokozuna* (grand champion). A *yokozuna* is safe. He wears the great white twisted rope belt which is the symbol of his rank until he himself decides to retire. That will be when his strength starts to fail, probably in his mid-thirties. Until then, the white-paper Shinto religious symbols which dangle from the ceremonial belt give him an aura of spiritual as well as physical strength.

To the public, the top-ranking wrestlers are as glamorous as movie stars. Wherever they appear, resplendent in dark kimonos, with their long hair arranged in elaborate oiled topknots, crowds gather as if for royalty. In their own world, they are treated with the greatest possible respect.

The rules of their sport are surprisingly simple. A wrestler loses a bout when any part of his body touches outside the ring (a circle of straw embedded in clay), or any part of his body other than the soles of his feet touches the earth inside the ring. The techniques, on the other hand, are complex. There are 70 basic winning techniques involving pushing, pulling, throwing, tripping, lifting and slapping. The variations are endless. Bouts are often lightning-swift, but sometimes last an exhausting 10 minutes.

Strange as it seems to Westerners, there is no weight division or handicapping system in sumo. The smallest man in the top division weighs under 100kg, and the largest (the giant Hawaiian Jesse Kahaulua, known as Takamiyama, the only non-Japanese ever to make it to the top ranks), around 180kg. It is quite possible for a "small" wrestler to beat the biggest, and a slender but skilful wrestler can lift high an opponent some 30 or 40 kilos heavier than himself — and nothing thrills the fans more.

For most of the dramatic lifts and throws, the wrestler has to get a secure grip on the wide silk waistband of his opponent's loincloth, and the classic "bottoms out" posture is designed to keep a wrestler's waist as far as possible from his opponent's hands.

The Japanese body, with its short, solid legs and low centre of gravity is made for sumo. In the little gym at each stable, with its ring set in the earth floor and its lighted Shinto shrine on the wall, that body over the years is brought to its own kind

article by
DIANNE SCOTT

of perfection. Each morning the wrestler practises. Alone, he repeatedly lifts a leg high to the side and brings it thudding down on the clay, or rhythmically slaps a thick wooden pole with his open hand. Or he trains with opponents, bodies crashing over and over in sudden attack. A very thin, very young wrestler might be slapped down 40 or 50 times by a higher-ranked wrestler during training. Afterwards, hardly able to stand, he will offer a bamboo cup of water to his senior, with his humble thanks for the experience. His homage is accepted as a matter of course.

The atmosphere, especially near to a tournament, is of total concentration. Conversation is minimal, and sound effects are provided by the thumping of massive feet, and a lot of hissing, grunting and spitting. The apprentices, who have risen at dawn to begin their own work of cleaning, cooking and training, stand by ready to wipe the sweat from their seniors' faces and the dirt from their bodies, fix their hair when it becomes disarranged, retie their intricately knotted loincloths if they come loose, and finally, when training is over, scrub their backs before the bath.

At about 11.30 each morning, still red from the fierce heat of the Japanese bath, the top-ranking wrestlers sit cross-legged on the tatami-mat floor of a little room in the stable which is sometimes also the place where the junior wrestlers sleep, to eat their first meal of the day. They have often trained for three or four hours on an empty stomach, but they are about to make up for it. The meal is served by their weary juniors, who will not eat until the senior wrestlers have finished. The menu is always the same: a pot of the famous *chanko nabe,* or wrestlers' stew, a rich and potent mixture of meat or fish, bean curd, noodles and vegetables flavored with soy sauce and sugar. For one of the champions there might be in addition some expensive delicacy sent in by a fan, such as a plate of paper-thin slices of raw fugu (a fish highly regarded by gourmets which is deadly poisonous if not properly prepared). The secret of the sumo physique, however, is *chanko nabe* and more *chanko nabe,* with plenty of rice and beer and even, disgusting as it sounds, chocolate milk. The more kilojoules the better.

It is on the question of fat, let's face it, that the sumo fan differs from the uninitiated. To the Westerner, fat is just plain ugly, funny, or at the very least, unhealthy. To the slender Japanese, it represents prosperity and strength, and in ancient times sumo was intimately connected with religious fertility rites. Even in the final stages of the last war, when food was desperately scarce in Japan and sumo was the only entertainment left to an exhausted people, they made sure that at least the wrestlers ate. The fat of even the largest wrestlers today inspires no revulsion in the Japanese and, amazingly enough, when a foreigner living in Japan becomes a sumo fan, his (and, more often than not, her) eye gradually becomes attuned to the proper shape of a wrestler. That mountain of solid flesh comes to look splendid, and dignified. Under the lights of the stadium, the golden, glowing skin (lots of it), black topknots gleaming with scented camellia oil and richly-colored silk loincloths become a pleasure to the eye. It is easy to understand why Japanese artists have always been attracted to sumo as a subject.

The most popular wrestlers in Japan today are 25-year-old *yokozuna* Wakanohana (whose name means "Flower of Youth") and his stablemate, *ozeki* Takanohana ("Flower of Nobility"), 29. Wakanohana (187cm and 127kg) is considered particularly handsome by the Japanese. He has the clear skin, narrow, heavy-lidded eyes and full mouth of a young Buddha. A sumo magazine unashamedly captions his photograph: "Beautiful Wakanohana". Takanohana, too slender ever to make *yokozuna,* but a gutsy veteran of the top rank, is brave and vulnerable and sexy and inspires fanatical devotion in the hearts of females of all ages. (An old lady of 80, at the mention of his name, cries: "Takanohana! Oh, he is so pretty!".)

The eye becomes attuned to the proper shape of a wrestler. That mountain of solid flesh comes to look splendid.

There's nothing inscrutable about Japanese fans. When Takanohana rises from a crouching position in the centre of the ring in the suspense-filled moments before a bout, slaps his thighs and turns to throw high the salt which purifies the ring, a great roar rises from the crowd. When he loses there are moans of despair. When Mienoumi, from Mie prefecture, wins in front of his home crowd in Nagoya the whole stadium leaps up screaming with joy and thousands of people hurl their flat cushions, on which they have been sitting in their tatami-mat boxes, into the ring. No one bawls "Kill 'im" or would dream of calling a wrestler a mug. The crowd's cry is *"Gambare!"* — "Do Your Best!"

A day at the sumo can be a long one. From 11 in the morning, beginning with the most junior wrestlers, the bouts continue without a break for seven hours. Throughout the early afternoon the spectators arrive at the banner-bedecked stadium. At the stalls outside, they order vast quantities of food and drink — rice balls, crackers, morsels of fish and chicken, pickles, pots of green tea, beer. All day, porters in happi coats trot back and forth bearing further supplies. At the end of the day, the floor of the stadium will be knee-deep in beer cans, sake bottles, and the peels of thousands of Japanese mandarins.

All tickets have been sold out a month in advance. The cushions nearest the ring are mysteriously allocated to VIPs and mere money can't buy them. By three o'clock the stadium will be full. Little old ladies will be ensconced in the cheap seats at the back and geisha (who are particularly fond of sumo and of wrestlers) will be conspicuous in elegant kimonos among the sober dark suits of their patrons at the front.

Wrestlers, massive in blue and white cotton kimonos, clattering precariously on their high wooden sandals, wander about the back of the stadium. The youngsters waiting for their bouts at the entrance to the ring fling themselves almost carelessly against the brick wall by way of practice. Fans hang about the halls near the dressing rooms hoping to see a favorite arrive, closely followed by his junior carrying his things wrapped neatly in a silk square. Near the dressing room door, they catch glimpses of wrestlers in their enormous white cotton long underwear, which is also part of their traditional dress.

As the day goes on, tension rises. Above the noise of the audience the weird chants of the referee and of the caller who summons the wrestlers to the ring seem to become more impassioned. The caller wails the wrestler's name, and the name of his native prefecture, for the Japanese are fiercely provincial. Certain areas of Japan, especially the poorer farming and fishing villages of the north, supply more wrestlers than others, and wrestlers often take their names from their native places.

Referees are no longer required to commit hara-kiri over a wrong decision, but they too have a strict hierarchy and can be demoted. All day the referees, progressively more senior, their kimonos becoming more gorgeous (emerald and scarlet, purple and gold, black and silver), dance about the ring calling encouragement to the contestants.

Late in the afternoon comes the *dohyo-iri,* or ring-entering ceremony, of the top wrestlers. This is the time everyone has been waiting for. One by one the first division wrestlers, up to *ozeki,* climb on to the clay mound, wearing their long ceremonial aprons, heavily embroidered in silks and gold and silver thread. Their motifs are symbolic: tigers, horses, mountains, giant cedars, crashing waves. The aprons leave the wrestlers' broad buttocks more or less bare, to the amusement of foreigners seeing them for the first time.

Then the four *yokozuna* step up into the ring in full regalia, each accompanied by a herald and sword-bearer, to perform in turn a sequence of graceful and powerful movements which embody the spirit of sumo. Slow, deliberate handclapping

(continued on page 152)

"Watch out! He gets you laughing, and zip, he's under your skirt!"

ILLUSTRATION BY TONY LUNN

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

the martin family was into grass roots politics

PATERNALLY, James Hedley Martin muttered hopes for the survival of his newspaper kite as it dropped from the sky, windless, in a long, swift arc. One long plummet and then a scream of rage and pain from the touchdown area behind the hedge which frightened the boy and he rushed to peer through the bushes. There a man in a grey suit kneeled on the grass, bowed

fiction by stephen brouwer

and clutching both hands to the left side of his face. Blood trickled along the insides of his fingers and colored his white shirt cuffs.

James ran for his father and then to his room.

The Martins' personal physician tended the injury but the eye could not be saved. With the pragamatism of a politician and a humor that was surprising in the circumstances, John Whitelaw MP offered to turn a blind eye to the incident if Mr Martin's corporation doubled its usual election campaign donation to $200,000. Without any unseemly reluctance, James' father agreed to the request, but felt sufficient licence to make a joke himself. "I suppose you could call this an aye for an eye!"

John Whitelaw donned an eye-patch, marched in the local Anzac Day parade and retained his seat in the House of Representatives. He also invested heavily and successfully in land secretly proposed for future sub-division by his good friend, the Shire Clerk.

But the incident had upset William Martin.

Not because of the compensation figure (for the Martin Tool and Manufacturing Company was immensely wealthy) but because he felt genuine sorrow that even a politician should be turned into a cyclops by his son's kite.

For three months thereafter, his entire creative energy was devoted to the design and construction of a safety kite. To Mrs Martin's annoyance, her husband would sketch in notebooks at odd hours, then force young James to test-fly models with such refinements as rubber T-sections.

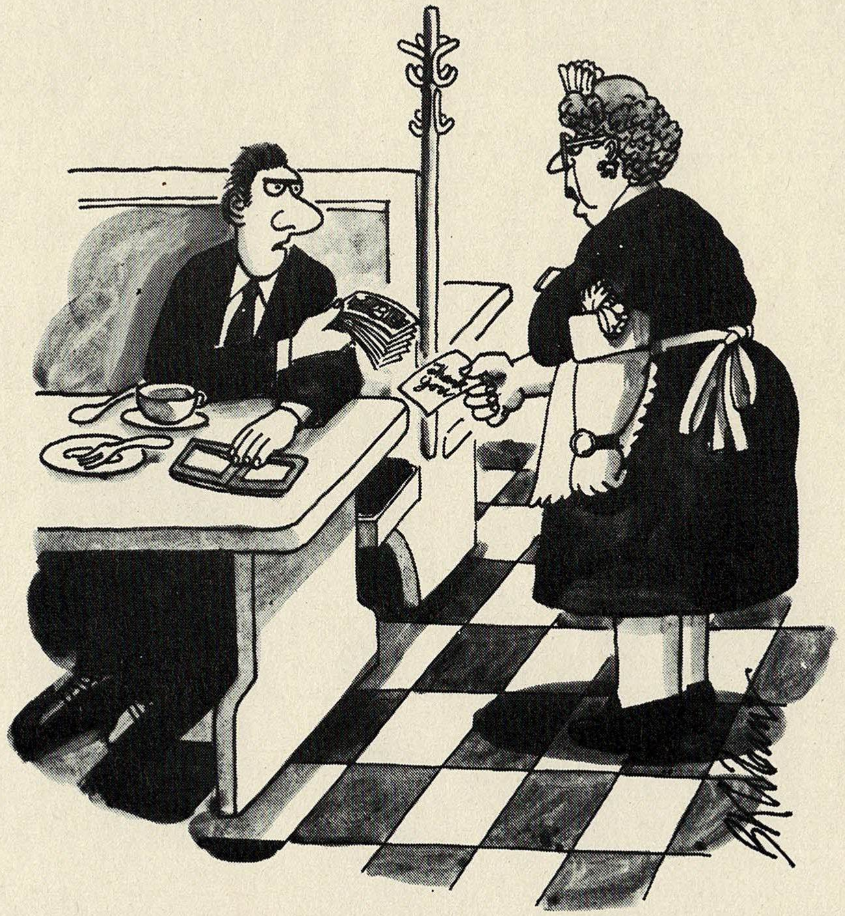
Eventually, the Chief Research Scientist at the Martin Tool and Manufacturing Company was seconded from the high priority Government C-23 project to produce a miniature infrared sensor which would trigger a silicon chip to cause the kite to self-ignite if approaching a human form at speeds exceeding 10 kilometres an hour. However, this was abandoned when James was severely singed about the chest by an incinerating kite.

Mr Martin then lost interest and returned to his summer house where he wrote freelance contributions for *Organic Gardening News*.

Three generations of the Martin males had contributed a column to the magazine and its forerunner, *The Thoughtful Farmers' Almanac*, under the by-line of "Country Gardener". Whimsical days in the garden provided pages of copy and, although *Organic Gardening News* did not pay its contributors, the Martin family was foremost on the free mailing list.

But of tools and manufacturing, the Martin family knew nothing. Only James' great-great grandfather had possessed iron-working expertise and inclination. His original choice of a general manager had been superb and this man had founded a dynasty of managers capable of making vast profits for continuing generations of Martins — mainly from Defence Department contracts.

So proven and trustworthy were these general managers that the Martins never entered the monolithic works, preferring to remain on the hectare estate on the outskirts of the township. They had attained a large degree of self-sufficiency and rarely had need for money.



"Well, okay. But if you ask me, $14,000 is a lot of money for apple pie and coffee!"

Nobody was alarmed at the manner in which William Martin chose to die. He collapsed at the typewriter in the summer house — an identical death to that of his father. However, William was only 50 and though he lingered for two days after the collapse, the doctors knew he would die from the cerebral clot they could not arrest. His son James was then 17.

The Martin Tool and Manufacturing Company's general manager and John Whitelaw MP were among the few people who knew William Martin well enough to feel slightly comfortable in paying last respects. William thanked the general manager and told him to keep up the good work.

He turned, straight-faced, to John Whitelaw's sorrowful countenance: "Keep an eye out for young James," he said. William Martin died within the hour. Mrs Martin later remarked that he had chuckled for 45 minutes.

Meantime, in the vegetable garden, James' hoe sliced the chocolate soil, the long muscles in his arms plaiting with the rhythm. Vegetable thin, tall with pleasing boyish looks, fair hair flopping in his eyes.

From behind a flowering avocado tree, John Whitelaw bobbed, politely clearing his throat. An impressive figure, tall and grey. The eyepatch added to the exudation of good taste, solidarity and a hint of the rake.

"Excuse me James, but on such occasions as a death, or in this case, an impending death, it is customary for your local Member of the House of Representatives to have a little chat with the succeeding male of the Martin household."

James leaned on his hoe, interested. Whitelaw eyed him cautiously before continuing.

"For three generations, the Martin family has always contributed, in what many would call a generous manner, to the election campaign funds of my party's local candidate, which happens to be me. This year, our opposition is mounting a very expensive campaign, so quite frankly and to the point, so to speak, I need $100,000 this time around."

James wondered aloud: "What do you do for us, Mr Whitelaw?"

"Openly and with perfect candour and frankness, the local Member of the House of Representatives has for three generations ensured that the Martin Tool and Manufacturing Company is kept well supplied with lucrative government contracts," Whitelaw spoke the words ever more rapidly.

"Must go now, though. Sorry I can't stay. All's in order. Be back in a week for the cheque."

He was gone, but after a few seconds he swung back around a tangerine tree. "These are your golden years, young James. Times when you can be free. Bye."

James quietly chipped the crab grass and when he was done, returned to the house to be told that William Martin had died.

In the summer house the next week, James fretfully prepared his first article in the unbroken line of "Country Gardener" contributions to *Organic Gardening News*. The introductory paragraph, the curse and delight of the writer, was eluding him.

A whisper as the vines covering the structure parted and James swung his swivel chair to meet the deep blue eyes of a stunning young woman.

She shook her long, gold hair which fell perfectly on either side. She was tanned and tall. Her whole being smiled. "James Martin, I presume?" she said, and James thought it the most charming greeting ever accorded.

"I'm Fiona Walker, research Assistant to John Whitelaw M P. He asked me to pop in. I'm so glad I did." Her cheeks dimpled and white teeth flashed. "You mustn't go out very much, do you James; I may call you James?" He nodded, smiling stupidly, his eyes never leaving hers. "I've never seen you in town," she said.

James was on his feet, urging the beautiful person to the wicker lounge. "Um, well the Martins keep to themselves you see."

His hand waved for her to sit, remotely making his way back to the solidarity of his desk. He felt the way to the swivel chair.

"Why?" his voice rattled and he cleared his throat. "Why have you come, Miss Walker?"

"Fiona," she radiated. "Call me Fiona. Please?"

"Well yes, all right then. Fiona." It had the sound of a small caress. "What can I do for you?"

"I can call you James, can't I?" she repeated.

"Of course."

"James, part of my job as Mr Whitelaw's research assistant is to know the constituents. And that, I'm not ashamed to say, is the best part of my job. Especially when I meet a young person like yourself. Most of them are old people. Terribly dull." She looked around in mock fear and laughed, with James, who wholeheartedly joined the conspiracy.

She leaned forward on the lounge, blue, blue eyes sparkling. She lowered her voice. "I've got a cold bottle of riesling in this briefcase."

"That's wine, isn't it?" asked James.

"Yes, but very light."

"I don't wish to offend, but we Martins very rarely touch alcohol," James said, shyly.

Fiona Walker inclined her head to the side, her mouth forming a little O.

"James, don't you think our meeting should be one of those occasions? I rarely drink, but I thought on my way here, that meeting you, an important young man, the head of Martin Tool and Manufacturing Company, was something special." She shot him a shy glance.

"And I had no idea how attractive you were." She blushed a little.

"Forgive me," cried James. "I didn't wish to be rude. It's just that, well sometimes I get so locked into the Martin way of life."

"So, we'll celebrate," announced Fiona. "One minute. Yes, I have a corkscrew. Glasses? Yes? Thank you, James, you're such a dear." She patted the couch. "Here, sit next to me, so I can pour you one."

As the wine sank in the bottle, comradeship arose in James. Of course, the young lady was beautiful, did her breasts not resemble ripe avocados as they slid against her silk shirt. And he was sure those bare brown legs stretched all the way up to her petite bottom which looked like a ripe cling-stone peach. And just as juicy. But, she was such damned good company. His sides ached with laughter at her funny stories of the constituents.

The vines parted and James swung his swivel chair to meet the deep blue eyes of a stunning young woman.

After a time, she became serious. "James, you don't know many girls, do you?"

"Is it that obvious?" he asked, pained, his laughter dead in his belly.

"You're a virgin, right?"

James' blood rushed. "Right," he croaked, examining his wine.

Fiona looked him in the eyes. A softness tinged with daring. "These are your golden years, James. Times when you can be free."

Uneasiness over the words that had been used by Whitelaw made his glass shake a little, but it was calmed by fingers that were cool, steady and so wonderfully smooth.

She took his glass in her other hand and placed it on the floor. The long nail on her forefinger ran up his shirt sleeve and stopped on his neck. A thrill shivered down and up his spine.

"You're a very special man, you know." Her finger tightened on his neck.

"You're a very special lady," said James and his hand snaked through her fine hair to her neck and they kissed. A little awkwardly at first.

He snuggled into the blonde cascades of hair and her nail did a slow descent along his ribs, stopping to join its hand in giving his pelvis bone a slow, sensuous squeeze. James kissed her hand.

"Let me just. . ." Her words were smothered in another kiss, for James could feel her fingers on his zipper and he wanted nothing to stop the music.

She stroked him, first with the back of her nail and then cupped her hand. Then a slow up and down movement which made James' hips buck and the back of his head ring like a thousand cicadas.

"Another fine product of the Martin Tool and Manufacturing Company, James?" she giggled in his ear.

"Let me just. . ." started James, his hand running up her dress, but Fiona smothered his words with her mouth. She broke free again and murmured in his ear.

"Stay there darling. Let me do this to you."

"Oh," said James as he abandoned himself to the heat in his skull and the spurting of his loins. Fiona expertly directed the ejaculations away from her silk blouse on to James' cotton shirt and slid her tongue in his ear.

"Mmmm," said Fiona.

"Jesus Christ," said James, looking down his shirt.

Fiona softly wiped her hand on his back. "Did it feel nice?" she asked, drawing away a little for James to mop himself with the tissues she had materialised from her bag.

"Well, it never feels like that when I do it," he answered and reached for his glass, relishing the lingering after-glow which filled his soul.

Fiona poured more wine and he settled back into the wicker lounge.

"I'll have to be on my way soon, darling. I'm a working girl, you know," she said.

James spoke the words in a gush. It was a do or die number. "I want to go all the way with you sometime." And he blushed again.

Fiona slowed her hair brushing. "Soon darling. Soon," she smiled, teeth like new piano ivory. Her eyes had met his only briefly.

"I know! Let's go out to dinner some evening," exclaimed James, the excitement rushing back.

"I'll have to telephone you on that, James dear. Mr Whitelaw keeps me working very long hours," she said smoothly, eyes never leaving his. "But baby, I really enjoyed feeling your body." She rose and turned with a sigh.

"Oh James, I almost forgot. Mr Whitelaw asked me to pick up a cheque for him while I was here."

"But Fiona," said James. "There is no cheque."

"Oh? Well, you can write one now."

"You don't understand," James said. "I'm not giving any money to Mr Whitelaw."

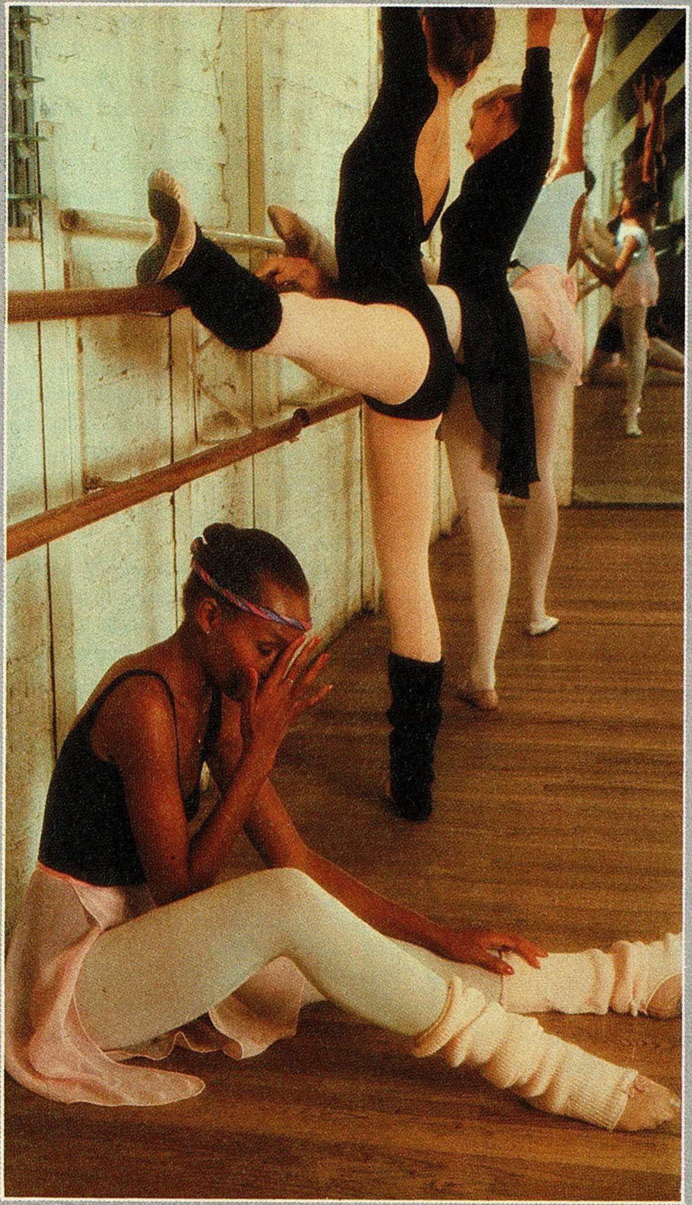
Fiona Walker's stomach knotted, but she maintained the warmth in her eyes.

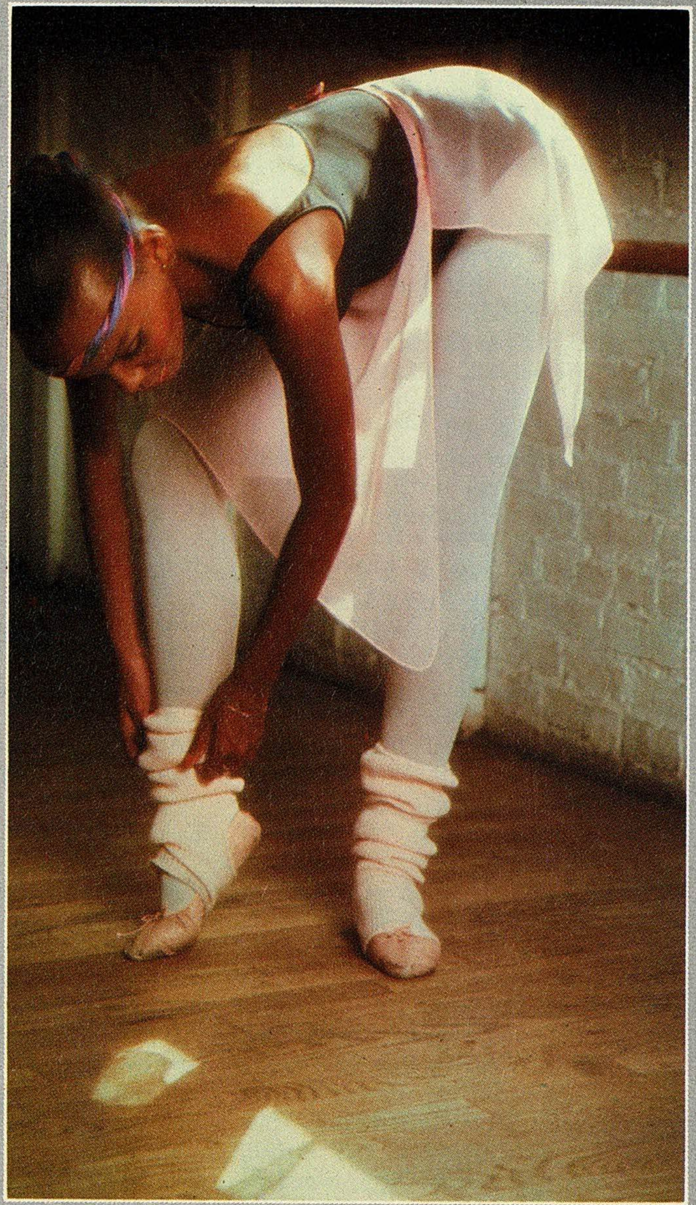
"But James, you can't do that. It's a tradition."

"Fiona, this tradition is not fair. What of the Opposition? What of the other man who is also entitled to contest the parliamentary

(continued on page 146)

FOXY LADY

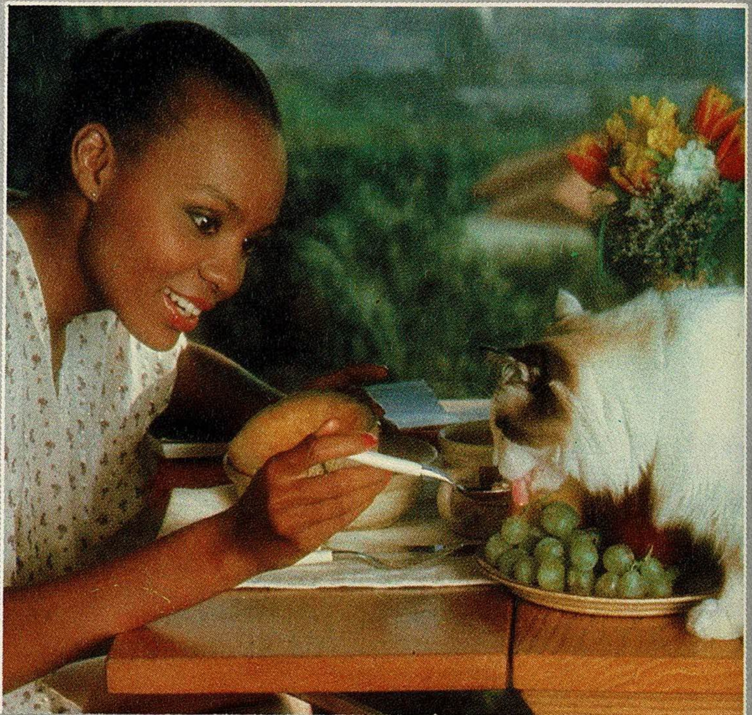




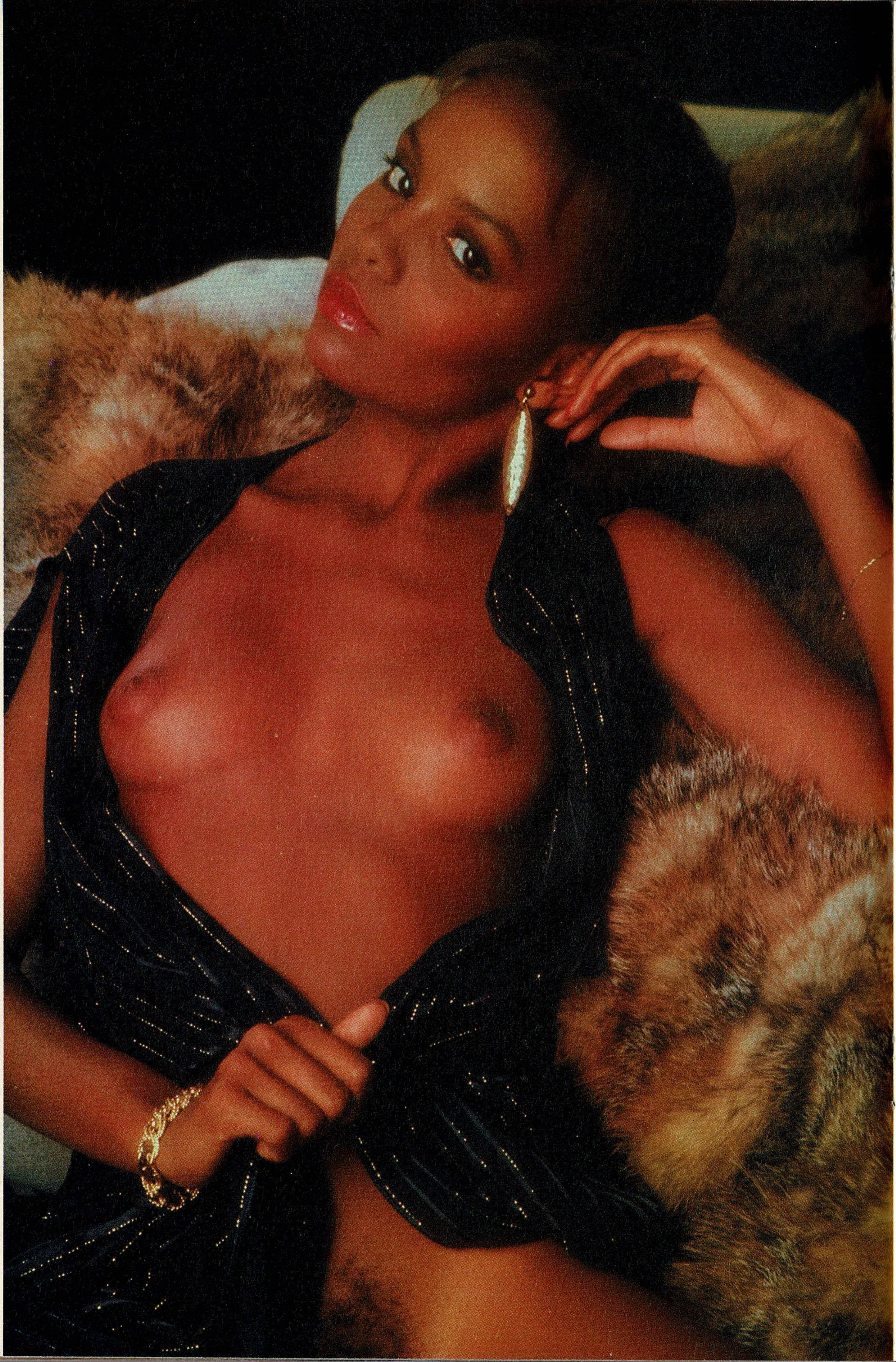
ANNE-MARIE FOX is eager to get on with the business of being Anne-Marie Fox. Her life so far has been all preparation, but now she wants to do something. At 19, her long-term plans are to become an architect, but at the moment, the rigors of the dance are a hobby for our Playmate of the Month, who believes a well-tuned mind belongs in a well-toned body.

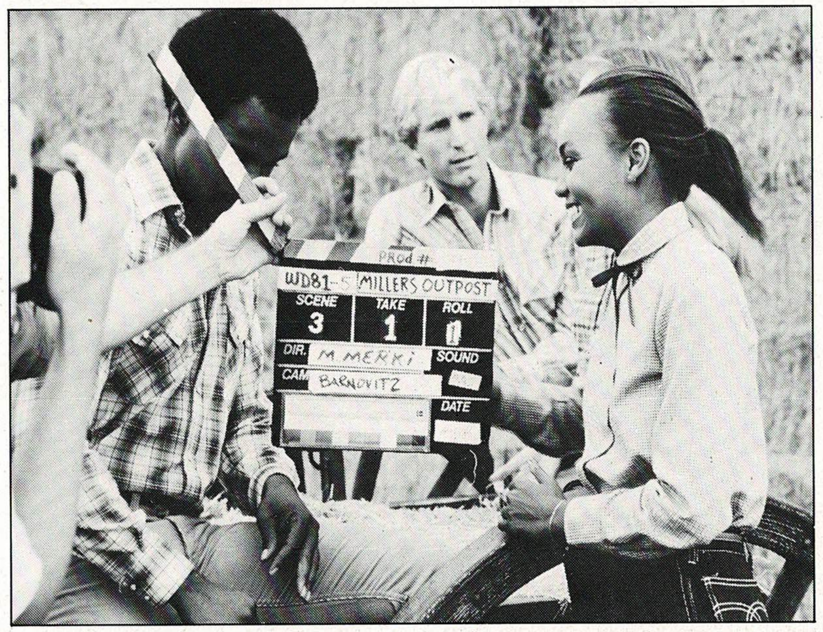
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND PHILLIP DIXON

Anne-Marie augments her physical education at a men's health club, where she is an instructor in aerobic exercise. Inexplicably, she intends to cover up her handiwork by embarking on a short-term career in the field of fashion modelling. She's also a music lover, playing piano and violin.



The independent Miss Fox says she's not into women's liberation at all. "Women are equal," she says. "We don't have to dwell on it. I like being a lady. . . and I like being treated like one. I'm a perfectionist myself, but I don't try to lay that trip on anybody else. That would be the easier way to ruin friendships and break up a relationship."





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SCENE 3
TAKE 1
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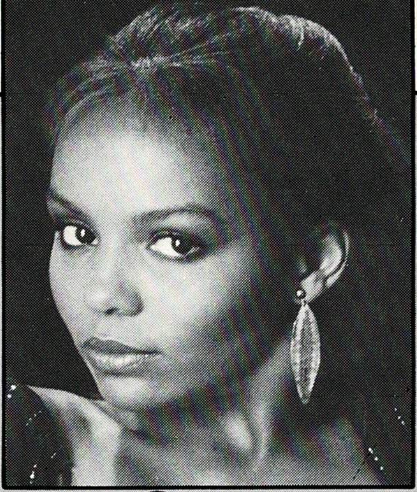
Miss Fox describes her ideal partner this way: "I'd like a man who's successful at whatever he's doing. . . as long as it's legal. And he'd have to be honest — I want to know what's going on. He'd also have to be sensitive and gentle and intelligent, and if he doesn't have a sense of humor, I will not be seen with him. I like to joke around. I've always believed you've got to keep things light to keep things flowing."

MISS FEBRUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Anne-Marie Fox



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Anne-Marie Fox

BUST: 32 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 112 SIGN: Libra

BIRTH DATE: 28-9-62 BIRTHPLACE: Los Angeles

IDEAL MAN: Successful, creative, honest, sincere, intelligent, sense of humor, protective.

TURN-ONS: yellow roses, delicate jewelry, white lace, diamonds, big eyes, well-toned bodies

TURN-OFFS: Waiting, liars, spiders, liver, traffic, being sick, manipulators, conceit

HOBBIES: Writing poetry, diary, dreaming, ballet, dancing, talking, calligraphy

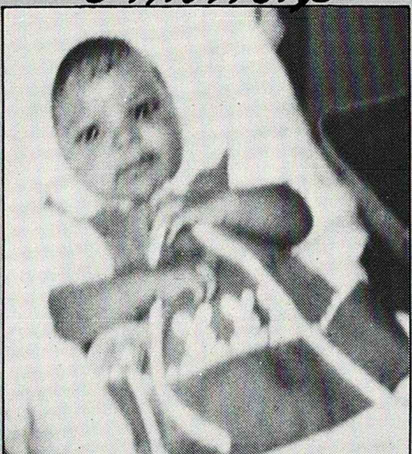
FAVORITE MOVIES: Bond movies, The Turning Point, Tess, Animal House

FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS: Bach, Vivaldi, Journey, the Cars, the B-52's, Goldie Hawn

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: The Tonight Show, Dance in America, Live from Lincoln Center

IDEAL EVENING: Conversation, laughter and affection.

6 months

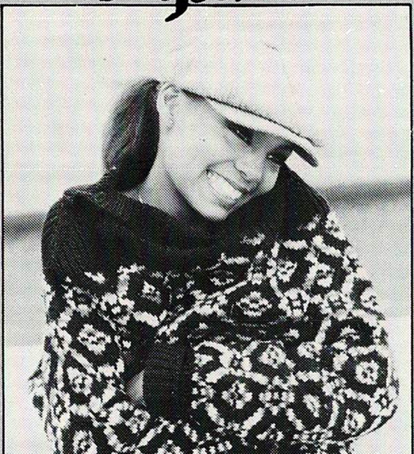


I still sleep like this

16 years

Free dress at catholic school

17 years



The real me.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

There's something to be said for marrying a girl with a serious smoking problem," stated the anti-tobacco crusader. "By limiting my recent bride's indulgence to a cigarette after we've made love, I feel I've achieved real progress."

"How much progress?" he was asked.

"This much progress," he smiled. "I've got her down to about a pack a week!"

Besides, madam, I can arrange easy credit terms," pushed the door-to-door appliance salesman as he covertly eyed the luscious young housewife.

"How easy?"

"Nothing down but your panties!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *alcoholic* as a man who goes into a topless bar just for a drink.

Said she: "Please excuse my timidity."
Said he: "It's just Godamn frigidity!"
Then she sobbed: "Oh, my dear,
It would soon disappear,
If your thing had some more rigidity!"

The newest card game in San Francisco is called camp poker. Queens are wild and straights don't count.

Just when the audio buff had heated up the foreplay by playing music for his date, he began to be uncomfortably aware of extraneous noises from his loud-speakers. Disentangling himself, he muttered: "I'll have the Dolby on in a flash."

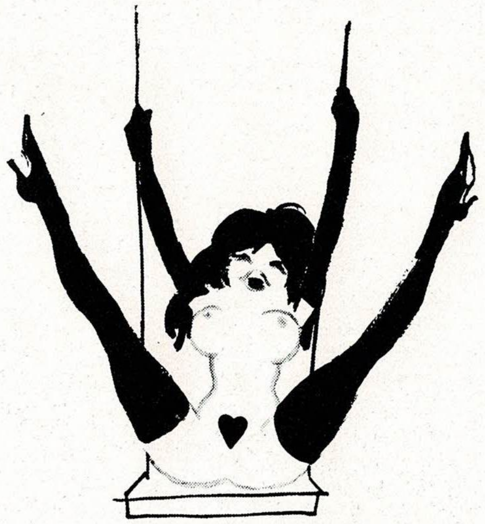
"There's really no need for that," murmured the girl. "I'm on the pill."

Do you really think I can make it as a TV star?" asked the would-be young actress, cuddling closer to the producer.

"Certainly, my dear," he said. "In fact, you're starting to make it big already?"

A young couple were cuddling in the park. "Gee, I wish I had a torch," said the lad.

"So do I," said the girl. "You've been eating grass for the last 10 minutes."



Tell me, Tom," inquired his buddy over drinks, "have you had any success with that water bed you bought in a last, desperate attempt to coax some reciprocal sex movements out of your wife?"

"You can judge from the way I've come to refer to it," said Tom.

"What do you call it?"

"The Dead Sea."

Our unabashed dictionary defines *gaelic* as an Irish lesbian.

I suppose I'm lucky my girl thinks my hearing is impaired."

"Whatever does that mean?"

"She wears jeans so tight that I can practically read her lips!"

The sex therapist was discussing masturbation as a possible temporary therapeutic practice with a dysfunctional male patient. "But I already derive manual pleasure from my own organ, doctor," the man countered. "I frequently grasp my penis and hold it firmly. It's a habit with me."

"In that case," the therapist continued, "it's a habit you'll have to shake."

A woman boarded a suburban bus with her son, and handed the conductor only one fare.

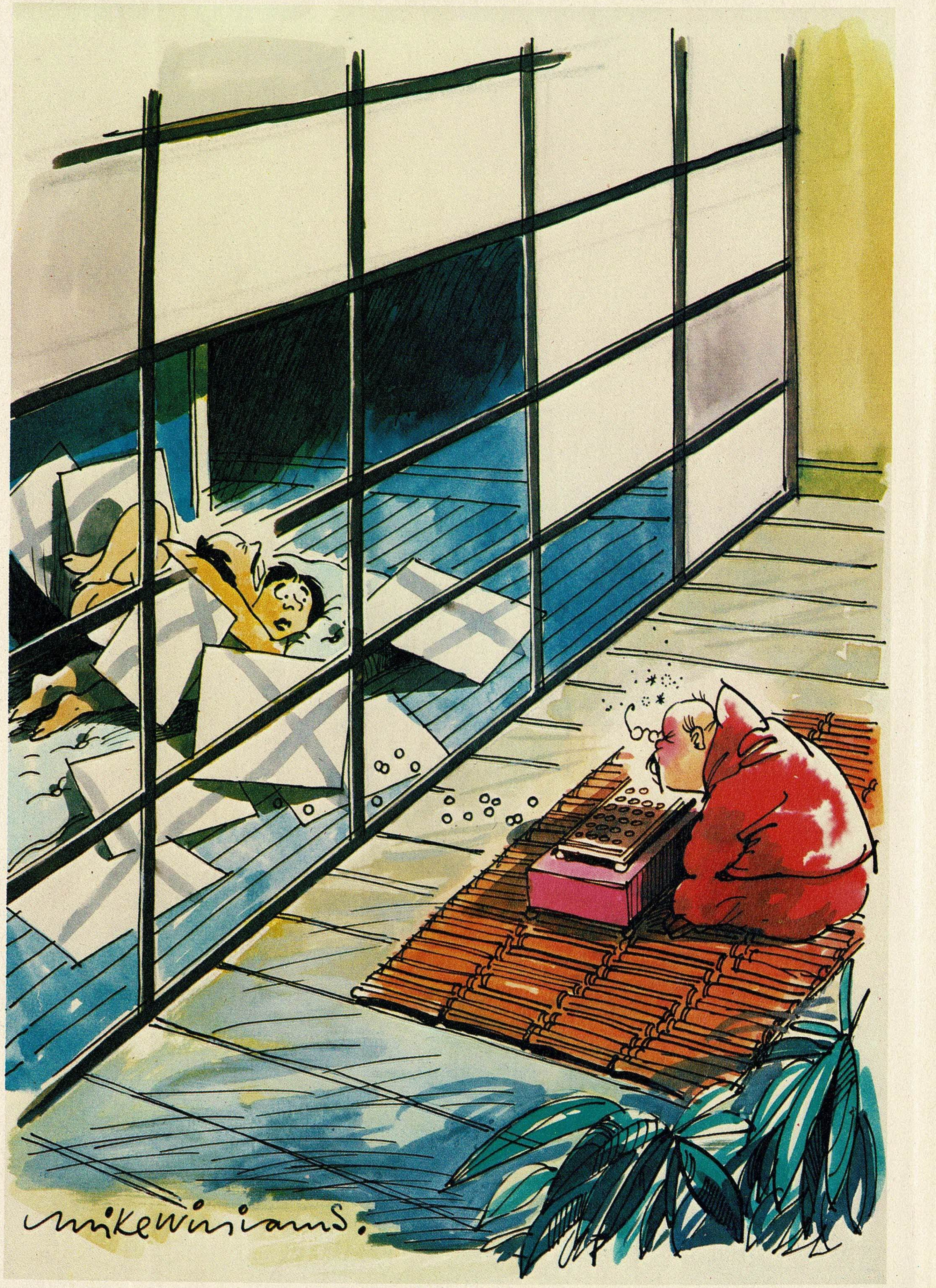
"That kid is older than five," said the conductor. "You'll have to pay for him."

"But I've only been married four years," protested the woman.

"Look, lady," said the conductor, "I'm taking fares, not confessions."

There was a young lady from Norway,
Who was hung upside-down in a doorway,
With a great squeal of glee,
She spread her left knee,
And said: "Look — I've found one more way."

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.*



"Bless you!"

BLUE CADILLAC

fiction by michael malone

WEST OUT of Nashville in a red-and-white Mustang, Braxton Cox swung too fast around a curve, and his body remembered old times. All of a sudden, he felt in a sweet slide. He felt the rush again, the gliding just free of friction. The Mustang bucking, he toed off his shoes and splayed his bare foot over the accelerator pedal. A sun like money and a moon from a song bounced ahead of him big in the sky together. "Goddamn! This is beautiful!" he said aloud. Braxton was a high-tech sales rep coming home to Memphis for his mother's sake to eat Thanksgiving dinner. His wife had left him and married a Brazilian oilman who was,

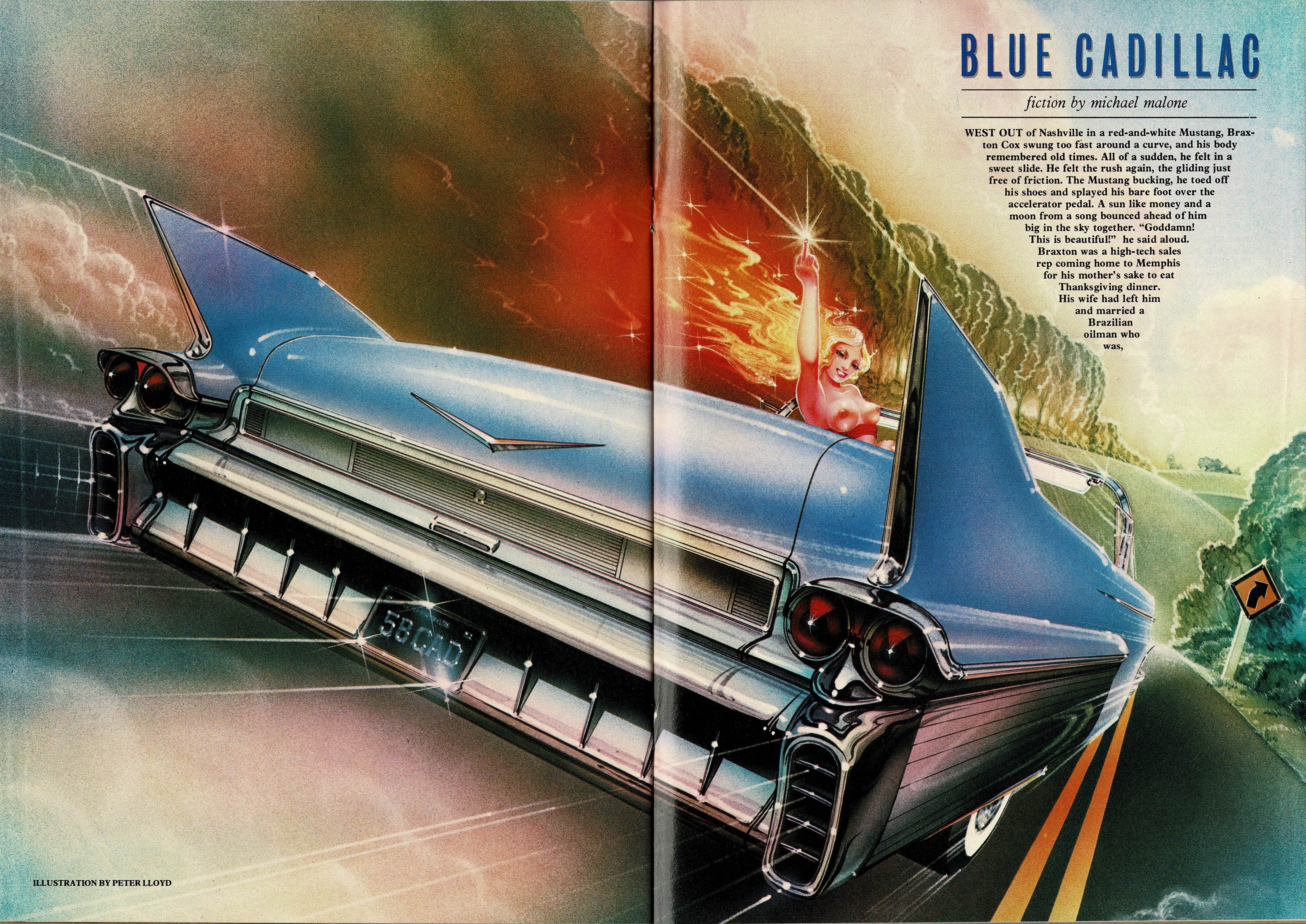


ILLUSTRATION BY PETER LLOYD

according to her, better in bed than Braxton. His wife had been a stewardess. That's how she'd met the Brazilian, less than a year back. He was scooting through the woodlands of the Natchez Trace, where Interstate 40 cuts across the old Indian trail that pioneers and hunted men had cleared from Natchez to Tupedo and on to Nashville. He was near where Captain Meriwether Lewis, of Lewis and Clark, had shot himself to death at a place called Grinder's Inn, now a plaque in wilderness. Pines covered the hills, undiminishable. This was God's country, home country.

A view like this had to have a sound track. Braxton's right hand scooped tape cassettes out of the glove compartment on to the seat beside him, then shuffled among them for *Elvis World-wide Gold Award Hits, Part 1& 2,* a twin pack he'd bought on sale in a spasm of nostalgia like the one that squeezed him now.

Elvis came on loud, moaning: "Any way you want me, that's how I will be!"

Braxton one-handed another curve, a horseshoe, and panicked, smashed down on the brakes, then swerved out and accelerated all the way to the floor, because he'd come up on a car almost standing still about 40mph, which was about half what he was doing.

Palm on horn, hard, he squealed past with his eyes bursting. The car beside him was just incredible! A baby-blue Cadillac convertible with the endless fin fenders of the old profligate days. It was as if Elvis' voice itself, like Aladdin's, had summoned out of the air of the past a dream car to match Braxton's mood.

Braxton was around the curve and hurtling along the straight stretch before his brain could get his hand off the horn and his foot off the pedal. In his rear-vision mirror, the stupendous machine rolled over the hilltop and streamed towards him. He got his window down, back-twirling the handle like crazy.

Elvis yelled: "I'm in love! I'm all shook up!" out the open window.

Even louder, Braxton heard: *"Ooogah! Oogah! Ooogah!"* Here it came like a tidal wave. Sticking his head out, he opened his mouth to say: "Hi! Where'd you get that car?!" But, instead, he gasped and swallowed 100 feet of wind.

A blonde girl, just beautiful, her hair flying like fire, had one hand on the white steering wheel and, with her other hand, just as her car skimmed past his, she *pulled down* her straples red halter. The elastic popped right down below her breasts, setting them loose, as if she'd all of a sudden decided to give them some air. Then she raised her bare arm and, like a Walt Disney flower, unfolded her middle finger at Braxton Cox!

The blue Cadillac varoomed away in a puff of exhaust that probably used up two gallons of fuel.

Braxton was 34. He'd been to college in the Sixties, when the world had gone wild. He'd horsed around, flying helicopters for the Navy in Corpus Christi, and Texas ports are not shy places. But, *goddamn,* he sighed, he'd never in all that time seen anything like what he'd just seen going past him in Tennessee. A big truck roaring up from the other direction almost blew the Mustang off the road, while the trucker had his head out the window, in the side mirror. His mouth looked as if he were blowing smoke rings.

Ten minutes later, Braxton saw the blue Cadillac in the roadside parking area of a silver train engine called the Casey Jones Tavern, after the famous local railroad man who'd killed himself trying to bring old 382 in on time.

Braxton cut Elvis off in a gurgle, skidded into the car park and, fishing for his shoes, rolled out of his bucket seat. He leaned down into the Cadillac like King Arthur looking for the Lady of the Lake. "I love this car," he said, and sighed, and felt the white dash and white upholstery with powder-blue piping.

There wasn't a speck on it, or a thing in it, except. . . "Lawdy!" whispered Braxton to himself. . . except a pair of pink bikini underpants lying like an orchid on the shiny white seat.

The elastic popped right down below her breasts setting them loose, as if she'd decided to give them some air.

◆

Braxton shook down his tartan trousers and smoothed down his yellow V-neck jumper and patted his wallet and patted his zipper. He was thinking he was about to jump backward through his life, like a child in a home movie, sped up and reversed, who's sucked out of the pool and returned to the diving board. The girl from the blue Cadillac looked up from her booth and saw him.

On the check-out counter, a stand-up picture of a little Puritan boy praying said: THANXGIVING DELUX FAMILY DINNER $7.95. Braxton ordered a double Wild Turkey and a Heineken; he pulled a pack of Marlboro Lights from the cigarette machine. The price had gone up since he'd quit smoking and drinking last year, after his best man had driven drunk right into an underpass embankment, gone up since he'd thought he might be able to get his wife back from the Brazilian if he never stank or stumbled.

Seated at the stool across from the blonde girl, he could see that her eyes were the same color as the Cadillac, as if she were a part of that world where people had cars made to match their eyes. The red halter was so skimpy she had goose pimples. Somehow, he'd been sure she'd be in shorts, but of course she wasn't at this time of the year.

She had on a short, tight denim skirt and tight boots with thin gold chains around the backs of the heels.

She was sucking the orange peel from a whiskey sour. Her other hand floated deep into a blue airline shoulder bag and brought out menthol cigarettes.

Braxton leaned out from the counter. "Excuse me. Where'd you get that car?" He topped his glass with beer foam without looking; he'd worked on the act two years in Corpus Christi. "That's one of the prettiest cars I've ever seen."

On the outblow of her match, she said: "Why don't you stop following me, all right?" She had a home country voice.

"I'm not. It's just luck. Anyhow," he tried a smile, "I thought you left me a message on your car seat."

"Like what?"

"Did you buy that car?"

"My momma left it to me." She'd finished the spikes of orange meat and was now eating the rind itself. "Why'd you keep blowing your horn at me back there for?"

"You're eating the rind."

"You almost killed me, screeching around, blowing that horn."

Braxton smiled sweetly on one side of his mouth. "I'll let you in on a secret; you almost killed me ditto, what you did back there."

"Good!" she said. She giggled. "Sometimes I'll just act crazy. That's what my friends say. They never know what's next."

"I bet." What had she been doing in that car. . . with her panties off?

She lifted her bare arms to twist her hair into a ponytail. A rubber band was ready on her wrist.

"I heard Elvis on your radio," she said, "but I couldn't pick it up."

"It was a tape." Braxton took his drink over to her booth. "Lots of people used to tell me I looked a lot like Elvis."

"I don't know why."

"Well, I guess they thought I did."

"I don't much."

"How about if I do this?" He curled part of his upper lip over his teeth, dropped his eyelids and pulled a curl down on his forehead.

"Maybe a little," she admitted.

"Well, how about this?" He sawed his leg back and forth and thwacked the air with his arm. "How about this?" He spun up, chopping space with karate hands, kicking as if he could knock off years with his feet. He couldn't believe he was doing it. Neither could the half-dozen other customers who hadn't stayed home or gone home or had homes for Thanksgiving dinner. Four were startled. Two were glazed.

Ears throbbing, Braxton slid into the girl's booth while she was laughing. A waitress came, a railroad cap high on a blue-black beehive hairdo. Braxton was still breathing through his grin while she took their orders. The blonde girl wanted waffles.

Her name was Marie. She was 19 and had lived her whole life in Dayton, Tennessee, where long ago, Clarence Darrow and William Jennings Bryan had fought the famous monkey trial over teaching evolution. Braxton told her: "You live where *Inherit the Wind* happened. I remember when they were making it. With Spencer Tracy." She hadn't known about it. It was before her time.

She leaned toward him, blue eyes like postcard lagoons. "You like Elvis?"

"He was the king."

The girl said: "My whole life is based on Elvis. Because of my momma. That's why she named me Marie. You know, 'Marie's the name of his latest flame.' That's me."

Braxton said: "You smoke a lot for somebody so young."

"I only smoke menthol."

"You smoke a lot. I used to smoke two packs a day. But I quit." He noticed his burning cigarette in the ashtray. "I cut back. I had a cousin killed himself smoking four packs a day. Emphysema."

"What's that?"

"Your lungs clog up."

She filled hers with air. The red halter swelled.

Cranberry juice wet Braxton's turkey meat. The sight nagged at him, parent to child, relentless. He should drive home at once for Thanksgiving dinner; he could still get there by seven if he scrambled. His mother would still be in and out of the kitchen, to check the oven, check the time. But her mouth would be thinning by the minute. Sullen, he swatted off the guilt by waving his arm for drinks.

He said: "I guess your momma really liked Elvis."

Marie scooped out another orange peel. "She'd laugh if she heard you say that. Liked! Back in school, she carved his name right into her arm, with a pocket knife, E-L-V-I-S. right across, like that."

"Goddamn!. . . Excuse me."

Marie looked deep into his eyes. "He was the only man she ever loved, that's all. She told me that when she died."

"Well, I'm sorry to hear you lost her."

"Oh, that's all right."

"Was it a while back?"

"Five days ago today."

"That's terrible."

"It was diabetes. But she'd had it a long time."

"That's terrible. I'm sorry to hear that."

Braxton's voice was so sympathetic, the girl's voice thickened. She coughed. "So anyhow, Momma asked me to do something for her and that's what I'm doing. And that's why I'm sitting here right now, because otherwise, I'd be going in the opposite direction. But the last thing she asked me was would I drive to Memphis and go to Graceland and let him know she was gone and give him her souvenirs and her hair that she'd never cut." The girl rubbed her blue bag as she talked, as if she consoled some creature inside.

"Let who know?"

"Elvis."

Braxton nodded again. He didn't know what to say, and ate some food.

"He's buried there at home because of the violence. You know."

She took out of the bag a soft, rumpled paper sack.

From the sack she drew a thin shank of brownish-grey hair in a ponytail several feet long. The humanness of the thing jolted Braxton so much he bit his tongue while he chewed.

Marie kept smoothing the hair. "This was my momma's. She made a vow to Elvis and never cut it. Isn't it long?"

Braxton nodded, and moved her new drink closer.

Lagoon water splashed from the girl's eyes in tears. One, two, three in a row. The last hung there too full to drop. Braxton was moved to pat her hand. He could feel the dead hair underneath it.

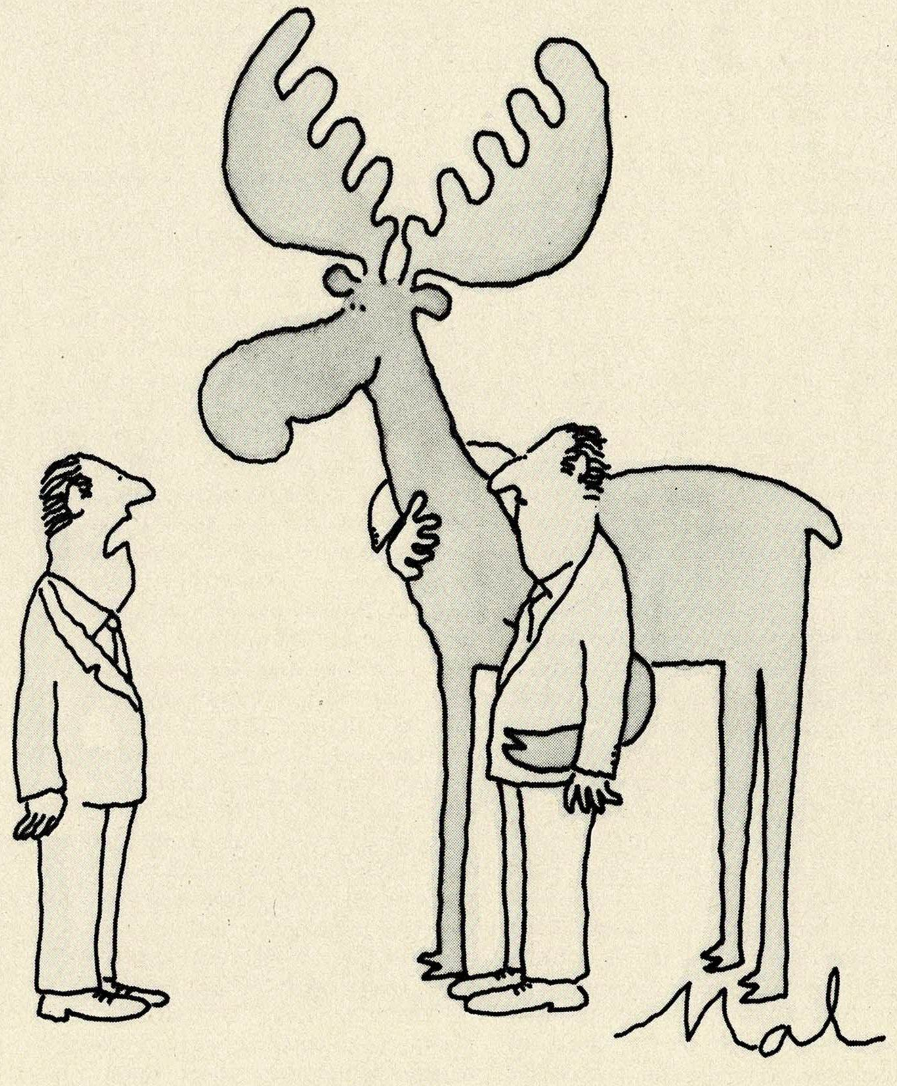
Marie spoke solemnly. "That last night, she pulled me right down to her face in the hospital bed. 'He was all I had. He was everything. No one will ever understand,' is what she kept trying to whisper."

Braxton grew solemn, too. "Marie, I'm just a stranger. But believe me, in all sincerity, I am really sorry to hear about your loss. I mean, a mother is, well. . ."

Nodding, the girl started to take out dozens of articles from the blue vinyl bag. She picked through them — pins, buttons, charms, photos — pushing them about on the table like a vendor at Lourdes.

With an index finger, Braxton looped wide circles that ringed their heads, as if to tell the waitress they were angels haloed, or insane. The waitress brought more drinks. She had to clear away all the old ones because there was no room left on the table. Braxton decided it couldn't possibly be as late as the waitress' watch implied. He kept nodding at the objects Marie was holding up.

"This is the ticket, Overton Park Shell, Memphis, that was the first. She saw him there, and at the fairgrounds, and everywhere, long before he got to be anybody. So, that's what I mean, it proves it was true how she felt, way before it got to be the thing. She had over 20,000 pictures of him. All the albums. Everything. Look here,



"Yes. . . but can she cook?"

see." She shuffled out a photograph of a teenage girl of amorphous form and fanatical eyes who sat at a cheap little white dressing table. Its surface was thick with things that said "Elvis Presley" or displayed his face: a mound of novelty hats, plaster-of-Paris busts, trinkets. The mirror was entirely papered over with his face. The girl was clothed in the image of the star; he smiled from her blouse and her toreador pants. She wore the ponytail now in Marie's sack.

"Look here," said Marie. She showed Braxton a stained handkerchief she took out of a velvet box. "You see this spot? And this one? That's *his* perspiration. At one concert, he fell right down on his knees in front of Momma, and when she held this out to him, he used it. He wiped his face on this." She put back the handkerchief and held up a square of laminated plastic. "That's his hair in here. See those strands? Momma ran her fingers through his hair and that much got caught in her ring. At Fort Dix."

Braxton was earnest. "Marie. This is a lot of stuff. There're aspects of sales on these items that you probably aren't acquainted with. If you'll take a stranger's advice, you ought to get in touch with somebody who could offer you an expert's opinion, like an appraisal."

"She had every single one of his 45s; there's a whole garage still packed full of souvenirs. I just locked it all up. I guess somebody probably could open up a museum if they wanted to."

"That's what I mean."

"I just locked it up and left."

On the color television in the corner, two football teams had been getting up and knocking each other down for a long time. It was pitch-black night outside. Braxton had broken his mother's heart.

Marie slid her relics back into their bag. "Maybe I'd better drink some coffee," she said, and giggled. "I think I'm smashed. When I was in junior high, sometimes I used to get drunk as a skunk every night, throwing up, passing out. Momma cried when she found out I was drinking. Braxton? Braxton, that's a nice name. In Las Vegas with my momma, I met three guys who had actually legally changed their names to Elvis. One of them was black. One of them had gotten his fiancee to change her name to Priscilla, and they'd come out there on the bus from Detroit to get married in the same place Elvis and Priscilla did. But something went wrong. I forget what."

"Coffee? All righty! Just sit tight."

Braxton sprinted around the corner to the men's room — where he'd been desperate to go for half an hour — and stood skittery at the urinal, worried that Marie would wander out of the tavern alone. A vending machine sold condoms. He couldn't believe how much they cost now.

Back at their booth, the girl sat, bared shoulders and back beautiful, curved like blond bentwood, incredibly naked skin. His wife's skin, he now realised, had been too white; he'd loved her in spite of her skin.

Marie was talking; she might have been talking the whole time he was gone. "I shut up the house. It's a duplex, you know the kind, and just told the neighbors: 'Look, will you rent it out for me, and I'll send for my stuff,' because I had to get out of there. I was going to start junior college this fall, but Momma was too sick. It was just me and her."

Pity settled in Braxton like cement. "No daddy?"

"D-I-V-O-R-C-E. He went to California. He didn't like Tennessee."

"You going out there to see him?"

"That's a joke." She had wrapped the shank of hair around her wrist. Now she uncoiled it, fed it back into the bag.

Braxton noticed he'd somehow smoked his whole pack of Marlboro Lights. "California has a lot to offer. I used to live in Corpus Christi, Texas. Now I live in DC."

She said: "I'm trying Atlanta. I don't think I'd like Texas."

"I'm not totally down on marriage. I think it ought to be like. . . meeting Elvis Presley. It's nothing to joke about."

"DC, either," said Braxton. He smiled right at her; the smile floated in her lagoon eyes, and he watched it move. "How's this?" he said, his heart fast. He slid out of the booth, toppled to one knee. "How about we both get off for good in Memphis? I grew up in Memphis, it's okay. Tonight we'll drive over to Graceland for your momma, and then we'll stand on the bluffs and yell up in the sky at everybody dead. 'Hey, up there, we miss you! Hi, Dad! Hi, Marie's momma! Hi, Elvis!' And then, first thing tomorrow — how's this? — we'll get married! You and me. Why not? Want to? I'm free as a bird myself."

The girl moved her legs away from his. "No, thanks. I'm not totally down on marriage like my friends. But I think marriage ought to be like. . . meeting Elvis Presley. It's nothing to joke about."

Braxton hauled himself up, dusted his trouser leg. "That's for damn sure," he said, drowned all of a sudden in grief. He would have left, but he was too worn out to move.

So tired he slumped down on his spine, low in his chair, and closed his eyes.

"You know what?" He heard her voice, plaintive, and opened one eye. Slowly, her butane lighter was raised toward her cigarette. She jerked back when its flame leaped at her. "You know what? This is true, let me tell you, Braxton. In 1961, one time, my momma got asked inside Graceland. They needed more people. They were horsing around. She couldn't believe she got asked. She and her friends hung out at the gate a lot, but that night, one of them got in, and she got Momma in. This was the story she told me at night and all, when I was little, about Graceland. How there were stars blinking up in the ceiling of the hall.

"Momma said they were all out back, sitting around the pool, Elvis and all his friends, and girls, even though it was the middle of the night. The guys had a bunch of lighters." She flicked hers on. "They broke off the tips so the flames would shoot out and they shot them at each other's bottoms for a joke."

"Elvis did?"

"No. His friends. He watched. Then, after they used those up, Momma said they threw hundreds and hundreds of new flashbulbs into the pool and shot at them with BB guns so they'd explode. Elvis did that."

"Did the girls. . . What did the girls do?"

"They sat around and kept their eyes on Elvis. My momma tried to talk to the two beside her, but she said they looked right through her like she was cheap glass. They sat around, working at trying to ball Elvis."

Braxton sat up and stared at her. In a minute, he asked: "What was he like?"

Marie poured sugar from packets into her coffee. "Momma said he was better looking than you could ever imagine, and sad as rain."

Braxton and Marie sat, quiet, in their booth. In the television's blue rays, waitresses ran back and forth. On the screen, football players ran back and forth. Braxton felt sad as Elvis, poisoned by blueness, maybe the blue from the crackling rays, and weary from the liquor and the cigarettes.

The film of his life had reversed again, gone forward, thrown him — heavy with the years he'd kicked at —slung him back off the diving board, back down into the blue shining water.

•

Outside in the car park of the Casey Jones Tavern, the blue Cadillac turned the moon blue, turned the gravel silver blue. Braxton read the car's front plate. THE KING LIVES ON.

The back plate was Tennessee's AMERICA AT ITS BEST.

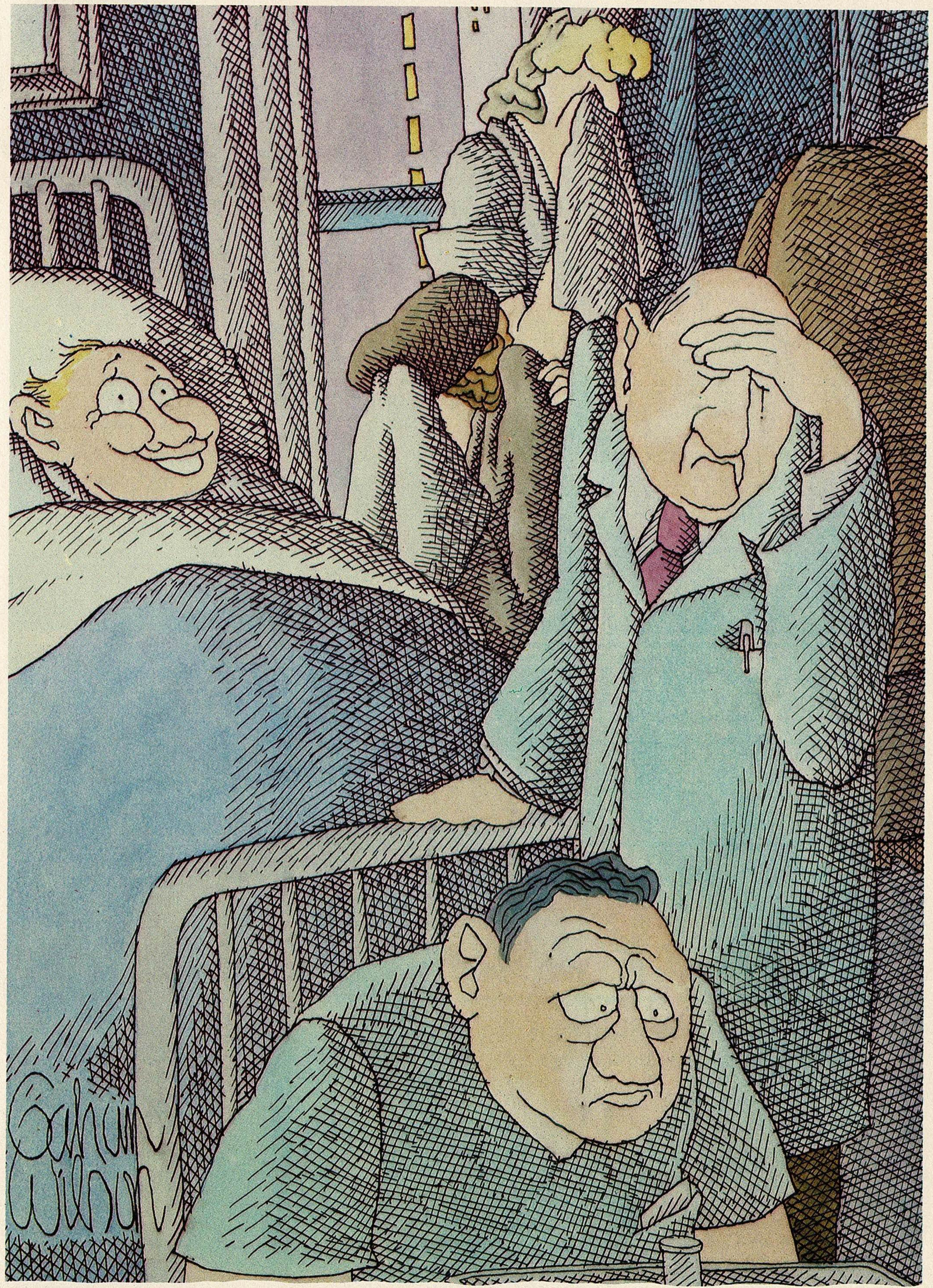
Lights inside the Cadillac's trunk spilled over suitcases, boxes, trinkets and bedding. Buttoning a red-suede jacket over her halter, Marie turned slowly to Braxton.

She whispered: "He gave my momma this car."

Braxton's heart tromboned. He whispered: "Elvis? Elvis did? Is that really true?"

The girl handed Braxton the keys and

(continued on page 98)



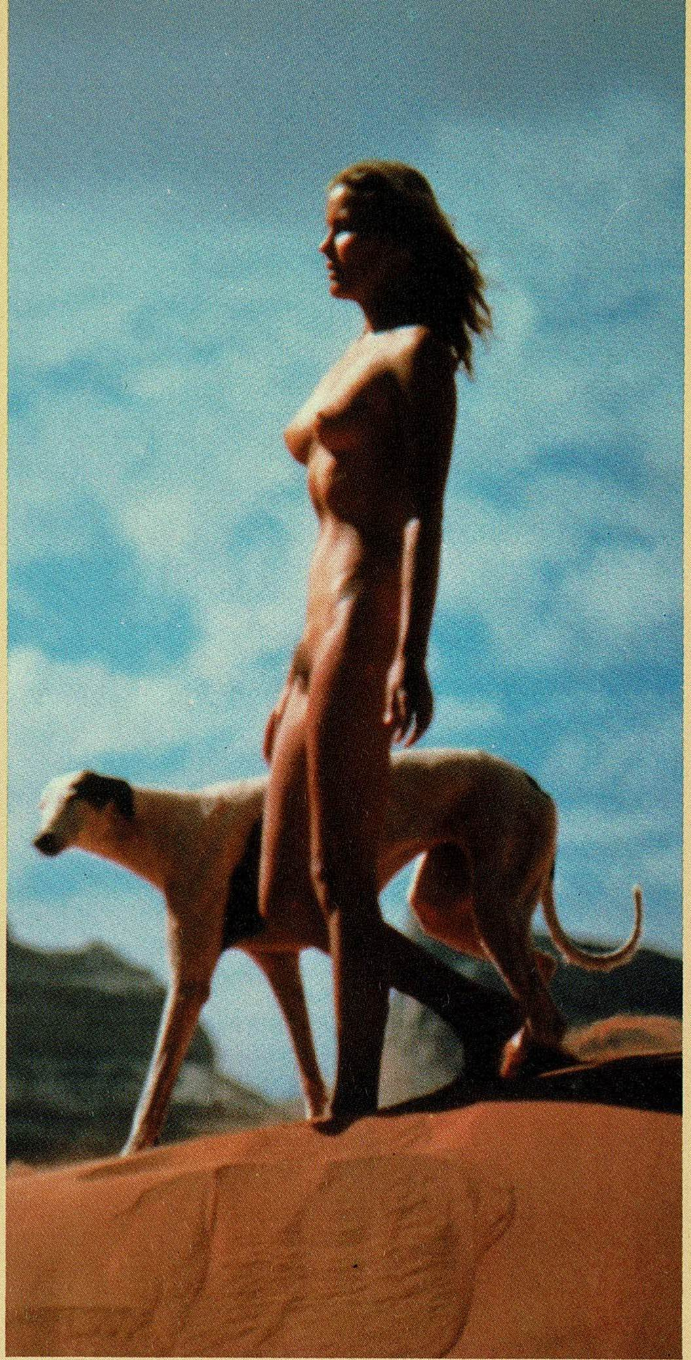
"Well, thank heaven I can still laugh."

The troika of heart stoppers who have shared John Derek's bed and board. They are, of course, Ursula Andress (far right), Linda Evans (right) and Bo Derek (bottom right). Above: John and Bo were interviewed by top US TV host, Barbara Walters, about their relationship.

THE GENTLEMAN PREFERS BLONDES

marriage can be a wonderful institution. just ask john derek — and his wives

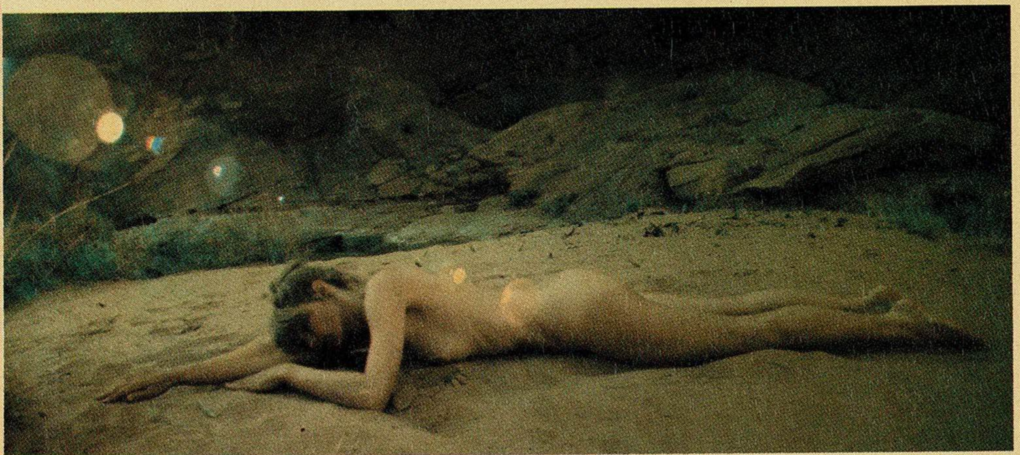
JOHN DEREK has the enviable habit of marrying the world's most beautiful women and then taunting the rest of us with wonderful pictures of them. It seems to be his life's work. He didn't start out that way. Born Derek Harris to Hollywood director Lawson Harris and actress Dolores Johnson, it seemed natural that he should become an actor. His boyish good looks condemned him to pretty-boy romantic leads *(All the King's Men, Prince of Players)*; later he appeared in *The Ten Commandments* and *Exodus*. Acting bored him, though, and he chose to become a professional photographer. Earlier, Derek had met and married the French actress



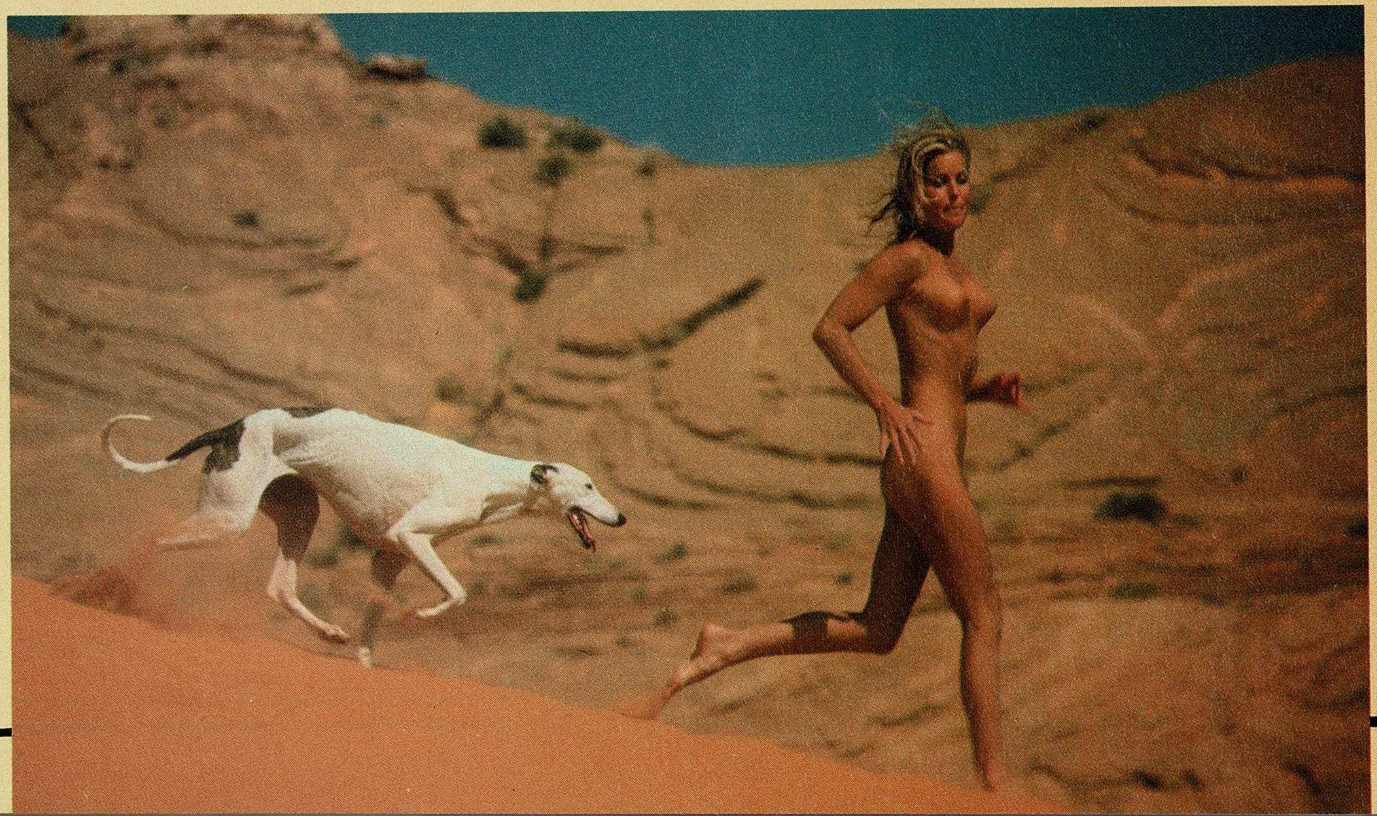
The striking physical resemblance of the three women (Bo, above and far right; Linda, centre top; and Ursula, right) has not been overlooked by fans who insist their eyes and their rib cages are identical.

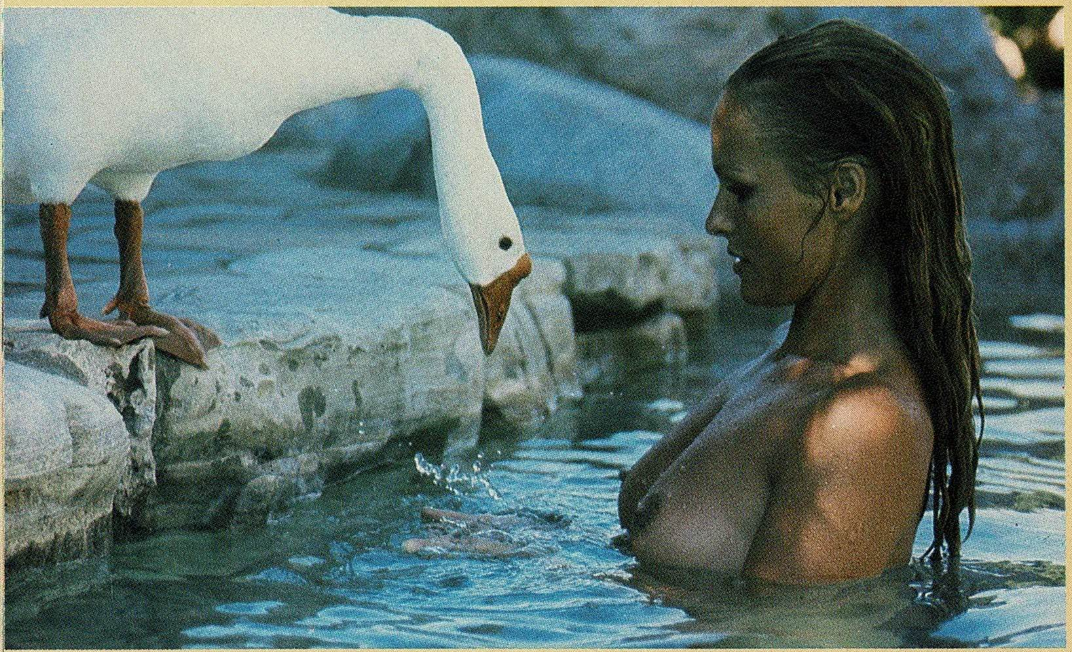
Patti Behrs and fathered two children with her, son Russell (now 29) and daughter Sean (25). That marriage ended in divorce in 1955. A few years later, he met Ursula Andress. She spoke only a few words of English — Derek's only language — but the difficulty with verbal communication wasn't enough to squash the affection that was building between them. He made her his project — changing her hair, changing her eyebrows, encouraging her to lose weight and, in the process, marrying her. Film critics who saw her in *Dr No* and *She* were appreciative: "The most awesome piece of natural Swiss architecture since the Alps," one remarked. John and Ursula went their separate ways in 1965; Ursula became linked with Jean-Paul Belmondo, Ryan O'Neal and others — most recently, Harry *(Clash of the Titans)* Hamlin, by whom she has a son. John didn't stay home and twiddle his thumbs, either. He met and married Linda Evans, whom he first saw on the television horse opera *The Big Valley*. John starred her in his own movie,

Linda Evans (left and left centre) had already played roles in television when she turned her talents to film. Cast as the lead in the Derek film Wildflowers, she played a young woman who has an incestuous relationship with her brother. PLAYBOY *ran some of these shots in 1971. Below: Bo with greyhound, China. Right: Ursula, photographed by Derek.*



Wildflowers. She now drives John Forsythe and Bo Hopkins, as well as several million US TV viewers, to distraction in *Dynasty*. While she and John were filming a low-budget movie on the Greek island of Mykonos, John found himself getting more and more involved with the film's 16-year-old co-star, Mary Cathleen Collins, who used the name Bo Shane. When Linda left Greece, John and Bo started living together. The situation was not easy for Linda, and she divorced John, who then, in 1977, married Bo. But eventually, all became friends: for example, on John's 53rd birthday, Ursula, Linda and Bo all showed up wearing T-shirts with John's





She is a creature of classic grace and sensual allure, the quintessence of all that is female. So began the text of US PLAYBOY's first pictorial on Ursula Andress (above and top left), photographed by guess who? Left: Linda in cowboy hat. Right: Derek's photograph of Bo.

picture on the back. The story of the year in 1980 was Bo and her relationship with John Derek. Top US television host, Barbara Walters, asked the couple about the obvious comparison to Svengali and his protege, Trilby. The Dereks responded by naming their film company Svengali Productions. John and Bo are currently researching locations in Europe for their new movie projects, *Pirate Annie* and *Adam and Eve.* This follows Bo's latest movie, *Tarzan the Ape Man,* with Richard Harris and Miles O'Keefe — a movie severely panned by film critics throughout the world. A lot of men have difficulty keeping one beautiful woman happy; it is astonishing that John is able to manage his embarrassment of riches as successfully as he does — and with the entire world watching, as well. But beauty, after all, is its own reward.

THE UNDERGROUND UNDERTAKER

(continued from page 58)

They make a big deal of embalming and viewing the corpse, but they won't admit he's dead.

Russell guffaws. "Yeah," he allows, "that's a damn good argument for a 30-foot hearse."

We get talking about how the key words used by traditional undertakers actually signify a denial that death has even occurred. "They say the guy is asleep, or passed away or absent. . . anything but admit that the man is dead," Russell says. "They make a big deal of embalming and viewing the corpse, saying it's grief therapy and good for people. *But they won't admit he's dead!* And in fact, the embalming ritual is a denial of this too — dress him up and make him appear asleep. He's not asleep — *he's dead!* It's heartless, particularly with kids, to put them through this sort of thing. A kid seeing an embalmed body is going to form the impression that any old time it's going to wake up. Tell kids the truth — they accept death far more easily than adults anyway."

Russell's business offices are above a real estate agency in suburban Miranda, but his operation centre (cold store and coffin warehouse) is at a separate address in an industrial area.

As we get close to the operation centre, Russell turns to me. "Have you seen bodies?"

I tell him sure, a couple. "Well," he says, "we've got one in there at the moment that was hit by a train.

"If you want this story to be authentic, as far as the kind of work we do, perhaps you should see that."

"Ummm," I say. (What I'm thinking is: Hit by a bloody train! How can I get out of this little fix?) But seconds later, we're pulling up outside the warehouse. Perhaps I should tell Russell the truth — I have *never* seen any kind of body (why does this make me feel inadequate?), and I would prefer not to start with one totalled by the express to Wollongong.

Gibbering inwardly, I turn on the tape recorder and follow him. We stop to inspect all the new coffins. There are some that look like mailboxes. They are for stillborn babies, which NSW law insists must be buried with the same pomp and ceremony as anybody else. We reach the coolroom door.

"Now you have a think about whether you want to go in there." (He knows I lied.) "It's okay. . ."

Russell: (points to door handle) "Well, you help yourself." As I dither, he steps forward and opens the door.

Russell: "Ah, Luigi has worked hard — he's boxed the lot. They're all in coffins."

Me: "Good old Luigi." I stand there looking in at the nine coffins. I believe that Russell realised then that I actually *wanted* to see a body. I wanted to see what it would look like, but not the train victim. Russell is wheeling a coffin out. Please don't let it be the train victim. I look on the bench for a screwdriver (each coffin has four screws in the lid) and hand it to him. "No," he says, "I've got an electric one here someplace." It sounds just like a speedboat accelerating away from the beach — Zzzzzmmm, one screw. Zzzzmm, two. Zzzzmm — inside 20 seconds, Russell has removed the lid. We look down on a little old lady in a nightie. Her head is encased in an opaque plastic bag, which Russell removes. She is the same color as a just-thawed chook.

As we leave, I feel a bit haunted. My first body has left a clear image — the same way a neon sign will leave its impression when you shut your eyes: a toothless yellowed face, quite peaceful, but strangely not conveying any sense of once being human and alive. It was just a body, and seemed no more a real old lady than does a painting or a cardboard cutout.

Climbing back in the Fairlane, Russell answers my query about whether bodies ever bother him: "I got used to bodies as a detective," he says. "My special job was to hunt around in them for bullets. . ."

At the flat earlier, Russell talked about his faith in life after death, a philosophy that probably goes a long way towards explaining why Simplicity Funerals — with its company newsletter, *Eulogy,* and its custom of employing numerous members of the same families — seems itself to be a type of big family, cheerily occupied with death but somehow inured against the morbid effects death has on the personalities of other undertakers.

Russell says his religion is spelt out on the prefix of the Fairlane's licence plate — SETH, the word given to describe a series of books by Jane Roberts, a New Jersey housewife, who kicked off the current global fascination with regression therapy. Roberts fell into a trance one day and began speaking in "a voice from another dimension" — her mortal body, she believes, was inhabited by a wandering immortal soul. The way Russell describes it, cause and effect get tangled up. . . and the universe is the way you perceive it because that is how you perceive it.

"We have this expression," he says, "we bend the universe. If we want something to happen, we just act as though it has already happened — and lo and behold, it happens. That's why I have no doubt we will get 51 percent of the funeral trade in Australia. It's just a matter of time."

If all that sounds a trifle vague, consider this: Russell was doing an adult education course in Adelaide — advanced physics for the layman. He'd also been reading up on regression therapy, and at the class met a hypnotist who conducted regular regression meetings. That night, he went with the hypnotist to watch a session at a home in the suburb of Norwood. At this point, it's necessary to know that Russell served for several years in the Norwegian merchant marine and speaks fluent colloquial Norwegian.

In the room with him and the hypnotist were two women — a very ocker-type Australian, beer in one hand and fag in the other, and an Englishwoman. When the hypnotist snapped his finger, the ocker immediately became — verbally, anyway — a male medical student at Edinburgh University at the turn of the century.

Russell considered it a cheap trick. The accent sounded phoney and years of detective work had made him a seasoned sceptic. He was bored and about to leave when the hypnotist sent his subject further back. She was purported to be a young Danish girl, about 13, and she described her life in Danish.

Of course, neither the subject nor the hypnotist could have known Russell speaks Norwegian, close enough to Danish for fluent conversation. He asked to question the subject, and did so in rapid colloquial Norwegian, sitting back with a smirk to watch their embarrassment.

"Bugger me," says Russell, "if she didn't answer me back in absolutely fluent colloquial Danish. She was using words you wouldn't even pick up in a Danish-English dictionary. I was quite shaken when I left that house. There is no way that could have been faked. Absolutely inexplicable. What was I talking to? What the hell was it? That incident tipped me over the edge, convinced me of the existence of an eternal soul that always was and always will be. It simply incarnates from dimension to dimension, for the purpose of entertainment or education, lives out a lifespan and moves on.

"Of course, there are a lot of charlatans involved with this belief, but there is a thread running through the philosophy that sits more easily with me than any other explanation."

So funerals are virtually meaningless? Russell smiles. "For the dead, yes, but not for relatives and friends. You could put my own body through a mincer and use it for fertiliser if you liked — but I know that would have a bad effect on people close to me. I'd be happy with a nice Simplicity Funeral. . ."

"Last year it was frogs."

BLUE CADILLAC

(continued from page 86)

Her skirt bunched up at his stomach. The little chains decorating her boot heels rubbed at his calves.

then got in on the passenger's side. Dew was cool in his palm when he slid behind the steering wheel. They sat there, white under the moon.

"Why?"

"Because she started crying right there by the pool that night, and some of the guys tried to hustle her out quick, before Elvis got bummed out, but he said: 'Wait a minute — how come she's crying?"

Braxton moved his fingers over the instruments on the dash, over the shadowy chrome and white and powder blue, up and down the white steering wheel.

"And she was so scared, he had to get right in her face to hear her. It was because he looked so sad, she was crying. She thought that maybe it was because it was the first time he was living at Graceland since his momma died, and maybe it felt lonesome being home without her. Boy, that makes sense now."

Braxton slid the seat back, moved the mirrors, with his fingers felt for the ignition, held his hand there on the key, waiting, listening.

"He made somebody take her home. Then, in a few days, this comes to the house. The salesman drove it. Momma's daddy blew his top. He thought she must have, you know, for it. And there was a card with it that said: 'Don't feel blue.' That's all it said: 'Don't feel blue.' And it was a blue Cadillac to go with the card."

"Did he sign it?"

"No, but it was him."

"Goddamn. That's really great. They used to say he was always doing that, giving away motorcycles and diamond rings. And imagine that."

"Go ahead," Marie told him. Braxton turned the key.

The big convertible moved forward like lake water.

"Go ahead," she told him.

Slowly his foot pressed down, into the pedal, down, farther down. The pedal went back in hasteless ease.

The Cadillac surged over the road's black waves.

Their hair stung at their faces. The wind stung, too. Braxton was crying.

"Do whatever you want!" she yelled, and he laughed in yelps.

"Just don't kill us!" she yelled.

Too far away, too long ago, the bluffs of Memphis jutted out at the moon where the town's lovers had always parked to make love in their cars. There were stories that thwarted lovers had killed themselves by jumping from the bluffs into the Mississippi River below. Chickasaw Indian lovers had lain on the bluffs before La Salle stood there claiming all the land wild beyond him, before De Soto stood there discovering the river below, before the townsfolk stood there watching Yankee gunboats sink their fleet, before Braxton W. Cox stood there with his friends on the night before his wedding, and flung bottles of Wild Turkey up at the moon and called to her to join the party he was sure would never stop.

Now he drew his foot back. The three-point turn was like gliding his finger through lake water. "We'd better turn around," he said.

"Stop a second," she said. "What do you want to do?"

A dirt road was dark with trees.

"Do you want to ball?" she asked. "That's all right, if you want to."

The woods made almost no sound at all. He saw the lighter's red eye, smelled the cigarette paper.

He said: "You know what we used to do? I mean at first, I don't mean when the Sixties really got going good, but before that. We'd neck for a long time.

"It wasn't actually too often that somebody would come out with what you just said, right off."

She said: "Yeah, I guess so. A lot's happened since then."

Braxton leaned back, his neck on the cool white seat.

Stars were everywhere. "Too much for me," he said.

In a minute, the girl crushed out her cigarette and moved over against Braxton. He cupped his hand beneath her ponytail and kissed her for a long time. Then he slid both hands inside the red halter and pulled it down and kissed her breasts for a long time.

Finally, they got out of the car and went to the back seat. It was dew-cold, snow-white, so wide and long he hardly had to bend his knees. Her skirt bunched at his stomach. The little chains on her boot heels rubbed at his calves.

She said when they finished: "I saw a star fall. That was nice."

Back at the Casey Jones parking lot, Braxton said: "Atlanta, huh?"

"I guess so," she said.

"Listen, that was pretty great back there. I just want you to know that, Marie, okay?"

She said: "That's all right." She opened another pack of cigarettes; he'd seen cartons stacked in the trunk.

"Listen, let me just ask you something? My momma loving Elvis so much, do you think she was weird?"

"If it made her happy. . ."

"It got to be sort of a weird thing with me.

Listen, when I was little, she took me to Memphis to see Elvis' momma's grave, and it's got this big statue of Jesus with his arms out and two little angels, and Momma was talking about who it was we were coming to see she was kind of hoping Elvis would show up at the cemetery, too, and see the blue Cadillac and remember she was the one who'd cried for him and he'd told her: 'Don't be blue.'

"But I was pretty little and I got it in my head that the statue standing there with his arms out was Elvis.

"I told my friends about it, later on. Crazy Marie again."

Braxton was cold, tired, and needed to get back to the bathroom, and needed to have been sitting down to dinner at his mother's house six hours ago so he could try to make her understand again how he could have lost his wife to a Brazilian.

He felt he was hurt somewhere inside him deep and dull.

The girl slid behind the wheel when he got out of the car.

"Yeah, I guess that's a little weird," he said. "Kids think funny things."

"You ever see the Christ of the Ozarks, Braxton? It's huge. You know, on Magnetic Mountain in the Ozarks? Well, the arms stretch out around 70 feet across. I thought that was Elvis, too. The lady at the souvenir shop said that those arms were so big and strong you could hang six Cadillacs from each one with no trouble." Marie looked up at Braxton.

"So. That's what I thought. What I believed. That Elvis had arms 70 feet wide with blue Cadillacs hanging from them on strings, and when he saw my momma so sad, he snapped one of the cars off its string and gave it to her. I really believed that for a while."

●

Braxton pushed down the lock on her door.

"You can't go to Graceland in the middle of the night. Why don't you come home with me? I'll take you over there in the morning."

She buttoned her jacket. "That's all right. You're nice, but don't take it personally.

"I really feel like I want to be on my own now. Okay? Thanks, anyhow. See you around. Happy Thanksgiving."

The car rumbled awake, backed away from him.

"Sure you don't want to get married?" he called.

"Sorry," she yelled.

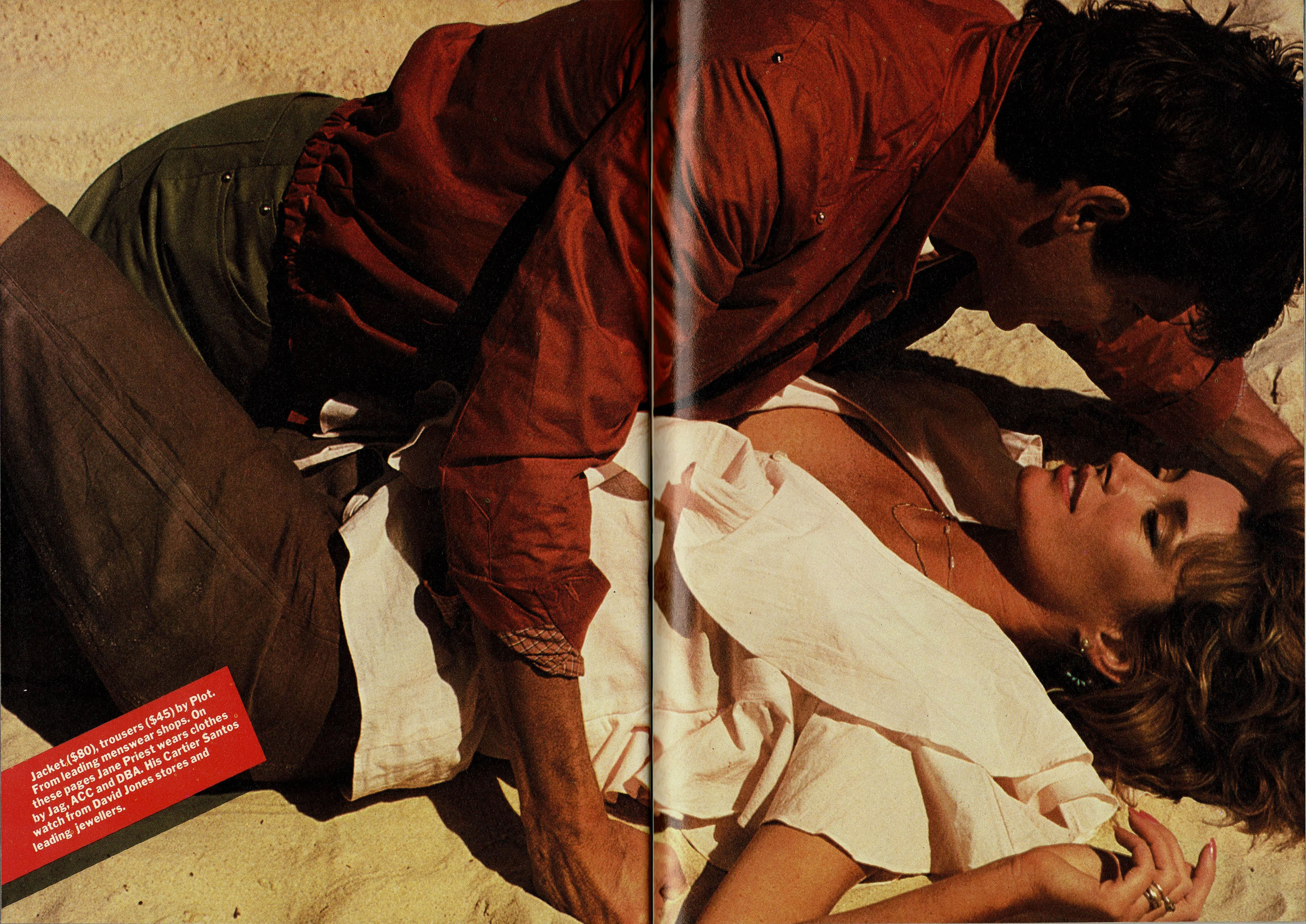
"Sure I don't look like Elvis?"

She waved her arm to him as the blue Cadillac carried her away, enchanted golden maiden to its master, the king of Graceland.

A CASUAL AFFAIR

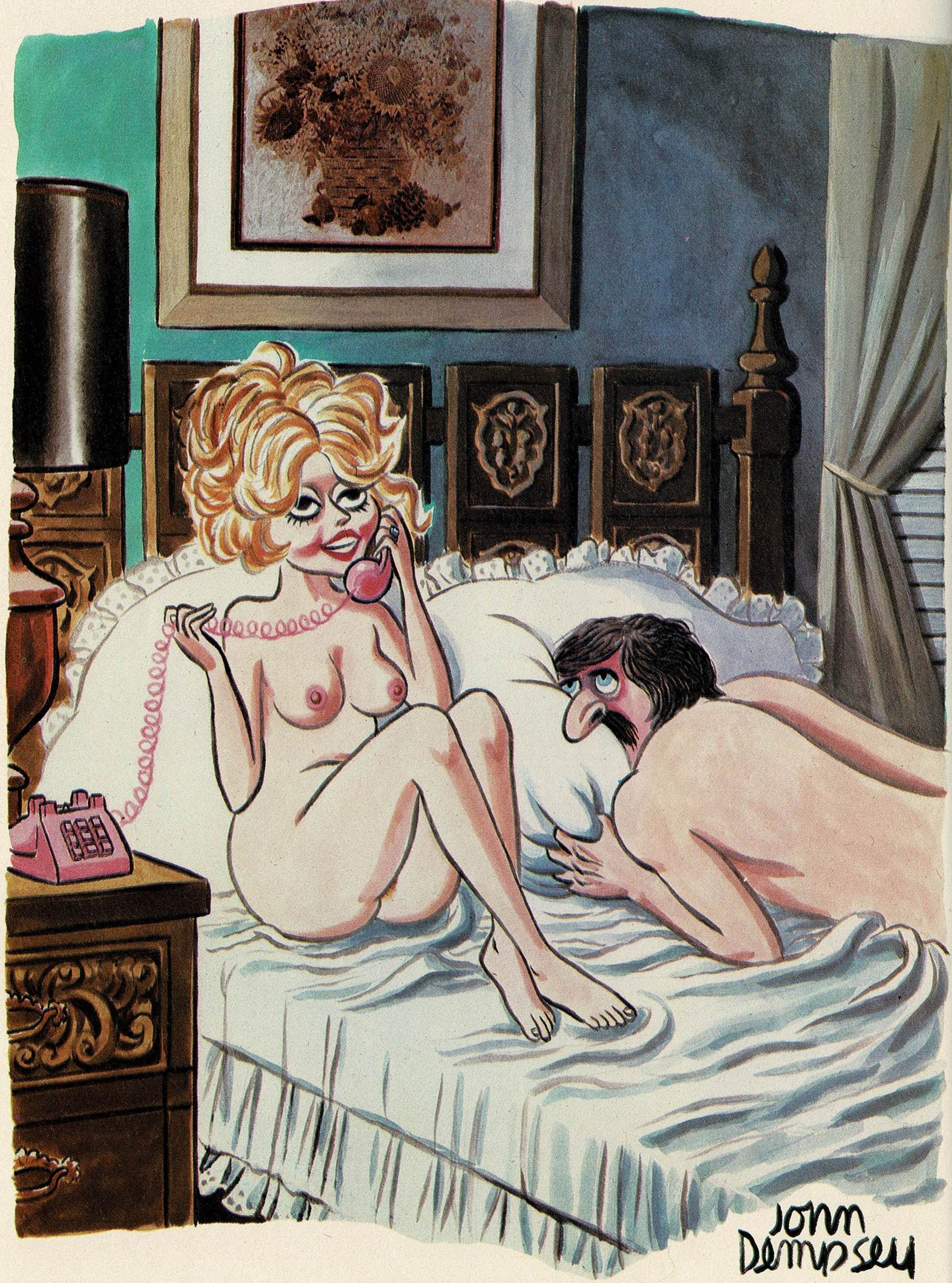
a collection of cool, classy casuals to see you through the height of the australian summer. the colors reflect the season, the fabrics are natural, and the feeling is free and easy. fashion and photography by wendy adnam

Right top: jacket ($118), T-shirt ($26), trousers ($68) by Valdis Alexander. From Valdis Alexander, Double Bay, NSW. Right: jacket ($60), trousers ($42), shirt ($35) by ACC. From leading menswear shops throughout Australia.



Jacket ($80), trousers ($45) by Plot. From leading menswear shops. On these pages Jane Priest wears clothes by Jag, ACC and DBA. His Cartier Santos watch from David Jones stores and leading jewellers.

Above: striped suit ($185) by Pierre Charbonnier. From GQ, Brogue Menswear, Valdis Alexander and Keiths, NSW. Right: jacket ($159), trousers ($82), T-shirt ($26) by Valdis Alexander. From Valdis Alexander, NSW.



"As a matter of fact, mother, you did interrupt us. Rick was just about to have his orgasm."

LECH WALESA

(continued from page 39)

> *"To trust one another and, at the same time, trust nobody — this is a problem. So we are our own greatest threat."*

the worst marks in school in history; now, here you are, creating history yourself. Doesn't it frighten you to be playing at these high stakes with your limited background?

WALESA: No. You have to look at me from a different standpoint. I was very gifted until the seventh grade — damn gifted! I just glanced at the material and learned it. But as more and more material piled up, I felt less and less like opening the books. I was always interested in something else: *not* in what was assigned to me, but whatever *I* wanted to learn. I always reached the same goals in a different way. But later I felt too proud to return — I had driven myself into a corner. So it isn't good to be *too* gifted, because you lose certain normal opportunities to get ahead. But I would still say it is beter to be a bee that knows it has the ability to collect honey but does not rush immediately for the big beehive, where it can fall in and get stuck.

PLAYBOY: That's interesting, but it doesn't answer our question: How much do you trust yourself and your abilities as you make these historical decisions?

WALESA: I don't trust myself at all, that is the truth. I'm never convinced completely that what I'm doing is right. Everything can be turned around. What fools they were! Why did they do such and such? They could have done it differently! They didn't realise that the situation was favorable toward them. We punch somone in the jaw today and later on someone will say: damn it, they were irresponsible! They could have got their way quietly. They could have made gains more slowly, less violently. You cannot say that this *is* the way or this *isn't* the way. You cannot! What seems right today, tomorrow may prove wrong. It's like with some writers: some book is dismissed today, and later they dig it up. *Jezus* and *Maria*, how wise it is now! Why was that book ever banned or burned?

PLAYBOY: Do you think one of *your* books might meet that fate?

WALESA: Me? I don't know how to write.

PLAYBOY: What about all those books you're going to write when you retire?

WALESA: Who? Me? I'll talk the way I'm talking now. I'll say to someone, "Listen, write this down." And out of it should come a book. But not a boring one. It has to be interesting. It has to overturn the old theories. And, at the same time, describe them, restore them in order to overturn them. Ha! Such exactly is life — strange and paradoxical. [*An aide again interrupts.*]

AIDE: You people asking about education and such cannot go beyond a certain viewpoint —

WALESA: No, no. They cannot leave their circle.

PLAYBOY: Our editor wanted us to ask about your personal background —

AIDE: People from the West, in general, think this way.

WALESA: Exactly — and, again, even this editor, who has more learning, more letters in his head than I do, who *should* know more, even he knows nothing. Practically nothing. Let your people finally understand that we Poles really have a damned good education — historical and otherwise. We are all doctors! At least, I'm already a doctor many times over [honorary university degrees].

AIDE: He has six doctorates!

WALESA: Exactly. And *I* make mistakes. [*Laughs*]

ANOTHER AIDE: Seven! Already seven!

PLAYBOY: for a man with a lot of weight on his shoulders, you obviously stay relaxed. How do you do it?

WALESA: I collapsed an hour ago, slept for an hour and now I am relaxed. But in an another hour, I'll collapse again. I'll talk with you a while longer, but then I'll be finished. I put *everything* into these efforts.

PLAYBOY: Have you studied the labor movement in the US and in the West generally? And, if so, what are the major structural differences with Solidarity?

WALESA: I am a spy of life. I spy on everything. I study all. Whenever I have time for it, of course. Now, I don't deliberate on American trade unions, because I can more or less deduce what they are like. Since America is a capitalist state, its interests are different; therefore, the unions are different. Some adhere to one party, others to another, still others say everyone else is doing things the wrong way. So I can imagine how and what things are over there. And I shall probably be right, provided I think logically: take the conditions that they have, see the limits they have, who is in charge, what's at his disposal, etc. So I can imagine it all, provided that I conceded it is a country with a different system of government.

PLAYBOY: Of course, but does that knowledge about unions in the West help you in any way work out the Polish model?

WALESA: It helps me avoid the mistakes that Western unions — in my opinion — make.

PLAYBOY: What are some of those mistakes?

WALESA: The American model cannot be directly compared with ours. Here we have one party, a monopoly in government, in administration, in money, in *everything*. In the United States, it is somewhat different, as it is in all other capitalist countries, so their models do not apply to us.

PLAYBOY: You don't see any possibility of securing a multi-party system in Poland?

WALESA: Perhaps differently, if we do not limit ourselves to names. A number of political parties? No. But it could be accomplished differently. There can be a strong and vigorous organisation of canary breeders, for example, who would be so strong, so beautifully efficient that it could rally people, close down stores. But it would not be political by name.

PLAYBOY: It would be a political force, in other words —

WALESA: Yes. That canary breeders' union would publicise its views that its elections are wrong — because the canaries aren't participating in the elections, for example [*the aides laugh*] — and they will say, "Now, hold it, what sort of elections are these? Is this supposed to be democracy?" Yes, indeed. So the point is not in the words political party. For as soon as it is a "political party," it immediately wants to take over the government — or so they claim here. But our canary breeders, by forcing new elections through publicity, do the same job.

PLAYBOY: And you wouldn't want to have the job done in a more formal, more obviously political way?

WALESA: No, no. Why bang your head against the wall when you can take a hammer and smash it against the wall?

PLAYBOY: We know this question may be loaded, but who or what is your bigger enemy in Poland — the party or the Russians?

WALESA: Neither. The enemy, our most vicious enemies, are ourselves. That's the answer. We must stop being so suspicious of one another. To trust one another and, at the same time, trust nobody — this is a complex problem. So we are our own greatest threat. We threaten ourselves when we fight among one another for executive position, tripping over one another as we run for the most important chairs.

PLAYBOY: To rebuild economically, what do you see as your greatest roadblock: the internal Polish system or —

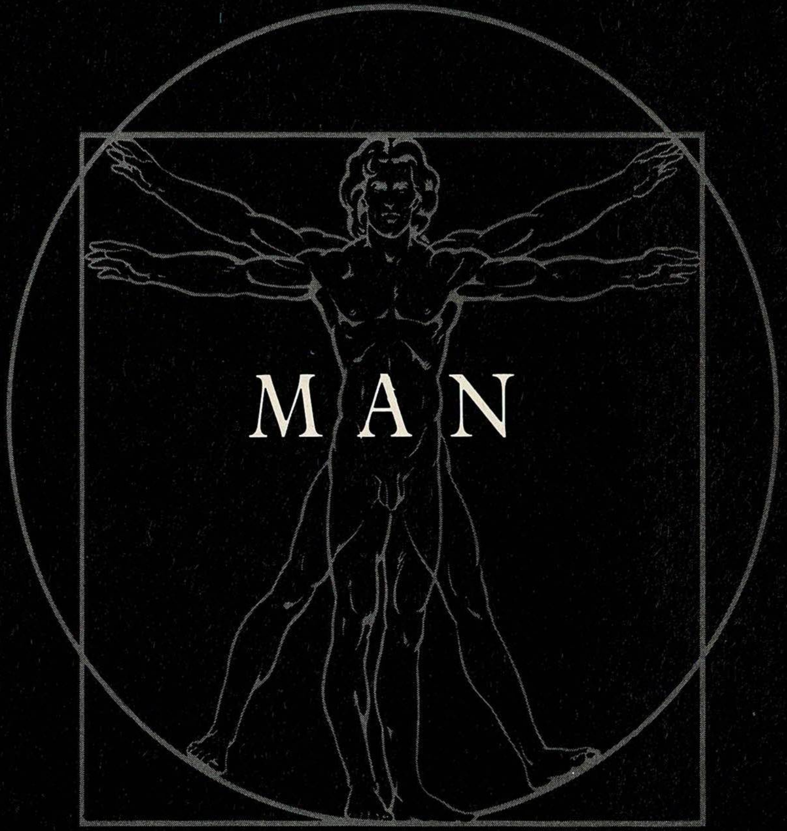
WALESA: I find *no* roadblocks. There is no obstacle that cannot be removed. Everything can be surmounted, everything can be conquered — everything! It only depends on your choice of weapons, your choice of means, on the degree to which you are blinded by rage. I used to make such damn blunders! That is, I used to act this way [*looks pugnacious and stubborn*]: "What? No? Oh, no!" And I would get it straight on the jaw. Finally, I came to the conclusion that that wasn't the way. Since I lost, it means I wasn't right. So now I turn it around and I think: Aha! I cannot defeat you today. OK, bye. Let's try it from another angle. And another. Then another still. And if I do not succeed, it means that I am not clever enough or am incapable of choosing the correct weapons.

To recapitulate: There are *no* obstacles

(continued on page 150)

PLAYBOY SEX QUESTIONNAIRE

if you think the differences between men and women are merely a matter of upbringing, then science has some surprises for you — and so do we



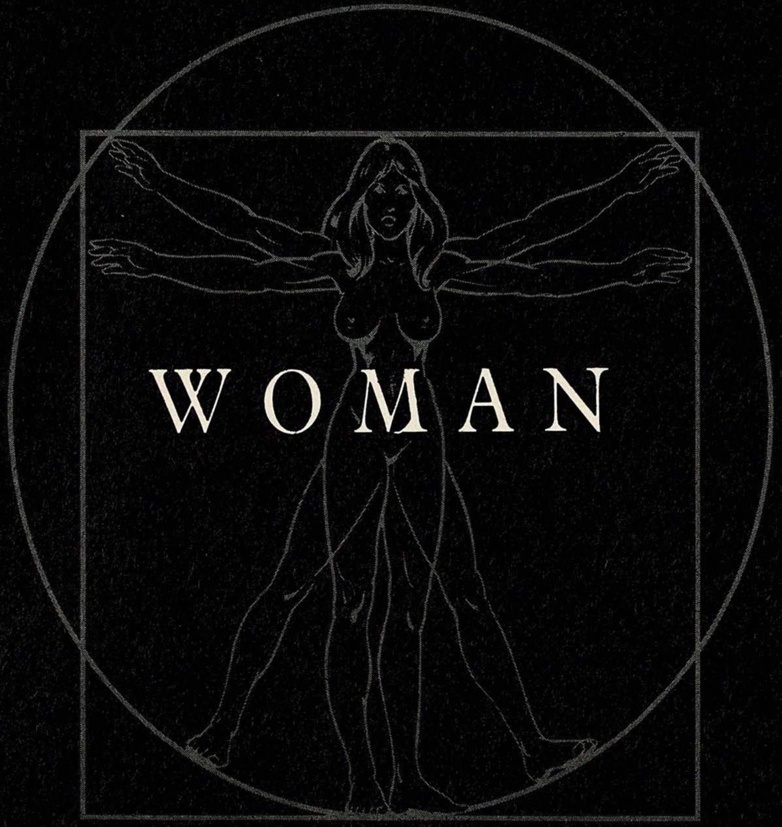
WHAT is sex? Despite decades of research, from Freud to Masters and Johnson via Kinsey and many others, we are really none the wiser about this force that drives people together — and apart.

Over the next few months, a special PLAYBOY report will be looking at the past, present and future of the partnership between the sexes. And it will help herald the arrival of a new human science.

In the past five or six years, scientists have begun to take a new look at some of the basic questions behind the sexual drive.

Why are there two sexes? Why do males exist? What is the separate biological inheritance that makes us male and female? And how is this expressed in our emotions, our skills, our abilities and our couplings? Why did sexual pleasure evolve? And why is monogamy almost universal? Are we prisoners of our sex? Or can we, without stress, change our sexually related institutions and structural relations at will?

PLAYBOY will be researching these questions and others like them. Our road will take us deep into the brain, the womb, the glands. It will take us through time and space, from the inner suburbs to the Trobriand Islands, from our living ancestors the Bushmen of the Kalahari desert to the dating practices of the camp scene, from the children of the Dominican Republic who are born, it seems, as girls and become boys at puberty to the man who fathered and then breast-fed his own child.



It will take us into our future, a future perhaps of contraceptive sprays and pills for pleasure. But it will always lead us back to our present, to this present point of conflict between our biological evolution and our cultural evolution, between what we are and what we want to be.

It is for this reason that we present here a new PLAYBOY questionnaire. In a few months time when the results of the poll are published and this journey through the sexes is over, we hope to be able to see more clearly not only what is going on in our society but why. There's no doubt that much of the science we'll be talking about is extremely controversial. It often challenges modern, fondly-held beliefs. It has been denounced as sexist and anti-liberal. It has been attacked as militantly feminist and as virulently antifeminist even though a good deal of the research being done today is conducted by women.

But when their findings and conclusions are put together we believe you will find them as fascinating and revealing as we have:

- The natural form of the human is female.
- Motherhood, but not fatherhood, is innate.
- In nature, promiscuous males die young.
- Monogamy may be the most important evolutionary step mankind has taken.
- The brain is a gland; a thinking gland, even a sex gland.
- In no human society are all sexual relations casual and impersonal.
- The average time it takes man to reach orgasm in coitus is two to three minutes; women, eight to 10 minutes.
- Of 849 human societies studied, men were permitted to take more than one wife in 708, women to take more than one husband in only four.

We hope you will take time to fill out the questionnaire and will join us during the coming months for the PLAYBOY Report.

QUESTIONS

1. How would you rate your present sex life?
A. Satisfying
B. Unsatisfying

2. How does it compare with your sex life five years ago?
A. Better
B. Worse
C. The same

3. Do you think you're a good lover?
A. Yes
B. No
C. I don't know

4. How important is it to you to be thought of as a good lover by your sexual partners?
A. Very important
B. Fairly important
C. Not important

5. What are the most sensitive parts of your body? Mark all that apply.
A. Ears
B. Lips
C. Breasts
D. Bottom
E. Genitals
F. Legs
G. Feet
H. Other (please specify)

6. What are the sexiest features in the opposite sex?
A. Eyes
B. Lips
C. Breasts
D. Bottom
E. Genitals
F. Legs
G. Feet
H. Other (please specify)

7. Is penis size important to a man's sexiness?
A. Yes
B. No

8. Is breast size important to a woman's sexiness?
A. Yes
B. No

9. What is your current social situation?
A. Single and dating around
B. Single and dating one person more than others
C. Single and in a steady relationship
D. Living with my partner
E. Married
F. Other (please specify)

10. If you are currently in a relationship, how long has it lasted?
A. Less than 6 months
B. 6 months to 1 year
C. 1 to 2 years
D. 2 to 4 years
E. More than 4 years

11. If you're dissatisfied with your current relationship, what's keeping you from leaving it? Please choose all that apply.
A. I am committed to it
B. No one else loves me
C. Security
D. We have good sex
E. Financial obligations
F. We have children
G. Other (please specify)

12. How do you let your partner know you're interested in sex? Please choose all that apply.
A. Kissing and caressing
B. Touching genitals
C. Flirting and talking suggestively
D. My partner can just tell
E. Other (please specify)

13. How often do you have intercourse?
A. At least once a day
B. 4 or 5 times a week
C. 2 or 3 times a week
D. Once a week
E. 2 or 3 times a month
F. Once a month
G. Less than once a month
H. Never

14. Do you find that frequence of intercourse satisfactory?
A. Yes
B. No, I'd like to have sex more often
C. No, I'd like to have sex less often

15. What's the best moment in intercourse?
A. Foreplay
B. Penetration
C. Genital stimulation
D. When my partner comes
E. When I come
F. The cigarette

16. During an evening of lovemaking, how often do you have intercourse?
A. Once
B. Twice
C. Three times
D. More than three times

17. How often are you the one who initiates sex?
A. Always
B. Usually
C. Sometimes
D. Rarely
E. Never

18. How long must foreplay usually last for you to become sexually aroused?
A. Less than 5 minutes
B. 5—10 minutes
C. 10—15 minutes
D. 15—30 minutes
E. More than 30 minutes

19. What do you do if you're aroused and your partner isn't?
A. I try to turn my partner on
B. I try to ignore how I feel
C. I insist my partner have sex
D. I feel rejected
E. That has never happened

20. What happens if your partner is aroused and you're not?
A. I try to respond to my partner
B. I try to ignore the situation
C. My partner insists that I have sex
D. My partner feels rejected
E. That has never happened

21 What are your favorite positions for intercourse? Rank your favorite with a 1 and the one you like least with a 6.
A. Male on top
B. Female on top
C. Rear entry
D. Side by side
E. Standing
F. Sitting
G. Other (please specify)

22. How long does it usually take you to reach orgasm?
A. Less than 1 minute
B. 1—5 minutes
C. 5—10 minutes
D. 10—15 minutes
E. 15—30 minutes
F. 30—60 minutes
G. An hour or longer
H. It depends on my mood
I. It depends on my partner's mood

23. How long does it usually take your partner to reach orgasm?
A. Less than 1 minute
B. 1—5 minutes
C. 5—10 minutes
D. 10—15 minutes
E. 15—30 minutes
F. 30—60 minutes
G. An hour or longer
H. It depends on my partner's mood
I. It depends on my mood

24. Can you feel sexually satisfied without having an orgasm?
A. Yes
B. No
C. Sometimes

25. How often do you have intercourse without having an orgasm?
A. Always
B. Usually
C. Sometimes
D. Rarely
E. Never

26. Can you feel satisfied if your partner doesn't have an orgasm?
A. Always
B. Usually
C. Sometimes
D. Rarely
E. Never

27. How often does your steady partner reach orgasm when you make love?
A. Always
B. Usually
C. Rarely
D. Never
E. I don't know

28. From what activity do you get the most intense orgasm?
A. Intercourse
B. Oral Sex
C. Anal sex
D. Masturbation

29. How would you change your sex life if you could? Please choose all that apply.
A. I'd have intercourse more often
B. I'd have more oral sex
C. I'd have more anal sex
D. I'd be able to act out fantasies more often
E. My partner would be more responsive to my sexual needs
F. I would be more active during sex
G. I would be more passive during sex
H. There would be more foreplay
I. Sex would be more spontaneous
J. My partner would remain aroused longer
K. My partner would initiate sex more often
L. There would be more talking during sex
M. Other (please specify)

30. If you don't have a steady sex partner, is it easier to find occasional sex partners today than it was five years ago?
A. Yes
B. No
C. The same

31. Do you seek more sex partners today than you did five years ago?
A. Yes
B. No

32. Who do you think in general has had more sexual partners?
A. Men
B. Women
C. Men and women have had about the same number
D. I don't have an opinion

33. If you were about to marry, would you want him or her to have had a number of sexual partners?
A. Yes
B. No
C. I would say yes, but I wouldn't mean it

34. What do you do about contraception the first time you have sex with someone?
A. I use something
B. I offer to use something
C. I ask if my partner is using something
D. I insist on my partner's using something
E. I say nothing and hope for the best
F. I don't worry about contraception
G. I don't believe in contraception

35. What birth control do you use?
A. Condom
B. Pill
C. Diaphragm
D. I U D
E. Foam or jelly
F. Vasectomy
G. Tubal ligation or hysterectomy
H. Rhythm
I. Withdrawal
J. None

36. How comfortable are you talking with a new partner about the kind of sex you like?
A. I'm usually comfortable talking about sex no matter how well I know someone
B. I'm comfortable if a relationship seems to be developing
C. I'm uncomfortable if it's just a fling
D. I'm never comfortable with that kind of discussion

37. How would you tell a partner how to give you more pleasure? Please choose all that apply.
A. Praise the things my partner does that I like
B. Discuss it out of the bedroom
C. Discuss it in the bedroom
D. Talk about great moments in my sexual past
E. Through actions, not words

38. Do you masturbate?
A. Yes
B. No

39. If so, how often?
A. At least once a day
B. A few times a week
C. Once a week
D. Once or twice a month
E. Less than once a month
F. Never

40. Do you feel guilty about masturbating?
A. Yes
B. No
C. Sometimes

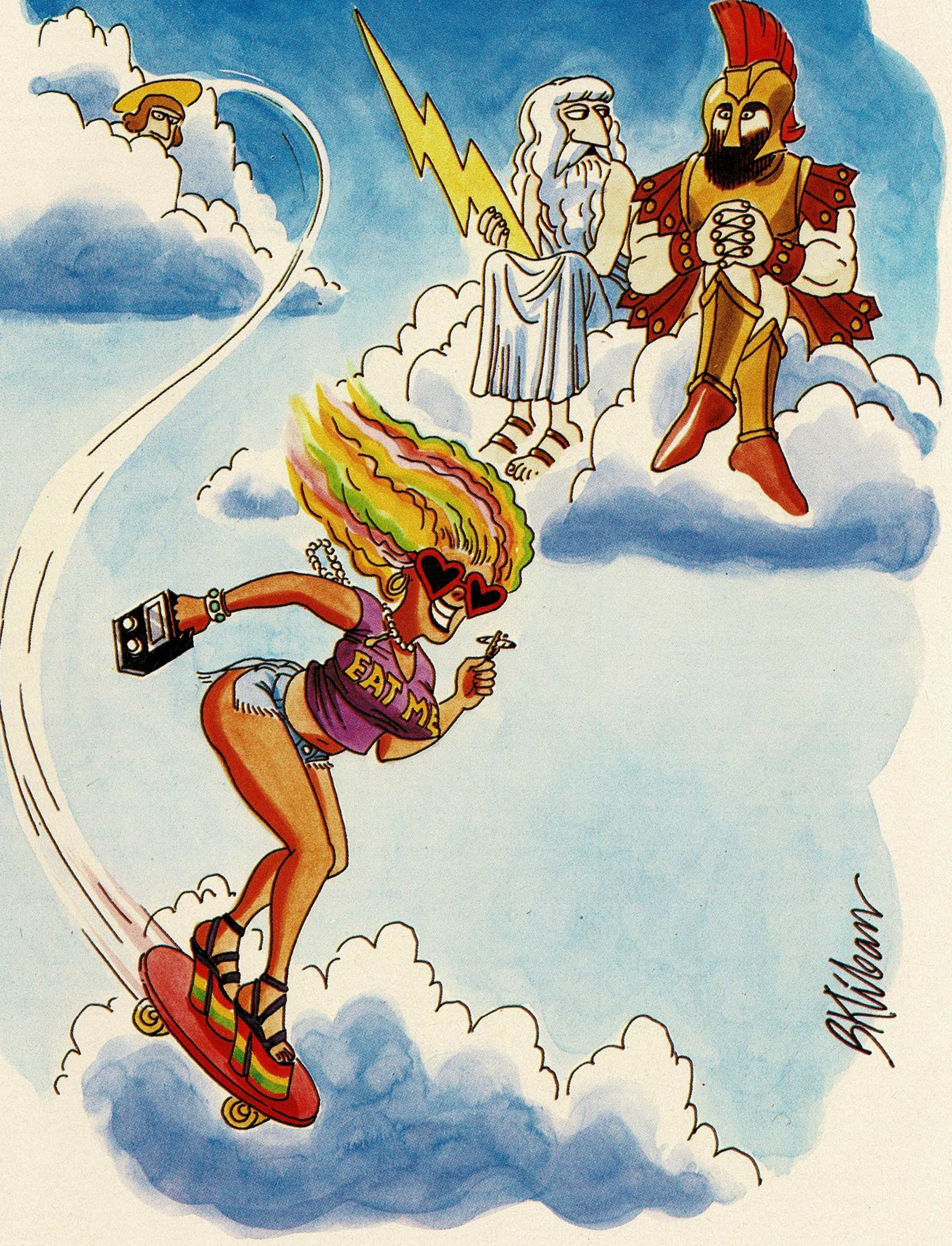
41. Have you ever had intercourse at your place of employment?
A. Yes
B. No

42. Have you ever had intercourse in a public place where other people might see you?
A. Yes
B. No

43. Have you ever had oral sex?
A. Yes
B. No

44. How often do you perform oral sex?
A. Every time I have sex
B. Most of the time I have sex, but not all
C. Occasionally

D. Never
45. How often do you receive oral sex?
A. Everytime I have sex
B. Most of the times I have sex, but not all
C. Occasionally
D. Never
46. How do you feel about the frequency with which you receive oral sex?
A. It's not enough
B. It's too much
C. I am satisfied
47. Have you ever had oral sex at your place of employment?
A. Yes
B. No
48. Have you ever had oral sex in a public place where other people might see you?
A. Yes
B. No
49. Have you ever had anal intercourse?
A. Yes
B. No
50. If so, how often is anal intercourse part of your lovemaking?
A. Never
B. Less than once a month
C. Once or twice a month
D. Once a week
E. A couple of times a week
F. Every time I have sex
51 How often is anal stimulation other than intercourse a part of your lovemaking?
A. Always
B. Usually
C. Sometimes
D. Rarely
E. Never
52. How did you learn about sex? Please choose all that apply.
A. Friends of the same sex
B. Friends of the opposite sex
C. Lovers
D. School
E. Sex manuals
F. Television
G. Doctor
H. Clergy
I. Parents
J. Brothers or sisters
K. Movies
L. Magazines
M. Books
N. Other (please specify)
53. When did you first have intercourse?
A. I'm still a virgin
B. Before I was 16
C. Between 17 and 18
D. Between 19 and 20
E. Between 21 and 25
F. After 25
54. How did you lose your virginity?
A. I haven't lost it
B. To someone in a serious relationship
C. To someone in a casual relationship
D. To a prostitute
E. Other (please specify)
55. How many sexual partners have you had?
A. None
B. 1 to 5
C. 5 to 10
D. 10 to 25
E. 25 to 50
F. More than 50
56. What is the longest time you've gone without intercourse?
A. Less than one month
B. 1—6 months
C. 6 months—1 year
D. Longer than a year
57. Have you ever pretended to have an orgasm during sex?
A. Yes
B. No
58. If you are male, have you ever experienced impotence?
A. Yes
B. No
59. If so, which of the following applies?
A. I was having sex for the first time
B. I was with a new partner
C. I had been drinking
D. I had been taking drugs
E. I was nervous
F. I was tired
G. I wasn't interested in having sex
H. I am impotent
I. Other (please specify)
60. If you are male, have you ever experienced premature ejaculation?
A. Yes
B. No
61. If so, which of the following applies?
A. I did as a teenager, but I've outgrown it
B. It happens occasionally
C. It's a serious problem for me
D. Other (please specify)
62. If you experienced premature ejaculation, what was your reaction?
A. It caused me embarrassment
B. I waited and tried again
C. I apologised
D. I didn't worry about it
E. Other (please specify)
63. Did you have any homosexual experiences during adolescence?
A. Yes
B. No
64. If so, how often?
A. Once
B. A few times
C. Frequently
65. Have you had homosexual experiences since adolescence?
A. Yes
B. No
66. If so, how often?
A. Always
B. Usually
C. Sometimes
D. Rarely
67. Have you ever had sex with more than one person at a time? Please choose all that apply.
A. One man and one woman
B. Two people of the same sex
C. Two people of the opposite sex
D. More than two other people
E. Never
68. Have you ever had sex with a different partner at different times in a 24-hour period?
A. Yes
B. No
69. In a stable relationship, could you stay with your partner if your initial sexual passion disappeared?
A. Yes
B. No
70. Have you ever had sex with someone else while you were in a steady relationship?
A. Yes
B. No
71. If so, how did it effect your steady relationship?
A. No effect
B. Improved it
C. Caused serious stress
D. Broke it up
72. How sexually faithful are you and your partner to each other?
A. We are sexually faithful
B. We try to be sexually faithful, but occasionally one or both of us are unfaithful
C. We have an open relationship and we do discuss our affairs
D. I don't currently have a partner
73. Have you ever had an extramarital affair?
A. Yes
B. No
74. Do you think an affair indicates a problem in your marriage?
A. Yes
B. No
75. If you have had an extramarital affair, what did it offer sexually that your marriage didn't?
A. Sex without commitment
B. Better sex
C. The reassurance that I am sexually desirable
D. A change of routine
E. More sexual variety
F. Other (please specify)
76. What did it offer in nonsexual ways? Please choose all that apply.
A. Less tension than my marriage
B. More understanding than I



"As I understand it, she's the State god of California!"

get in my marriage
C. The reassurance that I am desirable
D. Self-esteem
E. Excitement
F. Spontaneity
G. Friendship
H. Other (please specify)

77. Did it break up your marriage?
A. Yes
B. No

78. Have you ever suspected your partner of having an affair while you were in a relationship?
A. Yes
B. No

79. Could you forgive your partner if he or she had an affair?
A. Yes
B. No
C. I don't know

80. If you are male, have you had sex with a prostitute in the past five years?
A. Yes
B. No

81. Have you ever had an argument with a date or a partner that turned physically violent?
A. Yes
B. No

82. Have you ever forced a date or a partner to have sex with you?
A. Yes
B. No

83. Have you ever been forced by a date or a partner to have sex?
A. Yes
B. No

84. If so, did you continue to see that person?
A. Yes
B. No

85. About whom or what do you have sexual fantasies? Please choose all that apply.
A. Strangers
B. Movie stars
C. Politicians
D. Rock stars
E. TV personalities
F. Sports figures
G. Co-workers
H. Friends
I. Other (please specify)

86. Have you ever used drugs for sexual stimulation?
A. Yes
B. No.

87. If so, which ones have you used?
A. Marijuana
B. Cocaine
C. Tranquillisers
D. Speed
E. Psychedelics
F. Alcohol
G. Other (please specify)

88. Have you ever used drugs to dispel sexual anxiety?
A. Yes
B. No

89. If so, which ones have you used?
A. Marijuana
B. Cocaine
C. Tranquillisers
D. Speed
E. Psychedelics
F. Alcohol
G. Other (please specify)

90. Have you ever used any devices for sexual stimulation?
A. Yes
B. No

91. If so, please choose all that apply
A. Vibrator
B. Oils
C. Penis-shaped objects
D. Bondage equipment (ties, cuffs, etc.)
E. S/M equipment (whips, chains, masks, etc.)
F. Sexy underwear
G. Erotic movies
H. Erotic books or pictures
I. Other (please specify)

92. Did you enjoy them?
A. Yes
B. No

93. Have you had a venereal disease (syphillis, gonorrhea, venereal herpes) in the past five years?
A. Yes
B. No

94. If so, did you inform the person who infected you and/or other persons with whom you were sexually intimate?
A. Yes
B. No

95. If you are female, have you ever had an abortion?
A. Yes
B. No

96. If you are male, has anyone with whom you were sexually involved ever had an abortion during your relationship?
A. Yes
B. No

97. Please rank the following elements in the order in which they contribute to your personal happiness. Rank the most important with a 1 and the least important with a 7.
A. Family life
B. Money
C. Leisure activities
D. Work
E. Primary relationship
F. Friends
G. Sex
H. Other (please specify)

98. What attracts you to a person of the opposite sex? Rank the most important quality with a 1 and the least important with a 7.
A. Looks
B. Brains
C. Money
D. Power
E. Sense of humor
F. Common interests
G. Sexual energy
H. Other (please specify)

99. What are the qualities you need in a steady lover? Rank the most important quality with a 1 and the least important with a 7.
A. Intelligence
B. Sophistication
C. Trustworthiness
D. High sexual energy
E. Good looks
F. Sense of humor
G. Money
H. Other (please specify)

100. Which of the following would you prefer?
A. Stay single and have no children
B. Live with a partner and have no children
C. Stay single and have children
D. Live with a partner and have children
E. Get married and have no children
F. Get married and have children

101. Who has more advantages in today's world?
A. Men
B. Women
C. Men and women have about the same advantages

102. Do you think most women want men to be dominant in relationships?
A. Yes
B. No

103. Who knows more about "affairs of the heart"?
A. Women
B. Men
C. Men and women know about the same

104. To whom do you go for advice when you're having sexual problems? Choose all that apply.
A. No one
B. A professional
C. My parents
D. A lover
E. A friend
F. My partner
G. Other (please specify)

105. If you are male, what do you envy in women? Please choose all that apply.
A. Nothing
B. Multiple orgasms
C. Their ability to talk about personal things
D. Their friendships
E. Their warmth
F. The fact that it's still more acceptable for them to stay home to raise children
G. The fact that they don't have to take the professional or social risks men do

(continued on page 114)

ANSWERS

The Playboy Questionnaire gives us an opportunity to find out what you think, feel and do about sex and relationships. It is not a test. Take your time. If you want to compare notes with someone else, terrific. Invite your best friend over for some wine, intimacy and insight. We're interested in her or his response, too. Feel free to run off a second questionnaire to send in, but make the copy before you mark the original.

To use this answer sheet, carefully circle your choice of letter or letters that apply to each question. Skip the ones that do not apply to you. If there are some that you prefer not to answer, simply skip them as well. The value of the questionnaire will depend on your candor. All replies are anonymous.

Please mail your answers to Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010.

We will discuss the results of the survey in a future issue of PLAYBOY at the conclusion of the Man and Woman series.

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1. A B
2. A B C
3. A B C
4. A B C D E
5. A B C D E F G H ______________
6. A B C D E F G H ______________
7. A B
8. A B
9. A B C D E F ______________
10. A B C D E
11. A B C D E F G ______________
12. A B C D E ______________
13. A B C D E F G H
14. A B C
15. A B C D E F
16. A B C D
17. A B C D E
18. A B C D E
19. A B
20. A B C D E
21. A B C D E
22. A☐ B☐ C☐ D☐ E☐
F☐ G☐ ______________
23. A B C D E F G H I
24. A B C D E F G H I
25. A B C
26. A B C D E
27. A B C D E
28. A B C D E
29. A B C D
30. A B
31. A B C D E F G H I J K L
M ______________
32. A B C
33. A B
34. A B C D
35. A B C
36. A B C D E F G
37. A B C D E F G H I
38. A B C D
39. A B C D E
40. A B
41. A B C D E
42. A B C
43. A B
44. A B
45. A B
46. A B C D
47. A B C D
48. A B C
49. A B
50. A B
51. A B
52. A B C D E F
53. A B C D E
54. A B C D E F G H I J K L
M N ______________
55. A B C D E F
56. A B C D E ______________
57. A B C D E F
58. A B C D
59. A B
60. A B
61. A B C D E F G H I ______________
62. A B
63. A B C D ______________
64. A B C D ______________
65. A B
66. A B C
67. A B
68. A B C D
69. A B C D E
70. A B
71. A B
72. A B
73. A B C D
74. A B C D E
75. A B
76. A B
77. A B C D E F ______________
78. A B C D E F G H ______________
79. A B
80. A B
81. A B C
82. A B
83. A B
84. A B
85. A B
86. A B
87. A B C D E F G H I ______________
88. A B
89. A B C D E F G ______________
90. A B
91. A B C D E F G ______________
92. A B
93. A B C D E F G H I ______________
94. A B
95. A B
96. A B
97. A B
98. A B
99. A☐ B☐ C☐ D☐
E☐ F☐ G☐ H ______________
100. A☐ B☐ C☐ D☐
E☐ F☐ G☐ H ______________
101. A☐ B☐ C☐ D☐
E☐ F☐ G☐ H ______________
102. A B C D E F
103. A B C
104. A B
105. A B C
106. A B C D E F G ______________
107. A B C D E F G
108. A B C D E F G
109. A B C
110. A B C
111. A B
112. A B
113. A B C
114. A B C
115. A B C
116. A B C
117. A B C D
118. A B C
119. A B C D E F G H I
120. A B
121. A B C D
122. A B C D E F
123. A B
124. A B C D
125. A B C D E F G H I
126. A B C D E F G H I J K
127. A B C D E F G H
128. A B C D E F G H I J
129. A B C D
130. A B C D E F ______________
131. A B C D E ______________
132. A B C
133. A B C D E F ______________

106. If you are female, what do you envy in men? Please choose all that apply
   - A. Nothing
   - B. Their physical strength
   - C. Their self-control about personal things
   - D. Their freedom to walk the streets without fear
   - E. Their freedom to pick sexual partners
   - F. The fact that they are usually more readily accepted in a new situation
   - G. Their professional and financial advantages

107. Do you think women lose some of their femininity when they enter the job market?
   - A. Yes
   - B. No

108. Are you more likely to take professional risks than you were five years ago?
   - A. Yes
   - B. No
   - C. The same
   - D. Does not apply

109. Assuming both partners are responsible and finances are not a major issue, if you were getting divorced, who should have custody of the children?
   - A. Mother
   - B. Father
   - C. Some version of equally shared custody

110. Would you be distressed if your son had intercourse before the age of 17?
   - A. Yes
   - B. No

111. Would you be distressed if your daughter had intercourse before the age of 17?
   - A. Yes
   - B. No

112. Should men have a role in abortion decisions affecting their wives or lovers?
   - A. Yes
   - B. No
   - C. It's ultimately the woman's decision, but the man should have his say

113. Is it easier to form and continue a relationship today than it was five years ago?
   - A. Yes
   - B. No
   - C. It is neither easier nor more difficult

114. Are your attitudes about the relations between men and women different from what they were five years ago?
   - A. Yes, and they reflect changes in society's attitudes
   - B. Yes, but they do no depend on society at large
   - C. No

115. Do you think there is more understanding between the sexes today than there was five years ago?
   - A. Yes
   - B. No
   - C. The same

116. Do you and your partner communicate satisfactorily?
   - A. Yes
   - B. No, we don't communicate enough
   - C. No, we communicate too much
   - D. I don't currently have a partner

117. Are you and your partner more likely to share decisions and responsibilities equally than you were five years ago?
   - A. Yes
   - B. No
   - C. About the same

118. What is your age?
   - A. 17 or under
   - B. 18—20
   - C. 21—24
   - D. 25—29
   - E. 30—34
   - F. 35—39
   - G. 40—44
   - H. 45—49
   - I. 50 or over

119. What is your sex?
   - A. Male
   - B. Female

120. What is your sexual identity?
   - A. Heterosexual
   - B. Homosexual
   - C. Bisexual
   - D. Asexual

121. What is your marital status?
   - A. Single, never married
   - B. Married
   - C. Divorced
   - D. Widowed
   - E. Remarried
   - F. I have a live-in partner

122. Do you have children or stepchildren?
   - A. Yes
   - B. No

123. Do you currently live with any children?
   - A. Yes, with my children
   - B. Yes, with my stepchildren
   - C. Yes, I am living with someone whose children live with us
   - D. No

124. How much formal schooling did you complete?
   - A. None
   - B. Grade school
   - C. High school or equivalent standard
   - D. Some university
   - E. University
   - F. Some post-high school technical schooling
   - G. Technical school degree
   - H. Some graduate or professional schooling
   - I. Graduate or professional degree

125. What kind of work do you do?
   - A. Professional
   - B. Executive or managerial
   - C. Sales
   - D. Clerical
   - E. Technical
   - F. Foreman or skilled labor
   - G. Semiskilled or unskilled labor
   - H. Volunteer
   - I. Student
   - J. Housewife or househusband
   - K. Not currently employed

126. What is your yearly income?
   - A. Less than $5000
   - B. $5000—$9999
   - C. $10,000—$19,999
   - D. $20,000—$29,999
   - E. $30,000—$39,999
   - F. $40,000—$49,999
   - G. $50,000—$59,999
   - H. $60,000—$69,999
   - I. $70,000 or more

127. What is your live-in partner's (not your roommate's) yearly income?
   - A. I don't have a live-in partner
   - B. My live-in partner does not have an income
   - C. Less than $5000
   - D. $5000—$9999
   - E. $10,000—$19,999
   - F. $20,000—$29,999
   - G. $30,000—$39,999
   - H. $40,000—$49,999
   - I. $50,000—$59,999
   - J. $60,000—$69,999
   - K. $70,000 or more

128. Where do you live?
   - A. City
   - B. Suburb
   - C. Small town
   - D. Rural

129. What is your race?
   - A. White
   - B. Black
   - C. Oriental
   - D. Other (please specify)

130. What is your religion?
   - A. Protestant
   - B. Catholic
   - C. Jewish
   - D. Moslem
   - E. Other (please specify)

131. How religious are you?
   - A. Very religious
   - B. Somewhat religious
   - C. Not religious at all

132. How would you describe yourself politically?
   - A. Far right
   - B. Conservative
   - C. Moderate
   - D. Liberal
   - E. Far left
   - F. Other (please specify)

THE TRICOLOR'S LAST FLUTTER IN THE PACIFIC?

PHOTO BY RENNIE ELLIS/SCOOPIX

in new caledonia french love is turning to hate

article by chris pritchard

ABOUT the time the gunman pulled the trigger on Pierre Declercq, the New Zealanders had problems of their own at the Hotel Nouvata, on Noumea's beachside suburban resort strip of Anse Vata. Neatly packaged into a group tour, they were united in a state of rebellion that night. But the only thing they agreed on was that the local brew, Number One, tasted "like piss". Actually, it doesn't: it's one of the most palatable Pacific brews — but if you've been weaned on New Zealand Breweries' output then anything lighter and less sudsy probably is cause for complaint. The women among them contended there was nothing to do in Noumea. Worse, people spoke French even though they must, surely, understand English. Next year they would go to Sydney instead to scoop up electrical appliances which "cost the earth" in Wanganui.

"Can't we go out to a restaurant for dinner?" the women pleaded.

"Nah!" said the guys, determined to keep drinking the beer that tasted "like piss" until no trace of it remained in New Caledonia. They compromised, later, by agreeing to a Chinese meal, deciding somewhere French would be a rip-off.

An Australian, sitting with his wife at a nearby table, had been watching this little slice of life with undisguised interest. He shook his head, shrugged and observed: "Kiwis in Noumea are like Poms in Spain — always whingeing about the food, the prices, the beer and how much better it is at home."

Outside, the situation was not so simple. While the tourists boogied into the night at the Club Med, the Isle de France Travelodge or nearby nightspots — or gambled at the Casino Royal — an anti-colonial struggle was unfolding, a classic Third World independence scenario was being assembled.

The tourists, mostly, knew or cared about none of this. A middle-aged Kiwi visitor, wearing 1950s-style baggy khaki shorts with giant pockets from which he regularly removed a half-bottle of Scotch, impressed his female companion between swigs by pointing out bars the airport bus passed. "Bar over there," he'd say. She'd nod, reassured by the presence of the familiar.

The slogans on the walls didn't register with him or the others on the bus. Spray-painted slogans are everywhere in the city of Noumea now. In the countryside, where walls are fewer, they are painted on prominent flat rocks.

Somehow, the tourists appear not to see them; they neither praise nor condemn the opinions expressed. Nothing is said. The messages don't exist. Don't spoil the holiday with reminders of the real world.

Flics=Parasites say a common anti-police slogan. *"Votez G. Marchais"* demands another, a pro-communist reminder of the 1981 French elections.

Most, however, urge *"Votez Francois Mitterand"* (some times misspelt Miterant) and show evidence of the widespread support among the indigenous people for the victorious Socialist candidate in that poll. Now the Kanaks, as the indigenous Melanesian people are called, are awaiting their reward: an agreement that New Caledonia should attain independence and be ruled by representatives of the Kanaks, of whom there are more than any other group making up New Caledonia's population.

So far, despite sympathetic words from Paris, the French Socialist administration has displayed the traditional reluctance France inevitably shows whenever it is asked to divest itself of a colony.

France still has colonial possessions in the Caribbean and in the far north of South America. Nearer Australia, besides New Caledonia, there's Tahiti (where pro-independence sentiments are also growing) and the isolated backwater of the Wallis and Futuna Islands (chief Wallis export: emigrants, to New Caledonia) where remoteness and a traditional lifestyle are likely to ensure an absence of nationalistic feeling for the immediate future.

Paris fears French influence will become negligible in the Pacific if independence is granted to New Caledonia and Tahiti. However, many observers of the French Pacific say this fear is unjustified — and Paris should realise this. They point to those independent nations of Africa which formerly were French colonies and where French political, economic and military influence is today as pervasive as it was in colonial times; the French created a way of life and a set of attitudes and the coming of independence diluted neither. It is a reality the British envy when they look at their present relationships with parts of their former colonial empire. Even in the

Canadian province of Quebec, long separated from French rule, the cultural affinity with France has remained strong, affecting the political behavior of Quebec's people.

For all this, France is worried.

First, Vanuatu (formerly the New Hebrides and jointly ruled by Britain and France) gained independence in 1980. Then, Tahitian agitation grew and continues to swell. Now, New Caledonia has entered a phase France has seen before in colonies where the indigenous people's political awareness has accelerated rapidly in anticipation of independence. The French are aware that, if they don't deliver, Kanak anger could erupt into a full-blown guerilla struggle. French Socialists, in government, are caught between their emotional commitment to anti-colonialism and the long-standing national reluctance of France to part with its colonies.

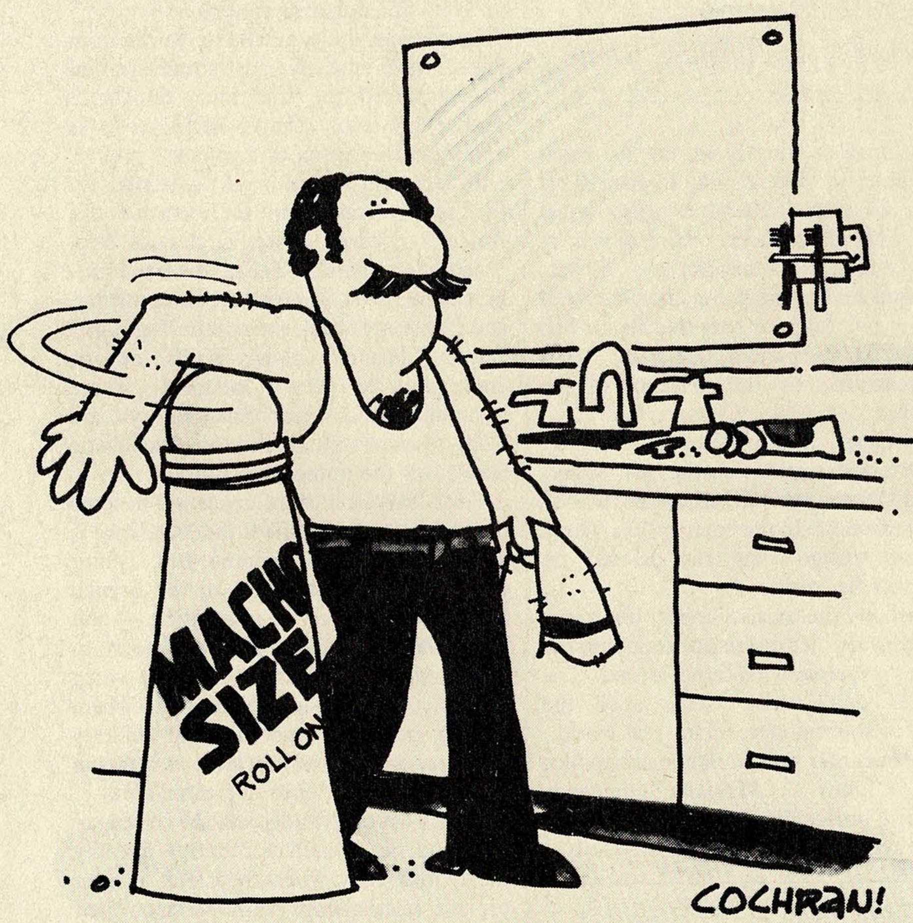
What's more, while a refusal to yield to Kanak demands spells trouble, agreeing to independence could unleash savage white terror from settlers who want to preserve their French colonial status and the privileges that accompany it. Pro-colonial white settlers, in the sidewalk cafes along fashionable Rue Sebastopol, will tell you their views quite bluntly after conversations are steered toward "the situation".

Few of the whites (perhaps five percent) would support the idea of an independent nation under Kanak rule; they would rather hold on to the status quo in the fond belief that the world won't change if you don't want it to. However, the idea of a looser relationship with France, an association in which Kanak power would be much greater but ultimate control would remain in Paris, is growing in popularity among some whites who, recognising that change is inevitable, are calling for "compromise".

The last option — a white UDI, a unilateral declaration of independence by hard-line whites backed by a racist militia, to boot out the French, suppress the Kanaks and maintain white privilege — is not openly talked about but almost everyone in Noumea knows it has its supporters in the police and among French troops based in Noumea. Secret groups exist to promote it. Their strength isn't known. It is their existence that has sparked talk of a mini-Algeria (where French settlers rebelled bloodily — in vain, it turned out — against independence for the indigenous majority) or a Rhodesia-style crisis.

Parallels with Rhodesia or Zimbabwe as it is now, exist. Rhodesia's hard-line racist supporters of self-styled rebel Prime Minister Ian Smith included many post-World War II working-class British immigrants who quickly rose far above what they could achieve back home — and they gladly sent their kids to die to prevent history taking its course.

In the end, they tried to come to terms with majority opinion by finding an "Uncle Tom" in the shape of Bishop Abel Muzorewa, who, because he did their bidding, was installed as a suitable "moderate" to oppose pro-independence leader (now Prime Minister) Robert Mugabe.



In Noumea, too, they are searching for black stooges in the mistaken belief that pro-independence feeling will be satisfied if a few more pliable "moderates" are co-opted to be part of "the system". Working-class whites from France, now superficially elegant in the clothes from Paris they couldn't afford when they lived there, will cling desperately to what they've got: a well-paid life in the sun, in a colony where there's no personal income tax.

The French have created a superb infrastructure: the roads are excellent, the plumbing works, the education and health systems aren't starved for funds. Scientific research is well-endowed. A visiting New Zealand reporter was stunned to find better international telephone and telex facilities in Noumea than in Auckland.

While other Pacific cities, such as Suva, sleep early — except for a few tacky and often somnolent nightclubs — Noumea's nightlife throbs on to 4am. The sidewalk cafe outside the Hotel de Paris never closes, nor does the news-stand alongside which sells the latest magazines from Paris — and Australian PLAYBOY.

While typical Third World nightclubs exist — the Club Woody, for instance, where the owner-cum-bartender plays scratched records for mostly Melanesians and Wallis islanders and the broken, vinyl-covered chairs look less down-at-heel under bare, blue flickering fluorescent light tubes — there's also Parisian sophistication. At the Papa Club, white folks sit on deep couches covered in fake zebra skin. At Etoile 81, moist-lipped women in evening gowns show customers to their seats at the high-priced bar or to clubby armchairs at the edge of the dance floor. The latest French pop and disco is played over a top-quality sound system. (Lyrics of the current Parisian favorite announce, in English: *"Leepsteek for de boy, leepsteek for de girl".)*

The better nightclubs ooze a polish that frightens away the cruder element among the tourists, the kind to whom a club with a locked door and spyhole spells trouble. They conjure up phony images of sky-high prices and heavyweight bouncers so it's back to the hotel for a beer. At least they speak English there.

No matter. The clubs do well enough out of the white colonial *nouveau riche.* So do some of the better restaurants, which are excellent but intimidating to a segment of the foreign visitors.

Few of the tourists venture into the Armada, a bar off the bottom end of Rue Sebastopol which is about as close as Noumea gets to having a gay bar.

The visitor, researching comprehensively for Australian PLAYBOY, stumbled into it — and upon a bar-room queen in boutique military fatigues who claimed to have had affairs with obscure Canadian and Tasmanian (and they look so innocent!) politicians. He had, he added, lived in Surry Hills, Sydney, for a while where he had met some Australian soldiers who were beautiful. The Armada, he explained as military macho men shook their booties with, and for, each other to juke-box music on the tiny green and red lit dance floor, was popular with representatives of the French forces.

"Some parachutist," he revealed, "like to make jiggy-jiggy with other parachutist. Me, I no like parachutist. Is too rough. Is too dirty. Is no gentle. More soldier will come to New Caledonia soon. But they will not be gentle." He stuck the pick-comb he had been fiddling with back into his Melanesian afro and promised to return after visiting the men's room. It was an excellent opportunity to leave.

The Instamatic shutterbug tourists, crowding duty-free stores in the streets near the city square, called the Place des Coctiers, treat as invisible the political undercurrents that surface in slogans on walls around the palm-dotted square — and which even appear on the walls of the police headquarters and a military barracks nearby. "Independence for Kanaks" they urge in French. But the tourists stroll past, not sparing them a glance and quite possibly believing they read "Pierre loves Fifi XXX".

New Caledonia's population totals 140,00 of which 55,000 are the indigenous Melanesians called Kanaks, 50,000 are French whites, 13,000 are immigrant Wallis Islanders (Polynesians) and 15,000 are other immigrant Polynesians. There's a sprinkling of Chinese, Vietnamese, Indonesians, French West Indians and French Africans making up the balance. (Chinese and Vietnamese form the bulk of this category.)

The Polynesians, Asians and other minorities have tended to ally themselves to the whites, believing continued French rule is their only guarantee of not having to move on again in a quest for another adopted homeland. The Melanesians don't therefore, constitute an overall majority. Anti-independence parties control the Territorial Assembly and want the status quo preserved.

But, the Melanesian pro-independence argument runs, Kanak majority status was stolen by France — in the past 10 years, immigration from metropolitan France has been strongly encouraged. The purpose was two-fold: politically, to create a permanently pro-French elected assembly and, economically, to provide skilled workers for the nickel mines (nickel's taken a plunge in value but it made sense in Paris at the time).

So, the Kanaks argue, they have been placed in a situation no other 20th century colonial people have faced: they are no longer a majority in their own country.

The solution, as the Kanaks see it, is to limit voting rights to people who have been in New Caledonia more than 10 years. There have also been suggestions that some method should be used to load Melanesians' votes and so ensure original inhabitants aren't outnumbered.

The Kanaks maintain limiting the vote to 10-year residents won't deprive many people of suffrage for more than a few years, during which a Kanak government could lead the new nation to independence and prove that other ethnic groups have nothing to fear.

Many analysts see white fears as unjustified. They point to neighboring Vanuatu, where the government of Prime Minister Walter Lini now has good relations with France and has allowed some French residents who departed at independence to return to their businesses in the country.

They add that, in Africa, even in the most radical former French colonies — Benin, for instance — the French have been permitted to continue their domination of commerce and to wield considerable behind-the-scenes political influence. French residents of Senegal, Ivory Coast and Gabon have, in fact, grown in numbers since independence.

The solution, as the Kanaks see it, is to limit voting rights to people who have been in New Caledonia for more than 10 years.

But for all this, the French settlers fear New Caledonia will be different, even though Melanesians, by and large, lack the radicalism that has marked African politics.

The bottom line is this: an independent New Caledonia will see life little changed for most whites — but it will ensure dignity and recognition for the Kanaks. The Kanaks will have political power but other groups will still have significant influence.

Five Kanak parties ranging from the conservative to the mildly radical (the latter with apparent access to the most spray paint) are loosely united in the Front Independantiste, the Kanak nationalist alliance which claims the allegiance of 85 percent of Kanaks plus a small number of anti-racist whites, Polynesians and Asians who are also committed to an end to colonialism.

But the whites, and other groups allied to them, remain paranoid: there is talk in Noumea of Cubans training Melanesians in guerilla tactics. All the evidence points to this being arrant nonsense. The Russians are also said to be lurking in the background.

The only outside "interference" has been advice offered by Australian, New Zealand and Fijian trade unions and this is not accepted unquestioningly. Pacific nations such as Vanuatu and Papua New Guinea support Kanak independence but their leaders are on record as opposing all super power activity in the Pacific (they want France to commit itself to ending nuclear tests in the region, too, and this has clouded otherwise fairly good relations with Paris).

New Zeland's position, as on South African sports links, has been limp; Prime Minister Robert Muldoon has declared lack of knowledge of any significant pro-independence mood in New Caledonia.

Australia, on the other hand, takes a different stance, consistent with Canberra's support for self-determination for colonial peoples (a policy which led to strong backing for Zimbabwean independence). Australia's position was made clear by Foreign Minister Tony Street, who has called for independence for France's Pacific territories, a call repeated in the Senate by Senator Margaret Guilfoyle in October.

Australia's policy on colonial issues, over which there is no major disagreement between political parties, is one which has earned the country considerable respect and friendship in the Third World. Australia, evidently, does not share the French settlers' Reds-under-the-bed phobia.

At the Club Med, Noumea doesn't appear to be a centre of intrigue. It's just another resort with people trying frantically to have as good a time as the couples in the television commercials have. But, away from the tourists, the fear of loss of privilege is easy to find. The underground white extremist groups continue to blossom and some say they'll take the lead in any organised white violence.

In fact, white violence, on an organised basis, may already have begun. A prominent white supporter of the Kanak independence movement, Pierre Declercq, was seated at his desk in the study of his Noumea home on the night of last September 19 when an assassin poked a gun through the window and shot him dead.

Declercq, an ex-priest, was secretary-general of the Union Caledonienne, a political party belonging to the Front Independantiste, and an opposition member of the Territorial Assembly. It has yet to become clear whether his death was an episode of white terror, though the Melanesians are starting to wonder whether their leaders, and pro-Kanak whites, will be picked off by racist gunmen.

So great is the settlers' lack of trust of the French government that some government officials in Noumea demonstrate their contempt by not hanging the customary, picture of Mitterand in their office. Instead, pictures of the former president remain. As one official put it: "Giscard is our man."

The settlers are looking for ways to satisfy Kanak aspirations while, in practical

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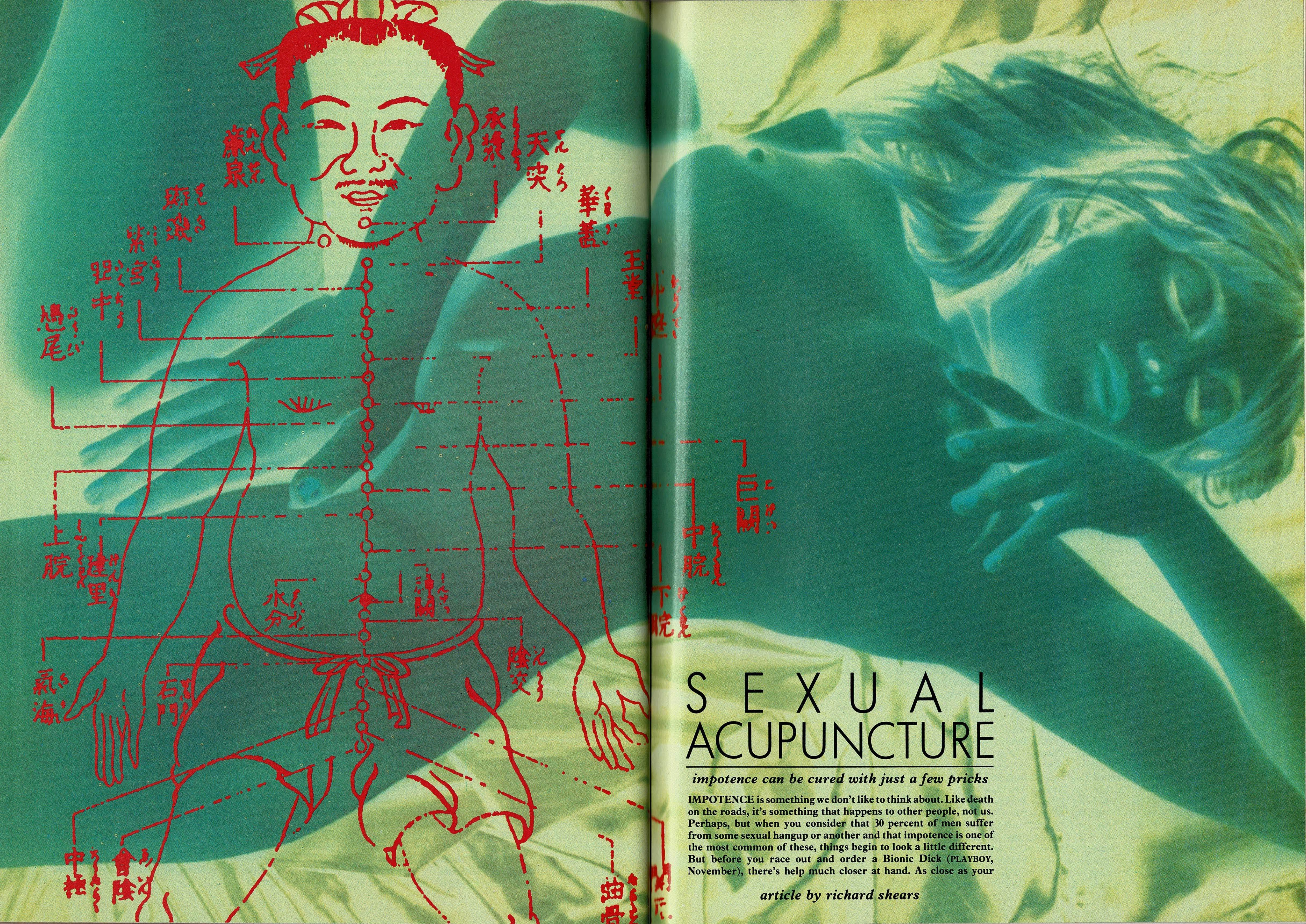
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建里
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水分
神闕
陰交
氣海
石門
中極
會陰
關元
曲骨

SEXUAL ACUPUNCTURE

impotence can be cured with just a few pricks

IMPOTENCE is something we don't like to think about. Like death on the roads, it's something that happens to other people, not us. Perhaps, but when you consider that 30 percent of men suffer from some sexual hangup or another and that impotence is one of the most common of these, things begin to look a little different. But before you race out and order a Bionic Dick (PLAYBOY, November), there's help much closer at hand. As close as your

article by richard shears

nearest acupuncturist. Impotence, unless it's caused by some physical malfunction, is a problem rooted, so to speak, in the mind. Like a car, the human system can find itself in need of tuning. And acupuncture is the science of keeping the nervous system in tune.

Dr Val Stephen, one of the foremost authorities on acupuncture in Australia, says that if the problem is emotional — and in most cases it is — acupuncture can be as effective as an aphrodisiac.

"Often the trouble can be cured with just a few needle pricks," he says. "Couples' lives can be dramatically changed. It doesn't hurt, it doesn't take long and men and women have one hell of a lot of fun finding out how much better they're getting with the treatment."

Once the acupuncture process is over, and this must be carried out by a reputable doctor who has undergone a course recognised or conducted by the Australian Medical Acupuncture Society, the "patients" can achieve added pleasure by acupressure — working on each other's acupuncture points with finger pressure and massage.

This is a stimulating exercise and can be used as erotic foreplay.

Acupuncture is often used in conjunction with sexual counselling, and it won't break the bank, either.

GPs who are qualified acupuncturists charge only a few dollars more for the specialised treatment.

There are more than 500 qualified medical acupuncturists throughout this country ready to bring renewed pleasure within the reach of thousands who thought they had lost it forever.

How does it work, and why?

The Chinese, who developed acupuncture, once believed that the energy of life, Qi (pronounced "chee"), flowed through the body in a series of channels known as meridians. Energy, they thought, passed through the meridians in the same way as veins and arteries carried blood and the uninterrupted flow of Qi kept us alive and well, just as much as the passage of blood through the veins. If the Qi was obstructed in a meridian the result was a breakdown of health or lack of function in an organ linked with that meridian. Modern Chinese and Western doctors now accept that what their ancient forerunners knew as channels, are nerves. The basic theory is still the same however: work on a nerve in one part of the body and you affect another area.

So if we take the case of a man suffering from secondary impotence — that is, he was once able to get an erection but now cannot — we will find the nerve reaction system, the Qi, to his genital region has been impeded.

The majority of impotence cases reveal that this interruption has been caused by anxiety, which is formed in the mind. The treatment, then, is not to stick needles in his genitals but to work on a meridian, or nerve, that brings about peace of mind.

Result: a male patient who wants treatment for impotence finds himself sitting in a comfortable room with needles in his wrists.

Dr Stephen explains: "The acupuncture points are nerve endings and when we insert needles, impulses are sent to the brain and on to the diseased or non-functioning part of the body. When I put needles in the wrist during treatment for impotence brought about by anxiety I am, in fact, activating an impulse to the heart. In Chinese philosophy the heart is the centre of emotions and that is where I must start.

"Inserting needles in the wrist is a tranquilising treatment and brings about a profound relaxation.

"Basically, it's the removal of a nervous tension by a mechanical method because acupuncture is a purely physical phenomena, although it can sometimes bring about euphoric effects."

The three most common causes of sexual frustration in Australia are frigidity, premature ejaculation and impotence.

President of the Australian Medical Acupuncture Society, adds: "When people are tense, and most of us are tense, the brain registers us as normal. This is because the brain has adjusted itself to the everyday tension that we are all subjected to. If we subtract that tension with acupuncture, leaving the 'normal' person behind, it creates a dramatic sensation within 10 or 20 seconds. It is a glorious, beautiful sensation, a floating, wafty feeling, as if you were high. This settles down within a minute and you are then beautifully relaxed for the next few days and perhaps for as long as a week. This reduces anxiety by a great degree and often does the trick in cases of impotence and premature ejaculation.

The three most common causes of sexual frustration in Australia are impotence, premature ejaculation and frigidity, and in the majority of cases it's the male who is entirely at fault — because he simply doesn't know how to perform! In the case of impotence, the male is so concerned about his expected performance that his anxiety swamps out the impulses that make his machinery work. The harder he tries mentally to hoist the jig the more his sexual capacity is lowered.

One of the commonest cases, according to Dr Stephen, is the man who performs well with his wife but who cannot do anything with his secretary, especially if she's a raving beauty. The would-be seducer feels that because he has got her into bed, to the envy of all the other guys in the office, he *has* to make the earth move. He becomes so anxious to put on a good performance that he turns out to be a flop. On the other hand he may be feeling guilty. That, too, will keep the fire dampened. In simple terms, somewhere between the head and the heart the Qi has met a barrier and it cannot get through to the working parts.

The reasons are much the same for the premature ejaculators. "Premature", of course, is in relation to the female partner's feelings. If the bell rings for her as fast as for him, there's nothing to worry about. His condition has been brought about by either his enthusiasm or his anxiety to put up a good show. Like the impotent, the cause of the trouble is in the head, not between the legs.

In the case of frigidity, it is again the male who is often at fault. Frigidity, in fact, is the female equivalent of impotence, except that it has two forms. The woman either shows no sexual response at any time during intercourse; or if she does show a response and becomes excited during the sex act she does not reach a climax.

"The biggest single cause of women failing to orgasm," says Dr Stephen, "is an impatient sex partner. Sometimes a woman misunderstands her own body functions and says that once in five or six times she doesn't orgasm. That's nothing to worry about because that is a perfectly normal thing. There is something wrong if it never works for her and here it is often found the problem lies in the male partner."

How, then, can these three frustrated groups be helped by acupuncture.

First, couples must work on the problem together. Dr Stephen believes the quickest way to a cure is to get the male and female partners talking about their trouble. Quite often, he says, they just don't understand sex because nobody has taught them how it works and they fumble their way along. In the case of impotence, if the female is told in the presence of the man that she should not make demands or expect an earth-moving experience, the male partner is immediately put at ease because he now knows a Superman effort is not expected of him.

Following on from this initial, informal chat, the couple is introduced to a technique developed by the American sex specialists, Masters and Johnson, in which they are put into an environment of sexual play but where intercourse, even when the male succeeds in getting an erection, is at first forbidden. After several days of "sexual pleasuring" in the privacy of their bedroom, the female sits above the male and, with intercourse still banned, he learns to keep his erection. He knows he is not expected to perform so he has no anxiety. He just lies back and enjoys his feeling of well-being. After 10 days of occasional pleasure, he is allowed to make his move.

If this initial therapy does not work, the man's anxiety is treated with acupuncture. Needles are placed in his wrists and he is taught to relax by using a yoga technique. Dr Stephen gives his impotent patients a nine-minute tape which helps to bring about peace of mind. If this counselling and tranquilising treatment fails, the doctor moves on to further acupuncture which stimulates the sex organs.

Needles are placed in the liver point on the foot (the Chinese call this point "taichung", meaning "great flush"); the spleen point on the inside of the lower leg ("sanyinchiao", meaning the crossing point of three meridians); a series of points on the "conception vessel" meridian, which are all just above the pubis; and the "governing vessel" meridian, which runs from the head down the back.

Dr Stephen does most of his work with stainless steel needles, measuring 25mm. They are very fine, just a little thicker than a human hair, and there is far less pain than for an injection. They will be left in place for perhaps two or three minutes and on a few occasions there may be just a very faint bruising of the skin.

A report by Dr M. I. Sergeev in the American Journal of Acupuncture gives us an indication of the treatment's success. A study was made of 56 patients aged from 20 to 45 who were suffering from neurasthenia, (mental and physical fatigue), which had resulted in impotence. Some of the men had had the problem for one year, others for up to five years. They were given acupuncture treatment over a period of 10 to 12 sessions and 37 of the 56 showed a significant improvement.

Dr Sergeev adds: "The patients had the opportunity to overcome fear and anxiety, to react adequately to the sexual act; they became calmer, more confident in the successful outcome of the forthcoming intimacy. They noticed also a general sedative effect of the treatment, as evidenced by a normalisation of sleep, an improvement of mood and a feeling of cheerfulness.

"A follow-up check one or two years later showed a persistence of the effect. The patients lived a regular sex life (2-3 acts per week) with good and prolonged erection, they did not complain about the sexual function, and considered themselves completely healthy people.

"Twelve of the patients noticed approximately the same results, but less activity (1-2 acts per week) and only seven patients showed no improvement, which was explained by the duration of the illness (five years and longer), by the excessive use of alcohol, or by the irregularity of the treatment. On the basis of the above data, we consider acupuncture an effective method of treatment in functional impotence."

Men suffering from premature ejaculation are also treated at the points that stimulate the sex organs. This might suggest that the problem would be intensified, but that is not the case. The purpose of acupuncture is to "normalise" the organs that are not working as they should. In other words, it balances out those that are working below par and above par.

It is more than likely that the PE patient will undergo additional treatment and here his partner has a vital role to play. They are introduced to a technique, again developed by Masters and Johnson, in which the lady uses the "squeeze" therapy on her partner.

Dr Stephen explains: "When the man feels it coming on he tells the lady and she catches hold of him and applies pressure just around the rim. This causes partial loss of erection and inhibition of ejaculation. It takes a bit of practice to get it right, but once the lady has learned what to do it helps a great deal. The couple keep repeating this. We try to get them — and it's all in the privacy of their own bedroom of course — to last 10 minutes, a quarter of an hour, and the man is still forbidden to ejaculate. Accidents do happen, of course, but often it is excellent therapy. They keep reporting back to me on how they are doing and finally they reach the stage where the man is able to exert his own self control because his anxiety has been lowered by the assistance of his partner and, if it has been necessary, the tranquilising effect of acupuncture."

"I'm afraid that the Australian lover is lacking an awful lot of knowledge. Very few have much understanding of a woman's sexuality."

As for frigidity, in a paper he has prepared for GPs taking an acupuncture course conducted by the Australian Medical Acupuncture Society, Dr Stephen notes: "The biggest proportion of female orgasmic deficiency is due to impatient and inconsiderate husbands. . . Remember to instruct the husbands or other partners that female sexual stimulation must be very, very gentle. The gentler, the more potent the effect is. The clitoris is a very sensitive organ and is easily hurt. There is nothing more deflating to the lidibo than pain."

The doctor asks his female patients whether they can bring on an orgasm themselves and, if so, he assures them they are not frigid. If they cannot, even with a vibrator, he then begins treating the anxiety element, inserting the needles in exactly the same spots as on a man for both tranquilising and stimulating.

Much of his counselling when couples come to him and the lady is pointed out as the guilty partner is, in fact, directed at the man, whether he is husband, fiance or friend.

"I'm afraid that the Australian lover is lacking an awful lot of knowledge," says the doctor. "Very few have much understanding of a woman's sexuality. So often I have to explain that the function of the male is to get the lady to the point of orgasm. Once there, she has the ability to hold an orgasm so that she is balancing on a razor's edge. Then, when the man is ready to let go it works simultaneously for them. I firmly believe these are the things that should be taught to young people because they are all growing up to be pretty poor lovers."

But is a visit to the acupuncturist or sexual therapist really necessary for couples whose sex lives are in trouble? Can they work on the problem themselves? Obviously, they should not attempt to stick needles into each other, but they may be able to come some way towards happiness by acupressure.

Though some authorities including Dr Stephen do not rate the technique very highly, Americans Frank Z. Warren and Walter Ian Fischman, the authors of a new book entitled *Sexual Acupuncture and Acupressure,* say that acupressure "is at all times corrective, strengthening, therapeutic."

They add: "In the case of sexual acupressure it also is great fun and very stimulating, because the love partners can do it to each other. Exploring and locating the points to be stimulated is in itself a pleasing form of love play. Proceeding from there to the actual stimulation, and then on to the act itself is what life is all about, sexually speaking."

All the experts agree that if a couple have the ability to be sexually aroused, searching out the acupressure points on one another can be stimulating.

Warren and Fischman suggest that before this step is taken the couple should take a slow, languorous, balmy bath and some stroking can start on the perineal area, the small region between the anus and the genitals. After drying each other, a mildly fragrant perfume should be applied to each other's body, particularly around the genital area, the perineal region and the lower back and thighs. The purpose of this is to stimulate the skin and arouse the nerve endings. Next, the couple should pat each other with talcum powder and then they should hop into bed. Caressing hands now reach out for the acupressure areas and sensuous stroking begins. That is how the Americans see it.

If you intend to seek acupuncture treatment you must ensure your doctor is medically qualified. The State president of the Australian Medical Acupuncture Society in your area will be happy to advise you on where to go for treatment.

SYLVIA,

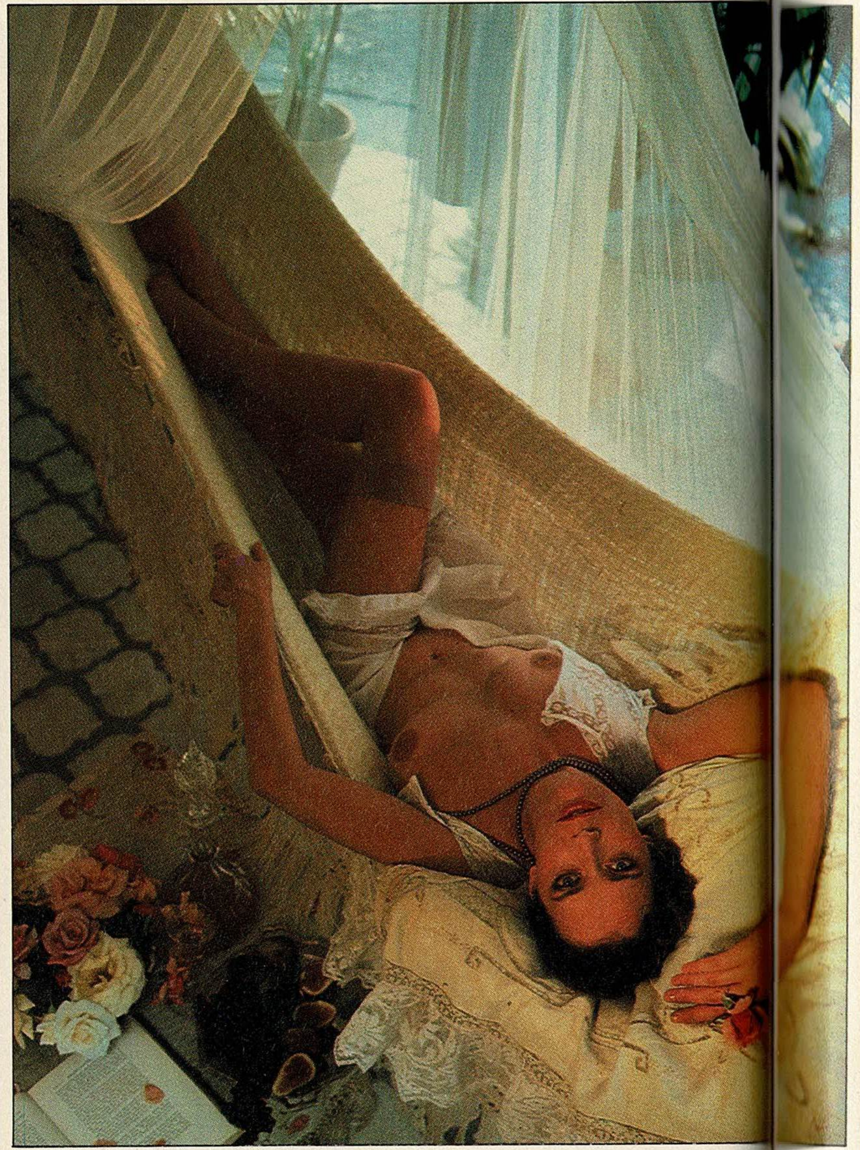
THEY met during a holiday in the Maldive Islands — dark blonde Sylvia Kaiser from Heidelberg and light blonde Sylvia Durant from Paris. They were sharing a sun-drenched beach when someone called "Sylvia", and both girls answered.

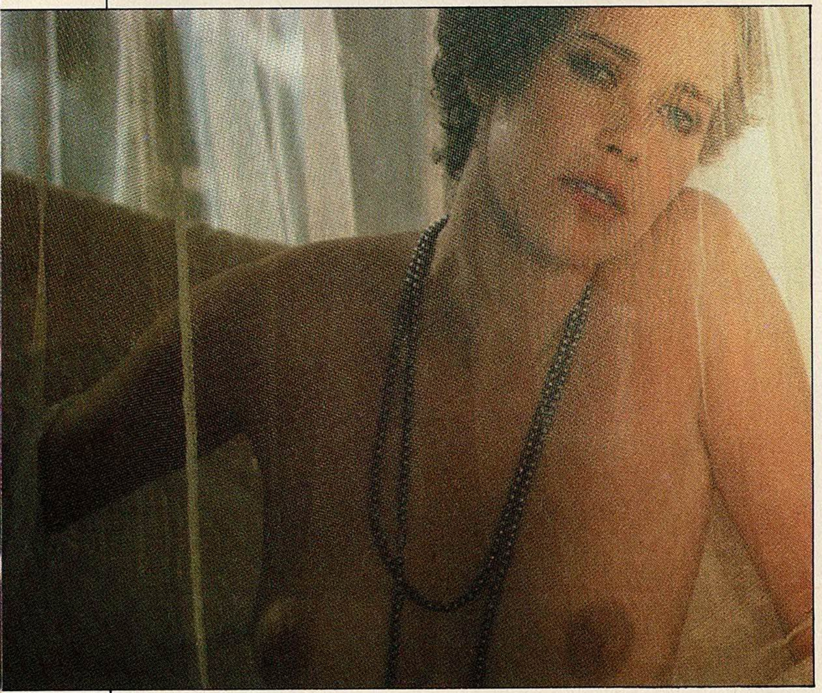
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ERIC KLEMM

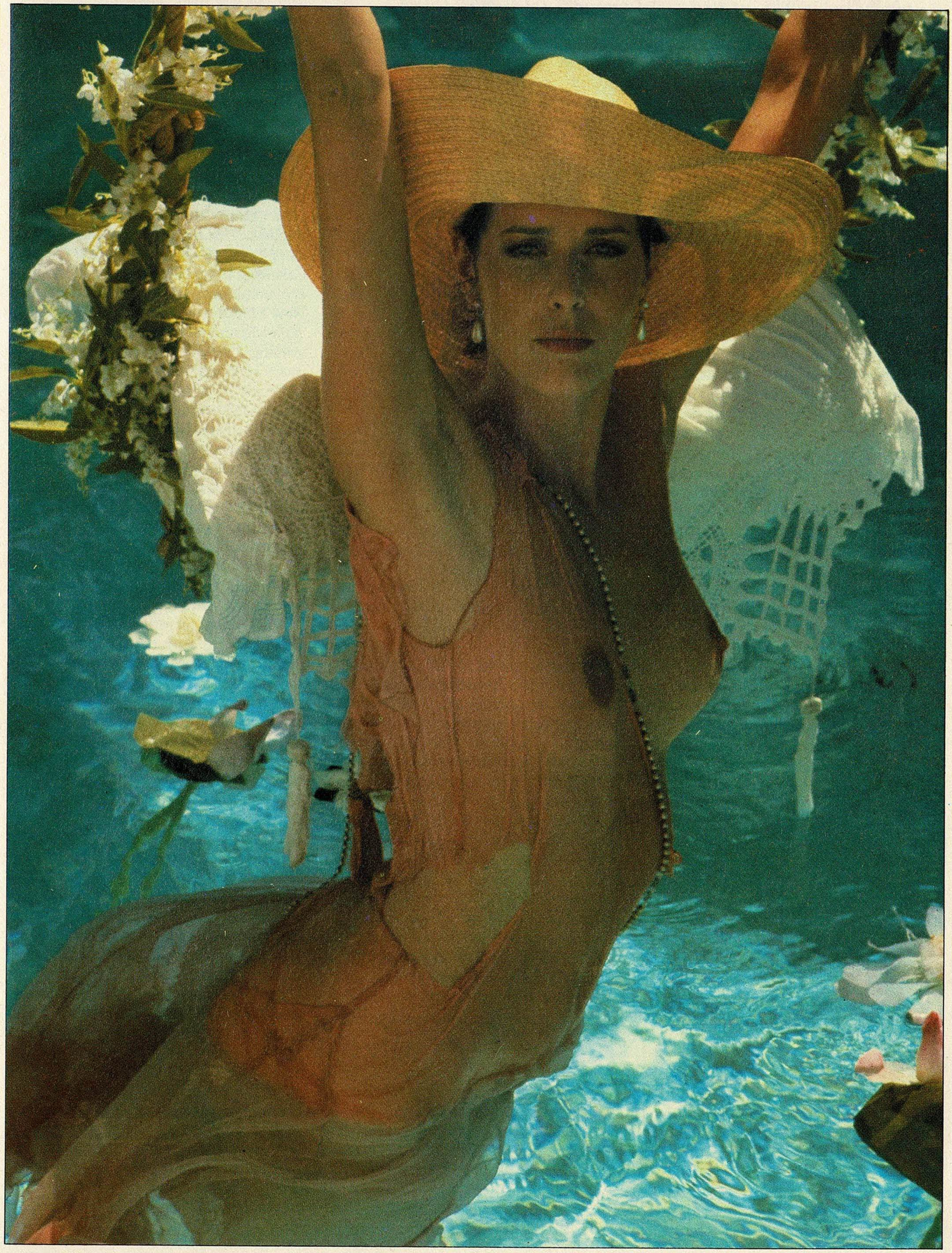
And that was just the start of the confusion. Sylvia Durant can't speak German and Sylvia Kaiser knows only a few words of French, but after a lot of sign language and laughter they became friends. We found them frolicking by the sea and proving that language is no barrier to friendship.

SYLVIA,

SYLVIA KRISTEL







Sylvia Kristel made her sensational film debut in 1974 as the sensual Emmanuelle *— and became an instant international star. Now the Dutch-born actress stars as Lady Constance Chatterley in the film version of D.H. Lawrence's* Lady Chatterley's Lover. *The film is directed by Just Jaeckin, the man who plucked Sylvia from the stage where she won the Miss TV Europe contest and starred her in* Emmanuelle. *He also took these photographs.*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JUST JAECKIN

TRICOLOR'S LAST FLUTTER IN THE PACIFIC?

(continued from page 117)

The settlers are looking for ways to satisfy Kanak aspirations while, in practical terms, yielding nothing.

terms, yielding nothing. Few observers see any chance of success in this approach.

For France, refusing to agree to the Kanaks' independence demands will probably mean having to fight against hit-and-run Melanesian guerillas. Agreeing to independence, on the other hand, could well lead to white violence. The choice for Paris is not easy. Each alternative risks short-term violence but most Pacific analysts agree the only long-term solution is the option favored by Australia: Kanak independence.

France will have to foot the bill. It will probably mean meeting the cost of repatriating the settlers who want to return to France and contributing hand-outs to make such returns attractive to them. In addition, a strong French military presence will be required on New Caledonia to protect a Kanak-controlled administration from any possible white backlash (it's possible, however, that threatened violent action won't eventuate).

Immediately after Declercq's death, Melanesian gangs rampaged through Noumea. Roadblocks were set up on main roads at which white settlers said they were threatened. Actual violence was minimal, however. The French government, in Paris, appealed for calm and called the outbursts "righteous anger". Melanesian opinion, still hopeful about Mitterand's unannounced plans to New Caledonia, was mollified. For the moment, violence subsided. But in November, Melanesians took to the streets again, smashing the windows of expensive boutiques on Rue Sebastopol, Rue de l'Alma and other streets where the "haves" shop and the "have nots" window-shop. There was some looting. A small bomb exploded at the Cross of Lorraine, a monument on a hill above Noumea which is seen as a symbol of French rule.

Ninety Melanesians were arrested and 15 subsequently jailed. The riots were widely seen as a sign of Melanesian impatience with France — particularly with inactivity from Paris offer indications that things would improve.

Again there was a reassuring response from France, leading some Melanesians to question whether Paris has a policy at all or whether it hopes to shut up the Kanaks with suggestions that it is considering reforms. This time it was the turn of Henri Emmanuelli, Minister for Overseas Territories, who affirmed: "We must make a political response to the Melanesian problem. It is not only economic and social reforms that will bring a solution to this problem." President Mitterand called a special meeting of Ministers to discuss New Caledonia. Activity at last — or more hot air?

Also in November, 25,000 people, mostly French, with a sprinkling of other races, marched through Noumea calling for an end to violence and tension — and, more significantly, for a retention of French rule. The Caledonian Fraternity Association, sponsor of the march, presented a petition to French High Commissioner Claude Charbonniaud, demanding that French rule be maintained. The action was seen as a reminder to Paris that agreeing to Kanak demands will spark white fury.

The white settlers have loyal allies in the Polynesians who have escaped poverty in the South Pacific's most prosperous territory (excluding New Zealand) and in jittery Asians who want stability above all.

The owner of Noumea's Tan Viet Restaurant surveyed his empty eatery sadly as he sat down to talk to his only customer, a visitor from Australian PLAYBOY.

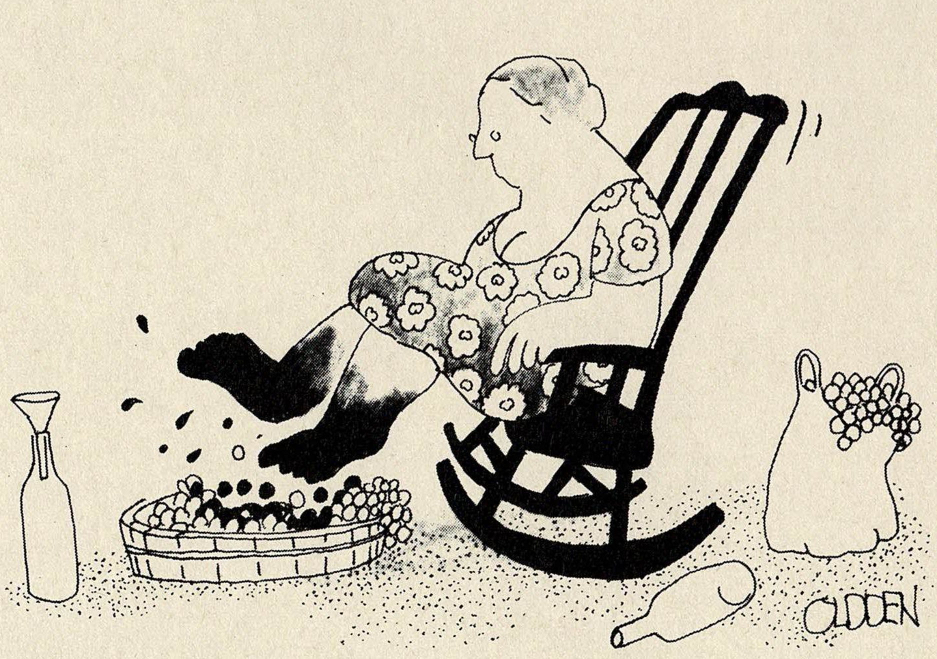
"I leave Vietnam for Bangkok, pay plenty money to communist to leave," he recalled. "Then I get to Paris and look at map, tell French I like to go to New Caledonia because it is far, far away from communist and also it is part of France. Now France is socialist which is one step from communist and black people here wanting independence. When small country getting independence, communist will come. Whole life I spend trying to get away from communist. Now communist follow me here. Now I like to fight."

He poured a complimentary, sweet alcoholic drink. The part of the label that was unobscured by his hand said "Made in China". He didn't comment on it. Perhaps he didn't regard communist China, so antagonistic to Vietnamese communism, as the enemy. In his new home, he's a firm ally of French colonialism — of the sort the Vietnamese ousted a long time ago.

What hope for an independent New Caledonia? In Pacific terms it would be well off. The world's number two nickel producer, with 30 per cent of the world's known reserves (admittedly, nickel's fallen, for the present, on hard times), there's also a well-developed tourist industry depending mostly on Australia and New Zealand but becoming increasingly diversified. UTA and Qantas jumbos are usually full and Thai International flies in from Bangkok bringing Thai and Japanese tourists. Those French who stayed after independence would continue to have a key role in commerce. The Kanaks have avoided involving tourists in the troubles — they don't want to frighten away a source of income for a future independent nation.

Melanesians have shown no sign of anti-white racism in their campaign, but few who look at the colony carefully can fail to see the small numbers of Kanaks in the professions and in higher education. The Kanaks feel this situation can best be rectified through independence.

However, before the inevitable lowering of the tricolor, Australians are likely to become much more familiar with New Caledonia, a growing trouble-spot in our region.



ATHENA STARWOMAN'S ASTROSCOPE

WATCH OUT! There's a crazy Aquarius/Leo full moon on February 8. It will influence all our lives from February 6-9. This is certain to be a "weird" one. The full moon's energy will be played out in unusual and selfish ways. Aquarius (the unusual and eccentric) combined with Leo (the ego) add up to all kinds of drama. This full moon's bizarre sexual energy will have quite a few people up to sexual hijinks in their own weird and wonderful way (of the hanging from the chandelier variety). Those most likely to slip a disc are Aquarians, Leos, Scorpios and Taureans.

New Moon time falls on February 24. The three days leading up to the 24th will be draining and especially testing for Pisces, Virgos, Sagittarians and Geminis. Emotional issues could cause chaos and many relationships will be under strain this month.

MR ARIES

The month ahead isn't going to be all that easy. The Arian theme for the month is "patience and perseverance", one commodity that is few and far between when Aries people are around. Waiting for someone else is likely to have you jumping up and down in the one spot. You'll be accummulating quite a lot of frustration so this could be the perfect time to get into extra sporting pastimes. The woman, or women, in your life, are likely to be out of reach, but patience and perseverance, when applied, will see you coming out right on top. . . where you belong.

MS ARIES

She'll keep you, and everyone else around her, on your toes with her extremes in what she desires, and when she desires it. She'll be constantly complaining and won't be the easiest lady on the planet to keep smiling. You may have to count to 10 occasionally if she's the kind of company you want to keep.

MR TAURUS

For the month ahead your theme song is likely to be "Hey Big Spender!" With a dollar in your pocket, beautiful company, and a reckless attitude, you are going to rip-and-tear through the nightspots (and your cheque account) with dedicated gay abandon. Your quest is more for a "good time" than something lasting. By the end of the month you'll be a trifle drained, poorer than ever, maybe even a little disillusioned, but one thing is for certain, you will have had one hell of a good time.

MS TAURUS

She'll be putting her love life on "hold" this month and work will be her "great escape" from emotional turmoil. Where her sex life hasn't been shaping up, she is likely to be shipping right out of it.

MR GEMINI

It's red light all the way this month where your sex life is concerned. Every time you think you are moving into something promising. . . zap. . . fate will pick you up and whip you off in another direction. You could spend a lot of your spare time hunting high and low for some other means of excitement. One thing will be hard to accept — those around you will be having a bonanza in the bedroom department. A good month to catch up on some early nights.

MS GEMINI

She'll be cruising along merrily this month, when a big (and I mean BIG) expense will come out of nowhere, and leave her feeling lower than the basic wage. As she'll need a little assistance, the right man in her life could certainly do a lot towards cheering her up.

MR CANCER

You'll need an abundance of soft, tender loving this month. Not simply because you'll be hornier than usual, but your emotions will be wound up so tightly. Your healthiest safety valve is kicking up your heels, and turning back the sheets. One-to-one close encounters, of the most sensitive kind, will do much more for your mind, body and ego than six weeks at a health resort.

This is the sort of month when, with the right partner, you could experience paradise on earth.

MS CANCER

She'll be suffering from the "Lone Ranger blues". She feels like nobody loves her and needs all the confidence boosting she can get.

Where you don't want her to wallow in self-pity, a kiss, cuddle or a thoughtful present could be just what the doctor ordered.

MR LEO

Lately the universe has been putting many aspects of your life to the test. But this month sees you approaching the turning-point.

Good news is heading in your direction, but you might have to wait a little bit longer before it reaches your ears.

Once your own life is starting to swing in the right direction, your love life is going to undergo a transformation for the better as well. Things are getting better.

MS LEO

Her whole intention this month is to sock something away in her piggybank (or glory box) for her future hopes and dreams. She's in the middle of planning her life and she's approaching it like a military campaign. Where you are the man in her life, it won't be long before she informs you how *you* are going to fit into her schemes, plans and dreams.

MR VIRGO

You'll be playing "supersleuth" this month, running around trying to establish who did what to whom, for how long, and why they were doing it anyway. The crux of your month is that you are going to think you are missing out on something, and if you are, then who is getting it? If this sounds rather like a riddle then have a good think about it.

The month ahead is certainly going to give you plenty of other things to puzzle over, so be prepared.

MS VIRGO

Reality will catch up with her this month, giving her plenty of things to start moving on. It is her time to make and take the "big let-go" removing all unnecessary bits and pieces from her life.

If you happen to be one of the things she's finished with, don't expect to see much of her.

MR LIBRA

"No rest for the wicked" is your theme for the month ahead. Fate will come sweeping into your life and carry you off into the most unusual kinds of sexual situations. Half the fun of being a Libran is the temptation it brings your way and your inability to say "yes" or "no".

You must do it anyway, and worry about the consequences afterwards. (What's new, you may well ask!)

MS LIBRA

She'll be feeling doubts and disillusionment as she becomes lost in love. She has an underlying feeling that she could be getting into something a little more difficult than she bargained for. If you are the one she's worrying about, it could be a good time to ease off for a while.

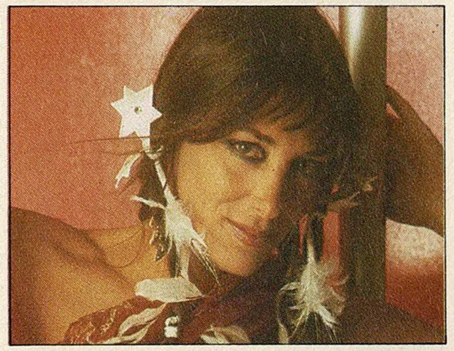
MR SCORPIO

This is a "go for it" month for you. With Jupiter in your sign (the planet of success and expansion) you can certainly aim for the stars.

You are going to get what you expect out of this month, so if you don't expect much, that's exactly what you'll end up getting. You'll probably wear yourself out overdoing some of the finer things in life like screwing, boozing, eating and gambling, but that's pretty normal behavior for Scorpios anyway, (although sometimes it happens more between their ears than in reality).

MS SCORPIO

She's anxious to take a big gamble this month and wants to take a risk. This could mean she is going to jump in a fast car, train, bus, plane or rickshaw and head for somewhere different. She's looking for action, and being a Scorpio that is exactly what she'll end up finding, even if she has to create it all by herself.



MR SAGITTARIUS

Who would have believed it? This month sees Mr Sagittarius actually being given the "runaround". I wonder how you'll enjoy being on the receiving, instead of the giving, end of this kind of situation? It's your turn to discover the greener shades of your own jealousy.

With your usual Sagittarian happy-go-lucky, gay-blade, devil-may-care attitude, it shouldn't take too long before you're bouncing right up again, however, having decided that green isn't your favorite color at all.

MS SAGITTARIUS

She's going to be riding a little too high and definitely way too fast this month and could be heading for quite a fall. Where she doesn't tread warily and deal with her lovelife constructively, she will find herself all alone, whistling Dixie.

MR CAPRICORN

Lucky you! You have Venus radiating sunshine down on you all this month, giving you every chance of having love showered on you from all directions. Naturally Venus does tend to shower love in all kinds of shapes and sizes, and even the dog down the street is likely to find you irresistible and be hanging around for a pat on the head. If you've been awaiting a chance to love 'em, leave 'em, then love 'em again, this is the month to fulfil your fantasy.

MS CAPRICORN

She is playing the game right down the middle this month. She's all woman and all business and is out to prove the merging business with pleasure certainly can save you a lot of time and energy. Where you are anxious to enjoy her feminine company, you may need to make her an offer she can't refuse.

MR AQUARIUS

A busy month ahead. You'll be on the prowl with travel and communication the high-spots of your zodiac planetary influences. If you are committed to stay in one place with one woman, you could find yourself disillusioned and listless.

However, where you are free to be a merry wanderer, exploring greener pastures and assorted bedfellows, you'll have a "10" of a month.

MS AQUARIUS

You'll need to be fleet of foot to catch up with Ms Aquarius in the month ahead. She's on the move and anyone or anything that slows her pace, will be left far behind. Special cosmic energies are giving her a boost at the moment, so unless you're on the same wavelength, you could be left in the lurch.

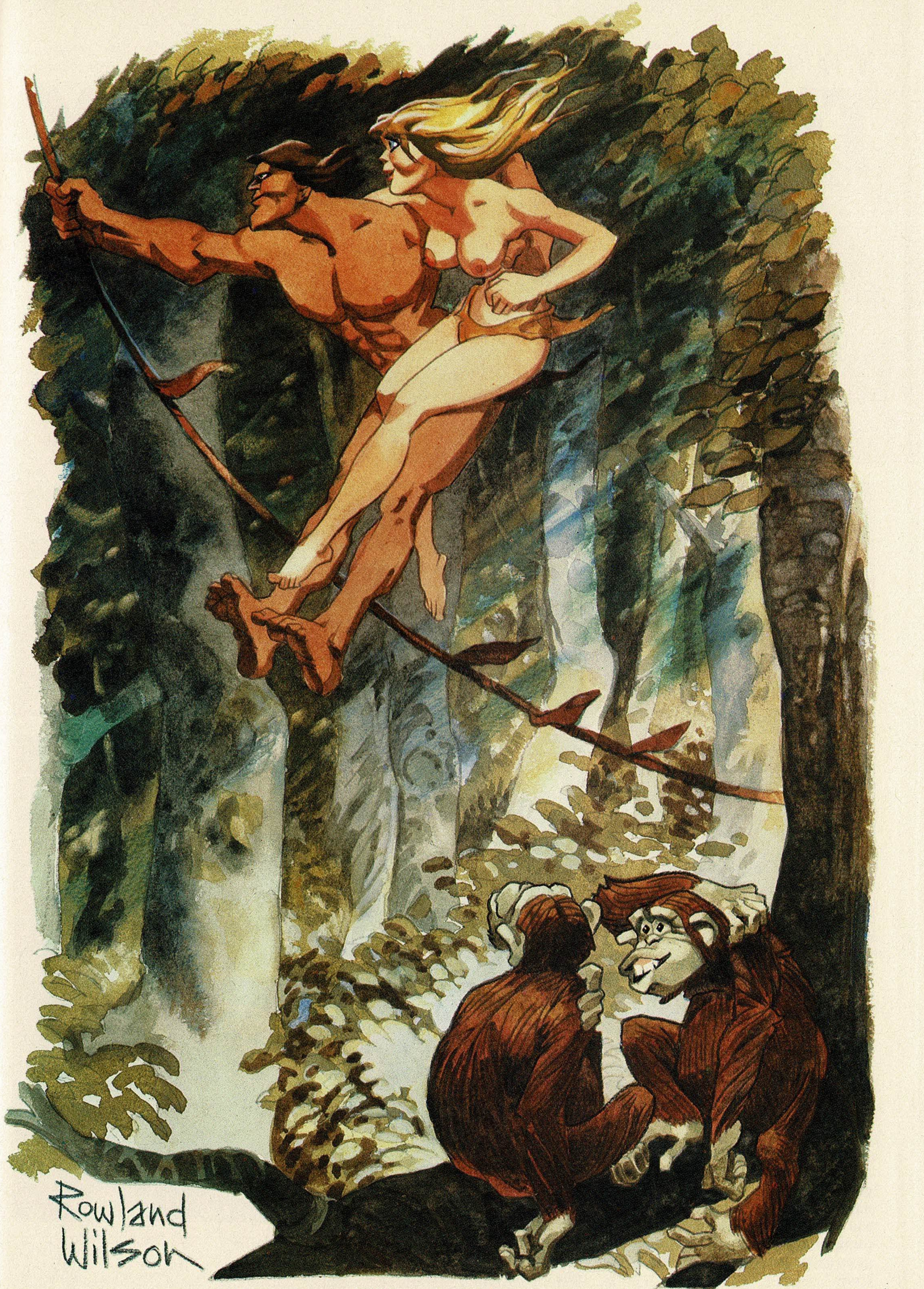
MR PISCES

You're about to go on a sentimental journey over the month ahead and be revisiting some old bedroom watering holes. Old flames will be resurrected into your life and there could be some tearful reunions. In true Pisces style you'll break a few careless hearts on your merry way, but as usual you should come out of the entire affair none the worse for wear (apart from maybe on the karmic level).

MS PISCES

She'll be in great shape this month and could be in an enviable position where she can pick and choose from a variety of ardent suitors.

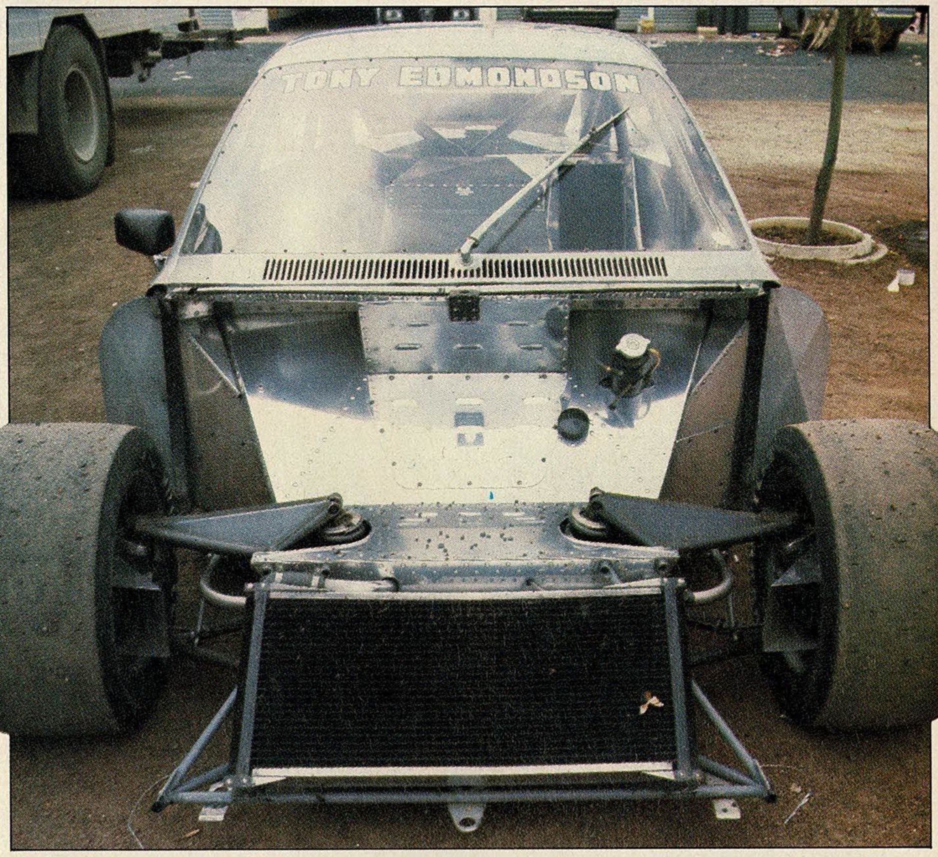
Where she is smart she'll have them all at her beck and call and not single one individual out. However, this is certain to be wishful thinking. Pisces women always fall in love and when they do, they go down like a ton of bricks.



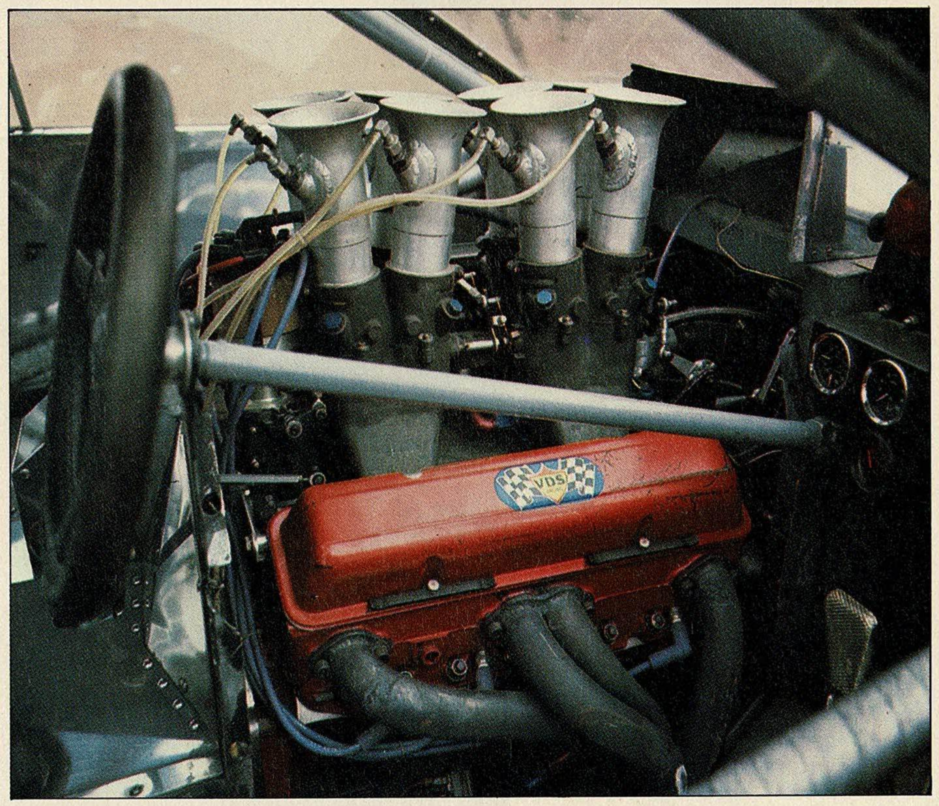
"He's not only a wonderful human being, he's a great ape as well."

lift up this alfetta's skirts and you'll find. . .

THAT'S NO LADY!



The how and why of flying fast and low — Rob Luck takes the wheel of Australia's fastest sports sedan.


PHOTOGRAPHY BY IAN SMITH

Top: Okay, so who stole the engine? Massive V8 powerplant is shifted back into the cockpit to maintain Alfetta's perfect 50/50 weight balance. Above: Driver has to share 300km/h cubbyhole with 500bhp raging monster. If it "air-conditions" itself, he is protected by clutchplate scattershield and steel plates.

ALFA ROMEOS are supposed to nip nimbly and quietly about with short, sharp darting movements, like skates on a pond.

Alfa Romeos are not supposed to bellow down straights like demented dinosaurs, lurch crookedly across corners at diabolical angles and speeds, and snarl angrily out of flared nostrils at everything that comes near.

This is the story of an Alfa Romeo that is more like a thundering dinosaur than a skittering skate. It is no ordinary Alfa, any fool can see that. Ordinary Alfas dance about with skirts delicately uplifted, poetry in motion. This Alfa has its skirts dumped ungracefully on the ground, legs spread wide for business. No sir, it is no ordinary Alfa.

But it never struck me just how unordinary it was until I saw it hunting around Amaroo Race circuit at seemingly suicidal speed.

My lady, perched alongside on one of Amaroo's mountain-goat rock tower lookouts, pointed matter-of-factly at the dinosaur angrily attacking the back straight and said in her husky, Finnish way: "That car there, yes, I like it, it has a nice voice. It gives to me goose bumps when I hear it speak."

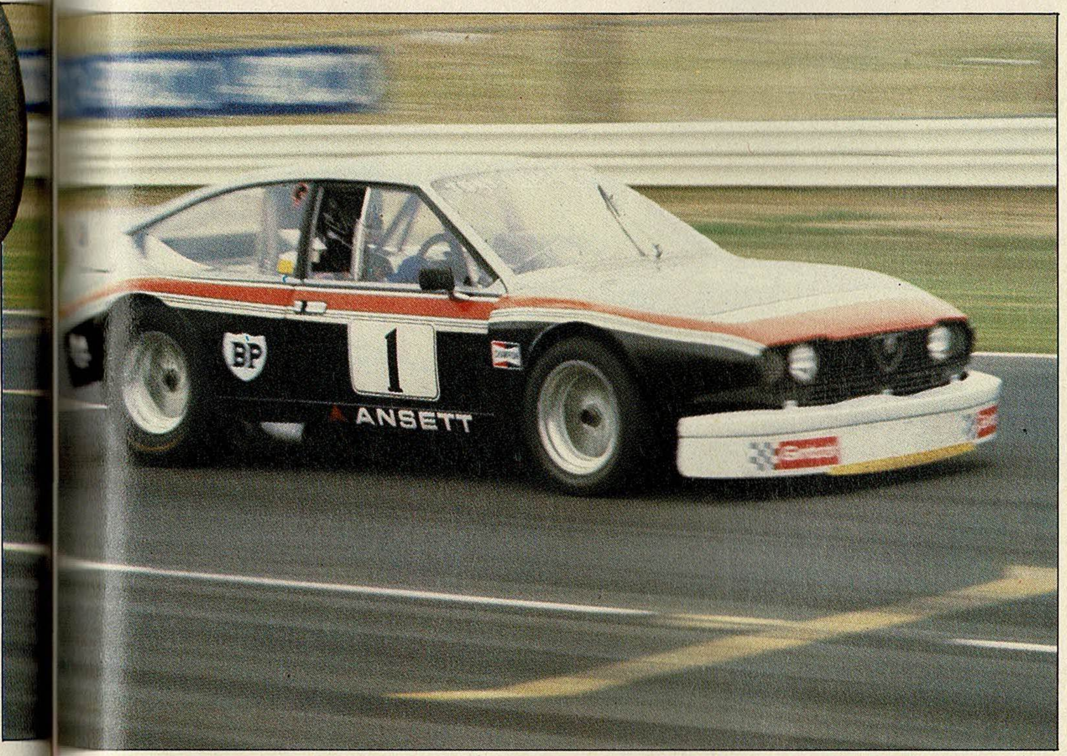
There have been many memorable days punctuated by the incisive needle nose and relentless roar of this un-Alfa Alfa. Some I have attended and some I have not. Some have burned lasting memories into the brain, and some are best forgotten.

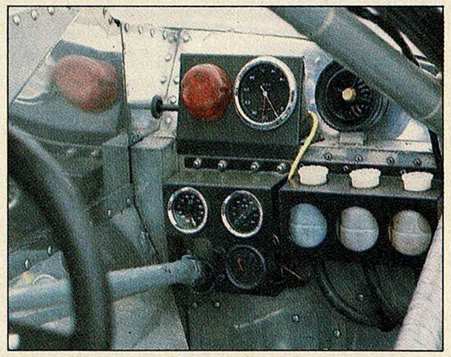
Don Elliott (who owns the car) and Tony Edmonson (who drives it) nurture their own private thoughts; thoughts of victory lane and thundering applause; the taste of champagne from a cup that bears the ultimate inscription "National Sports Sedan Championship"; days of wine and roses.

There are other thoughts too — of destruction and near death as the small, fragile machine rocketed straight into a wall, erupted in a fireball, trapping Edmonson in a searing holocaust, before self-destructing. Days of fear and anguish, of hope, of triumph over disaster, of success again; the full cycle, the agony and the ecstasy.

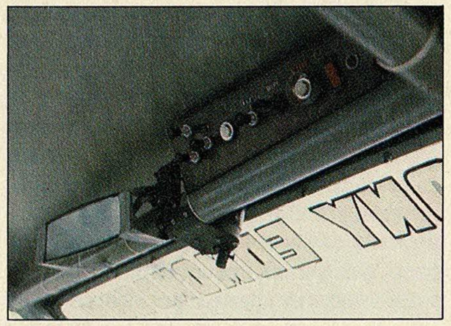
For me, the memorable moments are simpler. They are confined to the few hours I spent intimately with the car at Calder Raceway near Melbourne — the day I drove Australia's fastest sedan.

ALFA ROMEO
K&A
ENGINEERING
ADELAIDE
1
ANSETT





Strictly for business — basic instruments (above), overhead control panel (below).



It was a gloomy, glowering day, the cloud bank descending over the circuit, threatening rain at any moment and giving warning with occasional random drops. I rushed out there from another appointment, observing a met forecast of worsening conditions, anxious not to have to try the car in the wet.

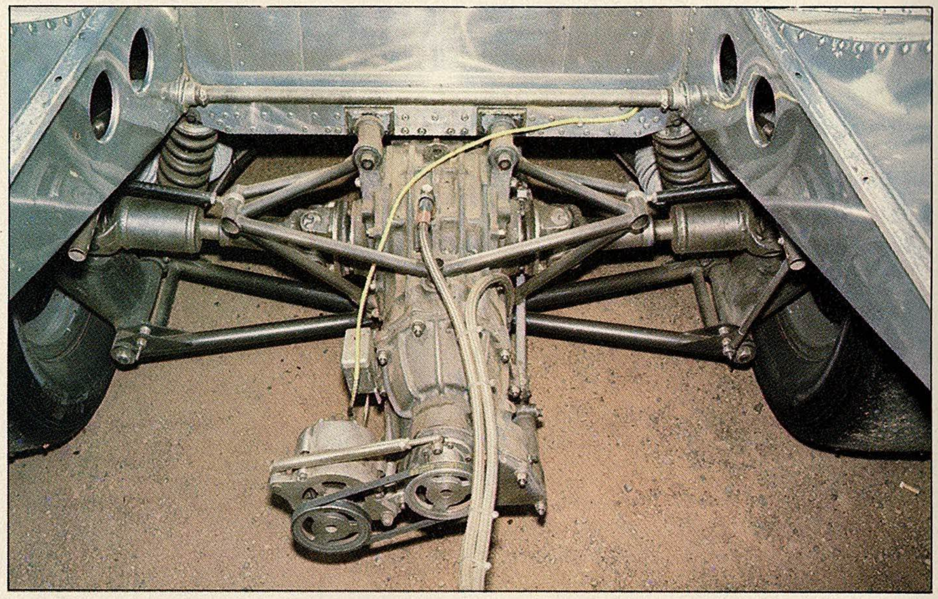
Tony Edmonson was there already, nursing the car around the circuit until the oils and lubricants had warmed its innards ready for action. The circuit was strewn with the remnants of the previous day's race meeting (the Australian Grand Prix), the surface slick with oil, fine, blown sand and small stones. All the same, he pulled-out a 43 second lap — only a second outside the record — before winding it down, cooling it off and bringing it in.

We sat on the guardrail and dissected the vehicle. Edmonson, 29, a quietly confident individual, almost shy, but direct and determined when and where it matters, is still slightly scarred by the fire that almost took his life just two years ago, but quite unshaken by it. Since then, he has made a phenomenal recovery, in the style of ex world champion Nikki Lauda, and scored two successive victories in the Australian Sports Sedan Championship.

His charge, the Don Elliott Alfa Romeo Alfetta Sports Sedan is more like a child to him. He devotes 80-100 hours a week to it, examines it minutely after every outing, pulls it gently apart with the precision of a surgeon, replaces every worn or wearing part, risks nothing against expenditure, pieces it lovingly back together, turning almost every nut and bolt himself.

It is not easy to hand over such a charge to a relative stranger, so we talk about it at length. It is not important that the sky threatens rain and the cancellation of the drive. It is vital I understand the vehicle that is his life and livelihood. Gradually, I absorb the detail. I come to understand how a $15,000 road coupe is transformed into a $350,000 racing machine, how almost every inch of this purpose-built machine has been conceived and fabricated in this country. (The only exceptions are the driveline components — the engine and transmission — some suspension and brake parts and other details.) There is no precedent, there is no vehicle like it in the world. That is part of the reason why Autodelta works mechanics and engineers swarm all over

LUCK
AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY
ANSETT



Left: Luck gets clues from thoughtful Edmonson on how to handle his 300km/h office chair. Above: Sanitary suspension hangs off Hewland transaxle which also drives the alternator

and under it on their infrequent sorties to Australia. Why Alfa Romeo Grand Prix driver Bruno Giacomelli fell in love with it when he raced here.

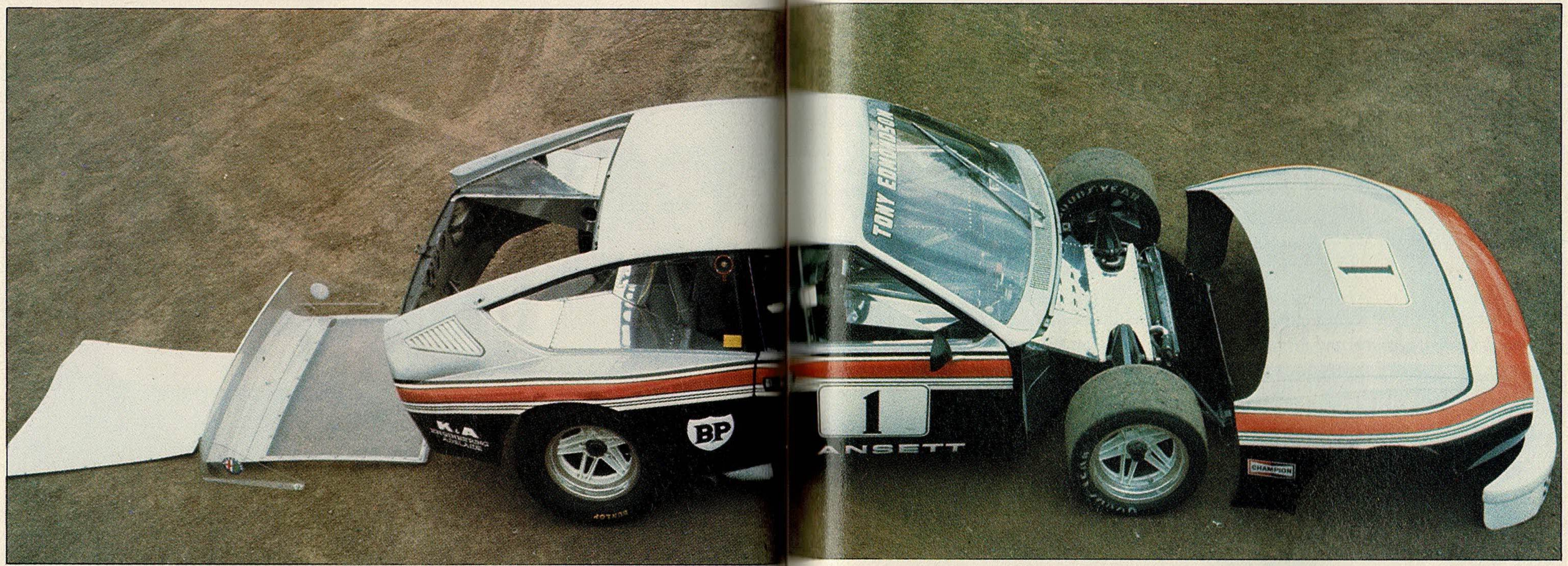
Unlike many of the sports sedans that sprout skirts and wings and things that totally disguise their original shape, the Edmonson/Elliott Alfetta is immediately identifiable as an Alfa — belying its design and construction, which represent the most radical engineering approach in this category.

Basically, the only Alfa bits that remain are the roofline and pillars which are required by the category regulations. They are retained along with the upper front firewall which holds the front screen pillars together, and the bottom sills which run from the firewall rearwards to just behind the rear pilars. That's all. Everything else is gone — the inner skins, the floorpan, the rear of the car, the front of the car.

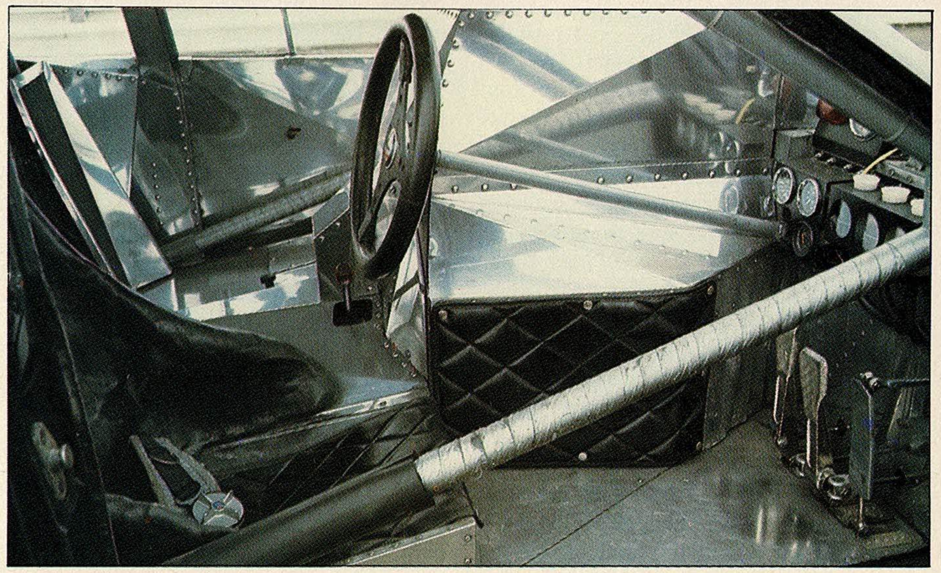
All this is replaced by monocoque sections or "tubs". These are specially constructed modules of lightweight material which replace all the regular car gizzards to save weight, and are used to hang the various equipment on — the suspension in particular. There is a "tub" hung off the front of the vehicle and another from the centre door pillar rearwards. It is a design that has never before been tried in sports sedans and it gives the car its great weight advantage.

The car is actually held together by the engine/transmission and rollbar, which are bolted into the frame. Elliott and Edmonson selected the Alfetta originally because of its low profile (reduced drag) and rear transaxle design (the gearbox is located between the rear wheels). At the time, the regulations only permitted this if the car was so equipped in its original form. The Alfa was, and it made for the ideal front-rear weight balance.

The longitudinal strength of the car is obtained by the car's "secret weapon", a special "torque tube" joining the mid-mounted engine and the rear-mounted gearbox.



Striptease: Alfetta steps out of flimsy costume, to reveal vital statistics.
Below: Torture chamber driveseat is clinical arrangement of tubes, alloy skins and hardware.



Strength and rigidity are obtained in some other cunning ways. For example, removing the glass saves weight (another reason the Alfetta was chosen — big glass areas mean big weight savings). Bolting in lightweight polycarbonate acrylic panels in the window areas stiffens the bodyshell. Without them, the rear guards would virtually fall-off!

Besides protecting the pilot, a strong and rigid chassis keeps the corners squarely on the road. In a vehicle capable of well over 320kmh, and likely to take curves on some circuits near that mark, this is fairly critical.

The four fat 10in wide, 15in. diameter wheels are hung on a suspension system involving top locker arms/lower wishbones up front and top link lower wishbones at the rear with unequal-length trailing arms. The uprights that carry the wheels are straight off a McLaren M10B F5000 car. Damping is Koni. It's steered by a Peter Hollinger rack and stopped by Girling ventilated and grooved discs with Lockheed four-spot calipers and balance bar.

The bodyshape that covers this engineering extravaganza is hand-folded in aluminium by Bill Byles and it is a work of art rivalling that of a skilled sculptor. The relentless quest for weight-saving may see it superseded by moulded polycarbonate panels (probably Kevlar) for the 1982 season, but it has been good enough (which means light enough) to slice the car through the air to two championships so far.

The design concept of this unique vehicle comes from the Adelaide engineering outfit of K & A Engineering, a collaboration of Dale Koennecke, a mechanical engineer responsible for most of the construction and Harry Aust who drew, designed and helped build it. It lives in their workshop, and is maintained there by the team. Outside work was originally handled by Greg Mobbs (who built the monocoque sections) and John Porter who fabricates and welds.

Designed originally in 1977 and built in time to start the 1979 series, the first car was destroyed in the Surfers accident of 1979 while leading the championship that year. The car you see is all-new from the ground up, perhaps $250,000 worth of redevelopment. It is a sobering thought to contemplate as I gear-up and squeeze into the cockpit.

Squeeze is the operative word. The entrance is blocked by a tubular "gate". It's a stress member, part of the roll-cage. Only this gate doesn't have a latch, it has to be hurdled, carefully. The "landing ground" on the other side is short and small.

I struggle over, and lower myself into the cubby-hole seat. Seat! What seat? There is an aluminium platform with a patch of quilted vinyl on top. The bucket is a U-shaped solid-glassfibre shell. No padding. None at all! "What for?" says Edmonson, "I'm here to work." The steering wheel sticks straight out at my face on a long stalk. It obscures the instruments, of which there are precious few — a mechanical tacho which flicks in short jerky movements (unlike the smooth arc of an electric tacho) but which is precisely accurate (also unlike an electric tacho), an oil pressure gauge, a water temperature gauge and a fuel pressure gauge. We run through the recommended gauge readings and I commit them to memory.

They are vital to the safety of the 500 bhp monster lurking under my left elbow, secreted away behind the polished alloy panels.

This is the vehicle's heart, a $25,000 transplant of a Chevrolet 5 litre engine from Franz Weiss of the famous VDS tuning centre in Los Angeles.

I consider all the heavy metal in there, only partially consoled by Edmonson's assurance that there is a scattershield between me, the flywheel and the Borg and Beck triple-plate racing clutch. Without that scattershield, the triple-plate clutch could run me into a triple-decker hamburger.

I am already in agony. I don't carry excess bum-padding so that hurts. My hipbones grind into the engine bay to the left, the roll-bar stay to the right. My knees collide with hardware everywhere. My ankles and insteps ache from the pedal angle. I am hot and the cockpit is stuffy. A small fresh-air vent on the dash looks incongruous. This is not a cockpit. It is a torture chamber, straight out of Edgar Allan Poe, walls closing in and all.

There's a switch panel overhead. On with the ignition, prime the beast with the push-button fuel-boost. Up there are the wiper switches, one for the outside of the screen, one for the inside. Yes, the inside — fogging on wet/humid days inside is as bad as condensation outside. There's no heater/demister here and no time to get out the grimy rag.

Edmonson operates the starter, wiggles the throttle and the thing explodes into life. The noise is oppressive, even through my helmet and I remember I have forgotten my earplugs. It is more penetrating than standing in the tailstream of a taxi-ing jet. It is violent, animalistic, like being locked in a 44-gallon drum with a raging gorilla. But it sends the adrenalin surging. It is invigorating.

Out on the circuit I feed the lurking monster and 5000rpm comes up instantly.

Round the bottom bend, up the back drag, opening the throttle, feeding in higher slots, feeling the car out. Brakes, through the curves, back on the main chute. Read the dials, move over for a witch's hat in the track crossing, move back for the braking area.

Develop a routine, learn the car, feel the pedals and shifter, measure the stering turn. Check the tacho everywhere, at every shift, on every corner, in the braking area. Sweep the other dials in the straights. They never falter. Memorise the needle positions — no time to read them. Six laps or so this way.

I open it out, give it a lunge. Suddenly it gets angry, hunkering down on its haunches out of corners, leaping at the straight, snarling in the braking areas as I move down into lower gears. A lap later I miss a downshift. "It'll just grate if you're not matched", I remember he said. I try again.

Getting the gears right makes all the difference. Suddenly the car co-ordinates, ripping down the straights, plunging unbelievably deep into the braking areas, snorting through the curves, hunting back on to the straights.

It is rhythmic, inspiring. And unbelievably fast. I am fairly fresh from running Paul Halstead's Lamborghini Countach in the Wannero 300, and that is probably the fastest production vehicle in the world. It doesn't even rate against this machine. Neither could it or should it. The Alfetta has about twice as much power per kilo of weight. To relate it to yourself, imagine driving your family car with half the weight and six times the power, or more simply, 12 times the power you now have. Get it? No, neither could I until I got inside it.

Not that it is frightening. At the end of a dozen laps I am ready to use more of the power than the four-fifths Edmonson had allowed me. The car is just so clean and neat and well behaved. It is straight and stable down the chutes, neat and tidy under brakes and viceless in the curves.

A few laps later I park it in the pits, emotionally enervated from the experience but not physically exhausted. I realise the real ordeal has been for Edmonson, trying to sit calmly in the pits while his meal ticket goes for a ride on the highwire in someone else's hands. For this man is a professional racing driver, earning his living solely from the sport.

I have a new and deeper respect for the man who makes a 320 kmh steel cage his office almost every other Sunday, for the phenomenal recovery he made and the remarkable comeback to victory lane, and for the international recognition afforded by Alfa Romeo's award as International Driver of the Year.

It is matched by the personal respect those close to him have for him. His 12-year friend Don Elliott who supports him with no real sponsorship save Ansett's modest backing; his mother who backs him although she fears for him; his support team of engineers and mechanics who stick with him through every drama; and his lady, Gil Kerruish who has waited in Hobart three patient years for his four-times-a-year visits-between-events, and who will marry him in Adelaide and move there early this year.

Edmonson, Elliott and the Alfetta will be back with a vengeance in 1982. During the Christmas break the Alfetta will be dieted to shed weight in body parts and engine. It will grow some new equipment and it will get some more fine tuning.

Edmonson says it will be a second faster everywhere. And that means more than a second. That means look out. In fact, he aims to get the other half of the lap records he holds on Australian circuits.

Longer-term, the car will become even more of an Alfa. It is scheduled to get an Alfa engine in 1983. The team secretly flew-in two V6 alloy Alfa Romeo Autodelta engines late in 1981.

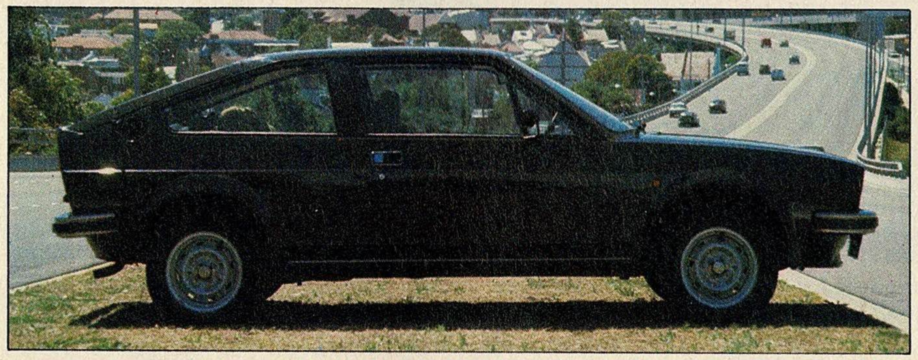
The light, compact, strong engines will inject new benefits into the Alfa chassis, especially when wet-sleeved out to around 3-litres (up to 3.5 litres is possible) and twin-turbocharged for something like 480 kw (650 bhp) by Melbourne turbo expert Wayne Mankin.

It could be enough to continue the successful Elliott/Edmonson Alfetta formula — Formula Unbeatable.

Alfetta Sportiva Sedan from Eurocars, Crows Nest, Sydney

Ageing Alfetta is reborn with go-and-show injection dubbed "Sportiva".

Revamped: Giulietta (above) and Alfasud Sprint (below) headline 1982 range.



ALFANTASTICS '82

Alfa's affordable econo-exotics have been revamped almost everywhere except on the pricetags — which are still set at the bottom end of the imported that run in this class. The changes are chiefly cosmetic — but aimed at the practical side.

Most of the cars cut the air cleaner with new spoilers. Interiors run more comfort items including Oz-tuned trim, and there are more included "extras". The aged but ageless Alfetta Sportiva gets go-for-it gear at the four corners (P6 tyres, alloys, competition suspension) and in the interior/exterior livery (including trim stereo, electric-everything). This is a Limited Edition model indexed from 001 on the dashboard plaque, and costs the "proud owner" $18,650. The balance of this well-balanced range salutes Alfa's "horizontally-opposed" engineering approach — with flat, front-engined Sud Sedan and Sprint models contrasting the front-engine rear-drive layout of the Giulietta, Alfetta GTV. These achieve the elusive 50/50 front-rear weight balance for ultimate steering control.

The new Giulietta still lurches through curves on its soft-ride suspension, but shames most other sedans. It has the best drive position of all, departing from the characteristic Alfa "ape-man" layout. Sales-tickets read: Alfasud $10,950, Sprint $13,850, Giulietta, $15,900, Alfetta Sedan $16,900, Alfetta GTV $18,950.

DREAM ON WHEELS

our turbo-suzi contest winner thought it was just a joke

TURBO SUZI
AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

AT PRECISELY 8.45 pm on Thursday, December 3, Peter Raymond opened the front door of his Annandale flat and picked up a telegram which said he had won the Australian PLAYBOY Turbo-Suzi.

At 8.55 pm, believing it was a mate's joke, he rang the PLAYBOY office. Motoring Editor Rob Luck confirmed his win.

At 8.57 he walked out into the front yard and kicked-over his small, beaten-up 125cc motorcycle — until a few minutes before, his only form of transport for the next 12 months.

"I've been buying Australian PLAYBOY since the first issue," said the 25-year-old accountant, "and I always read about the cars. I like to dream."

Dream no more. Peter Raymond had his $17,000 Suzuki mini supercar delivered in time for Christmas.

The lucky entry was drawn from more than 20,000 entries submitted by Australian PLAYBOY readers from virtually every corner of Australia, plus some from far-flung international destinations — United Arab Emirates, Poland, China, Hong Kong, Pacific Islands, Singapore.

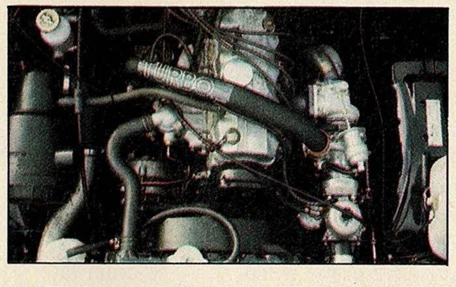
The winner was drawn by December Playmate Amanda Dole and Ateco-Suzuki General Manager Kevin Browning from the huge pile of entries that almost filled the back of the Suzuki!

To protect the $6000 mini muscle machine and its $11,000 options list, it was delivered with a sophisticated Red Light Burglar Alarm system. Linked to every item of special equipment on the car including stereo, CB, cruise computer, even the Recaro seats, spotlights and bullbar/winch, it is the ultimate theft-deterrent. The system is even designed to prevent the car being uplifted or towed, and will refuse to start for the wrong owner — even with the right key!

The car was road-registered and supplied with a specially-modified original-equipment white Suzuki soft canopy to match the PLAYBOY livery.

Below is the impressive list of special equipment fitted. . .

- IHI Compact Turbocharger installed by Rymec Turbochargers, Cnr Glenmore Rd and Cascade St, Edgecliff (357 6697). Value: $2100.
- Bose 100-watt stereo system, including digital electronic radio tape deck, spatial amplifier and quadspeaker system, from Bose Australia, of 17 Muriel Ave, Rydalmere (684 1022). Value: $1600.
- Recaro orthopaedic safety contoured seats, including tilt-forward, lumbar adjustment and netting head-restraints from Roman Automotive at Sydney Speed Shop, 26 Clarke St, Crows Nest (439 7126). Value: $900.
- Rallyspeed Street-n-scrub bullbar/-winchmount incorporating lightmounts, by Rallyspeed, of 264 Pacific Highway, Crows Nest (438 1195). Value: $350.
- Modular wheels two-piece, new design, on/off road purpose, from Sunraysia, of 181 Parramatta Rd, Auburn (647 1544). Value: $160.
- B.F. Goodrich Trailmaker steelbelted radial on/off road tyres, from B.F. Goodrich tyre outlets throughout Australia. Value: $480.



- National Panasonic 40-channel CB radio, from Dick Smith Electronics stores throughout Australia. (888 3200). Value: $190.
- Cibie lighting system, including Type 95 overhead, Type 35 front fog, 100-watt main beams, Type 95 rear reversing and Type 40 red safety fog, from John Holdsworth Automotive Lighting, of 12A Northcote Street, St Leonards (439 2560). Value: $650.
- Old Man Emu extra heavy duty off-road shock absorbers, from OME Equip, 210 Palmer St, Surry Hills (331 3710). Value: $220.
- Prince On-board Computer, by Mobile One, 17 Sloane St, Marrickville (516 4500). Value: $350.
- Warn Miniwinch, with 3000lb linepull, electric power, from Ateco Suzuki, 36 Mavis St, Revesby (772 4466). Value: $634.
- Momo "Grip" steering wheel, for on/off road control, from Carisma Lyons Rd, Drummoyne (81 3752). Value: $95.
- Metrix lightguards for on/off road light protection, from Metrix, 1302 Pittwater Rd, Narrabeen (913 2374). Value: $25.
- Wheelflares by Sunraysia, Jerrycan rack and equip by OME, special fittings by Rymec. Value: $350.
- Black and white PLAYBOY livery in acrylic Acran paint, by Woollahra Motor Body Works, of Glenmore Rd, Edgecliff, (33 4282) and Fender Signs of Pittwater Rd, Brookvale (93 5373). Value: $2500.
- Electrical wiring, special switch gear, relays, etc from Vane's Auto Electrical Ltd, 453 Pacific Highway, Artarmon (427 9811). Value: $315.
- Front-to-rear carpeting from Davenport Motor Trimming, 33 Alleyne St, Chatswood (407 0258). Value: $350.

HISTORY OF POT

(continued from page 43)

> *"If someone had used the words 'grass' or 'pot' I would have thought they were speaking a foreign language."*

strictly, marihuana was spelled with a 'j': 'marijuana'. The 'j' seems to have been dropped out of common usage since then. Those were the days before 'joints' and 'logs'. 'Cannabis' was not a word we were acquainted with either, and the statutes refered to this strange substance as Indian Hemp. If someone had used the words 'grass' or 'pot' I would have thought they were speaking a foreign language. There we were: we had captured Grant. We had the evidence. Our first drug bust. . ."

But this famous first bust was almost a bomb when the case literally went out the window. On the way to police headquarters Grant threw the reefer out of the car. Delaney reported: "Stewart and I urgently drove back to Collins Street and searched the roadway. Darkness began to fall, but fortunately we had brought torches.

"I have oftened wondered since what the gentlemen of the Melbourne Club thought as they looked across their drinks and out of the windows to see two young idiots with torches defying the traffic in Collins Street and peering down intently on the road surface. Stewart showed he had good eyes. He found a reefer nestled in one of the tram tracks. We returned to the office triumphing."

In February 1965, Grant was fined a total of £160 on seven charges, and during the next six months she was invited to seven more court appearances, to be fined £75 on one occasion for marijuana and cocaine possession. She then left town. Later she left the country.

The events of the early Sixties were the beginning of a 20-year (and still going strong) bonanza for sensation sellers. Pseudo-intellectuals were quick to enter the pot fray and analyse the behavior of marijuana "thrill seekers". One mid-Sixties publication deplored the problem of: "Our Ravished Youth: everywhere young girls are acquiring the dope habit. They try their first marijuana, like their first love, while in high school. Then they move on to worse. In better-class neighborhoods and suburbs, as well as the slums, the extent of their addiction has become a scandal. But why? Are these girls just plain bad? Do they deliberately seek depravity? Or are they helpless victims of society?"

Deep stuff, and some writers dug even deeper, inventing innumerable drug glossaries purportedly enabling parents to "dig" the new code-speech of the marijuana scene. Readers were informed that their children might be *charged,* meaning "High on marijuana", *high* meaning "intoxicated", and that marijuana users often considered themselves *in the groove,* meaning "exactly right (from the fitting of a needle into a phonograph record track.)" Understanding such language was extremely important because: "Slang is both a code-speech for the protection of its users, and a sort of spoken shorthand for a group of people whom psychologists would call 'non verbal'. The adoption of what was once exclusively the jargon of jazz musicians as a criminal argot by the narcotics community is, in reality, the piracy of an established speech form for use as a verbal concealment code."

To the media, grass was grist for the mill, and it quickly established itself as one of the top ten news subjects. What's more, it just wouldn't fade away. Indeed, what news editor of the early Sixties could possibly have predicted the weird twists and turns of the unfolding marijuana saga. Just as police raids on coffee dens and beatniks were losing their novelty, what should surface but psychedelic Beatles, flower-powered pot-scrambled hippies and hashish-crazed student revolutionaries, hotly followed by pot-puffing US soldiers in Vietnam (not to mention Kings Cross), and horrible tales of women in danger of bearing pot-mutated babies and males with pot-induced pendulous breast growth. Before such mammary madness could be absorbed by the ever-confused community, enter the marijuana activists with their odd habit of forming political parties at the drop of a roach, of publishing drug newspapers and supporting pot comedians, films and comics. Hot on their smoke trail came the mafia, marijuana millionaires, pot plantations — and marijuana murder.

The first inklings that marijuana was fuelling the imagination of the local intellectual set seeped out of the Sydney push pub, The George. The pub was immortalised in *Oz* magazine, July 1966 when Martin Sharp scratched out one of his famous cartoon strips, *The Addict.* This portrayed matriculation students on a post-exam pub crawl when, ". . . as cruel fate would have it, they stumble into the vile Sussex Street haunt of Sydney's weirdos and degenerates, the Royal. They were in the very lair of the perverse (and vile) smokers of that depraving narcotic, Indian Hemp (or pot, shit or grass as it is known to its pathetic slaves)."

In Melbourne, the radical journalist Philip West advocated smoking grass, published literature espousing such sentiments, and in 1969 urged the Senate Select Committee on Drug Trafficking and Drug Abuse to view marijuana tolerantly.

The committee published its report in 1971 and noted that evidence in regard to the marijuana issue had been given, ". . . by representatives of the Marijuana Society who sought a 'social investigation, but did not favor at the present time legalisation of marijuana and hashish.

"They and other witnesses suggested that Australia should examine the operation of 'marijuana houses' along the lines of two experimental youth establishments in Amsterdam where, although marijuana is illegal in Holland, it was claimed the drug could be used without fear of prosecution. From its own investigations the committee does not consider these establishments have anything to recommend them. As an indication of community attitudes, the committee was interested to study the results of a Gallup Poll conducted on August 1, 1970. The question asked was 'should the smoking of marijuana be made legal or remain illegal?" The poll was conducted in all States and the results showed 84.1 percent were opposed to legalisation, 9 percent wished it to be made legal and 7 percent were undecided."

The report also showed there was a significant growth in drug use in Australia, particularly of marijuana. For example, in NSW in 1967, the total number of people prosecuted for drug offenses of any kind was 345. In 1969, 324 people were prosecuted for marijuana use alone. Figures from the Customs and Excise Department showed that in 1965-1966, marijuana seized was only a fraction of the amount of heroin seized: 5.02 kg of heroin was seized and 0.31 kg of cannabis. By the end of 1970, Customs seizures of heroin had fallen significantly, to 0.62 kg, but cannabis seizures had risen to 59.57 kg, a small haul by today's standards, but still an indication of the growing trend. US troops, on leave in Sydney from Vietnam, played a great role in popularising marijuana.

By 1970, marijuana had become the popular campus drug and in February of that year, the National Union of Australian University Students (now AUS) passed a motion supporting the legalisation of marijuana. Predictably, this move caused shock waves. The Melbourne *Herald* cited "one of the city's leading doctors", Dr

BUST CHART

THOUGH penalties for marijuana possession and use are fairly uniform throughout Australia, those for trafficking, producing and growing vary widely, from the ACT's mild $40 for "failing to eradicate a noxious weed" to Queensland's life sentence for "selling, giving, supplying, dealing in, trading in" the drug — a definition that probably could, at a pinch, be taken to cover passing a joint.

The fields of producing and growing overlap to some extent — as do the penalties. In NSW, Queensland and South Australia, possession also covers "being owner, lessee, manager of premises and permitting same to be used for" drug taking, while in the Northern Territory the same applies to "allowing persons to keep cannabis" on the premises. In Western Australia, there is a special category covering the "occupier, manager of premises and permitting same to be used for sale etc." — penalty $3000 or 3 years or both.

The Commonwealth Customs Act provides penalties for importing and exporting drugs. For a "commercial" quantity the penalty is life imprisonment; for a "trafficable" quantity $4000 or 10 years or both; and for all other cases $2000 or 2 years or both.

Three States — NSW, Queensland and South Australia — also have penalties of $2000 or 2 years or both for possession of drug-associated paraphernalia such as pipes and syringes.

	POSSESSION	TRAFFICKING	PRODUCING	GROWING
NSW	$2000 or 2 years or both	On indictment $50,000 or 15 years or both (concentrated form); $25,000 or 10 years (leaves); summarily $2000 or 2 years or both	$2000 or 2 years or both	On indictment $25,000 or 10 years or both; summarily $2000 or 2 years or both
VIC	$500 or 12 months or both	$100,000 or 15 years or both (concentrated form); $4000 or 10 years or both (leaf form)	$100,000 or 15 years or both (extract of cannabis); $4000 or 10 years or both (fresh/dried cannabis)	$4000 or 10 years or both
QLD	$2000 or 2 years or both	On indictment $100,000 or life imprisonment or both; summarily $2000 or 2 years or both	On indictment $100,000 or life imprisonment or both; summarily $2000 or 2 years or both	On indictment $100,000 or life or both; summarily $2000 or 2 years or both
SA	$2000 or 2 years or both	$100,000 or 25 years or both (concentrated form); $4000 or 10 years or both (leaves)	$100,000 or 25 years or both (concentrated form); $4000 or 10 years or both (fresh/dried cannabis)	$4000 or 10 years or both
WA	$2000 or 2 years or both	$100,000 or 25 years or both (concentrated form); $4000 or 10 years or both (leaves)	$100,000 or 25 years or both (derivative); $4000 or 10 years or both (leaves)	$3000 or 3 years or both
TAS	$3000 or 2 years or both	$4000 or 10 years or both	$1000 or 2 years or both	$4000 or 2 years or both
ACT	Less than 25g $100; more $2000 or 2 years or both	Cannabis resin and fibre $100,000 or 25 years or both; cannabis $2000 or 2 years or both	$200	On notice $40
NT	1st offence $500; 2nd $1000; subsequent $2000	1st offence 7 years; 2nd offence 15 years; subsequent 25 years	1st offence 7 years; 2nd 15 years; 3rd 25 years	—

Joseph Santamaria who described the students' action as, ". . . part of a worldwide fraud being foisted on us by the same group of people who are calling for abortion law reform, the abolition of censorship, and euthanasia. They are well set-up in England and they have moved to Australia. They often find it convenient to work through universities. . . it is highly dangerous at this level because this can give an evil scheme an air of respectability."

The reality was that not all student bodies enthused about the NUAUS pro-pot motion. Discussion of the motion was virtually a non-event at Melbourne University's General SRC meeting in March, 1970.

Only one speaker, Tim Colebatch, supported the motion and the student newspaper, *Farrago,* reported that Colebatch had claimed ". . . marijuana smoking had positive benefits. 'Aesthetic delight' was the principle of these; 'turning on' brought into use new areas of the mind, previously unknown to individuals; 'freaking out' occurred rarely and, unlike the socially acceptable alcohol addict, the 'grass' smoker could 'switch off' when under the influence of marijuana to resume normal activity." Mr Colebatch allowed that marijuana was a form of escapism, but instanced color television as a form of escapism already tolerated by society. As for claims that marijuana could cause such calamities as dissociation from the mores of Western civilisation and termination of the spread of imperialism, Colebatch demurred that this might be good thing. *Farrago* reported: "Despite the chairman's promptings, no color television addicts, imperialists or others contested this statement, nor were any additional motions proposed or discussed. The meeting was finally adjourned to the following week when some may contest the motion — to preserve, if not the dignity of Western civilisation, at least that of color television."

Such debate, or at least lack of it among "official" student organisations was in fact the norm rather than the exception. Mostly, campus marijuana organisations were considered a bit of a joke by the serious student radicals, and mostly the marijuana groups lived up to the image. Yet, because of the sensational aspects of marijuana, "activists" were often rewarded with coverage far out of proportion to their actual effect. The press kept the pot boiling by making much ado of nothing. What was often reported as part of an organised nationwide network of pot dissenters was usually a small group of student misfits whose meetings were convened to organise the buying and/or selling of a quantity of marijuana on a co-operative or share basis. During the ensuing meeting and sampling of the product, pot politics and assorted conspiracies were waftily aired and a rough press release, or more commonly a stoned phone call to a newspaper announcing umpteen dozen resolutions and actions, would result in slabs of coverage.

In the mid-Seventies, the main student organisations, becoming increasingly Maoist dominated, reacted against marijuana use — indeed it was not uncommon at the time to encounter an AUS student bureaucrat, smouldering joint in hand, earnestly re-hashing the Maoist correct line, and explaining why marijuana use was "counter-revolutionary". The Skyhooks song, "Whatever happened to the Revolution — We all got stoned and it drifted away," popularised the view. In 1976 Maoist-controlled student groups began to ban marijuana use among members, but by then the masses had well and truly taken to the drug. By the mid-Seventies marijuana had established itself as the first illicit drug to develop a genuine mass market in Australia. Melbourne's largest dance at the time was called the *Reefer Cabaret* and its publicity implied it was a local version of the Dutch hash clubs. Marijuana was also fast becoming a middle-class drug. In 1977 it represented two-thirds of NSW's total drug violations (4300 marijuana cases), while Australian seizures of marijuana had risen to 5287 kg compared with 1226 kg the previous year.

> *By the mid-Seventies marijuana had established itself as the first illicit drug to develop a genuine mass market in Australia.*

To cater for that mass market, marijuana plantations were cultivated — a mid-Seventies phenomenon which took almost everyone by surprise, including the users. Perhaps some members of the establishment were simply perplexed, not so much by the presence of plantations but by the destruction of the crops. Sir Arthur Fadden, the former Country Party Treasurer in Sir Robert Menzies' government had long planned to introduce Indian Hemp farms to Australia. Hemp was meant to become a major new farming industry. That it did, but not for the purpose Sir Arthur envisaged (to make wool bales). *The Bulletin* featured "Australia's Big Money Marijuana Boom" as its cover story in April, 1974. The story described the marijuana industry as "bigger than BHP" and implied that several businessmen were preparing for legalisation.

In 1976, the Cannabis Research Foundation began in Melbourne but, although its credentials looked effective on paper, it had little real effect, with the exception of its annual national Cannabis Conferences which provided a forum for some informed debate. Then came 1977, the most sensation-packed year in the history of Australian drug use. The Cannabis Research Foundation joined forces with a Victorian publishing group, The Noxious Weed Press.

A pro-pot newspaper, the *Australasian Weed* was published in May 1977. This newspaper publically rekindled the marijuana debate, and created its own controversy. The publication was vilified as "the Dopey Paper of Death" by *The Age* in Melbourne. The chairman of the Mental Health Authority called it: "Mind boggling — more than a disaster." The Victorian Chief Secretary said the paper was "dreadful", and announced a police investigation, while the NSW Premier condemned the publication and called for a Federal investigation. The Commonwealth Police Intelligence Bulletin alerted drug enforcement agencies to the paper and its personnel. The Victorian drug squad raided the paper's premises and arrested James Billington, chairman of the Cannabis Research Foundation, on trafficking charges, which involved him in complex litigation until late 1981, when he was found guilty and fined $4000. One of the major causes of animosity between the *Weed* newspaper and the police, was the *Weed's* emphasis on reporting police involvement in organised crime and marijuana trafficking.

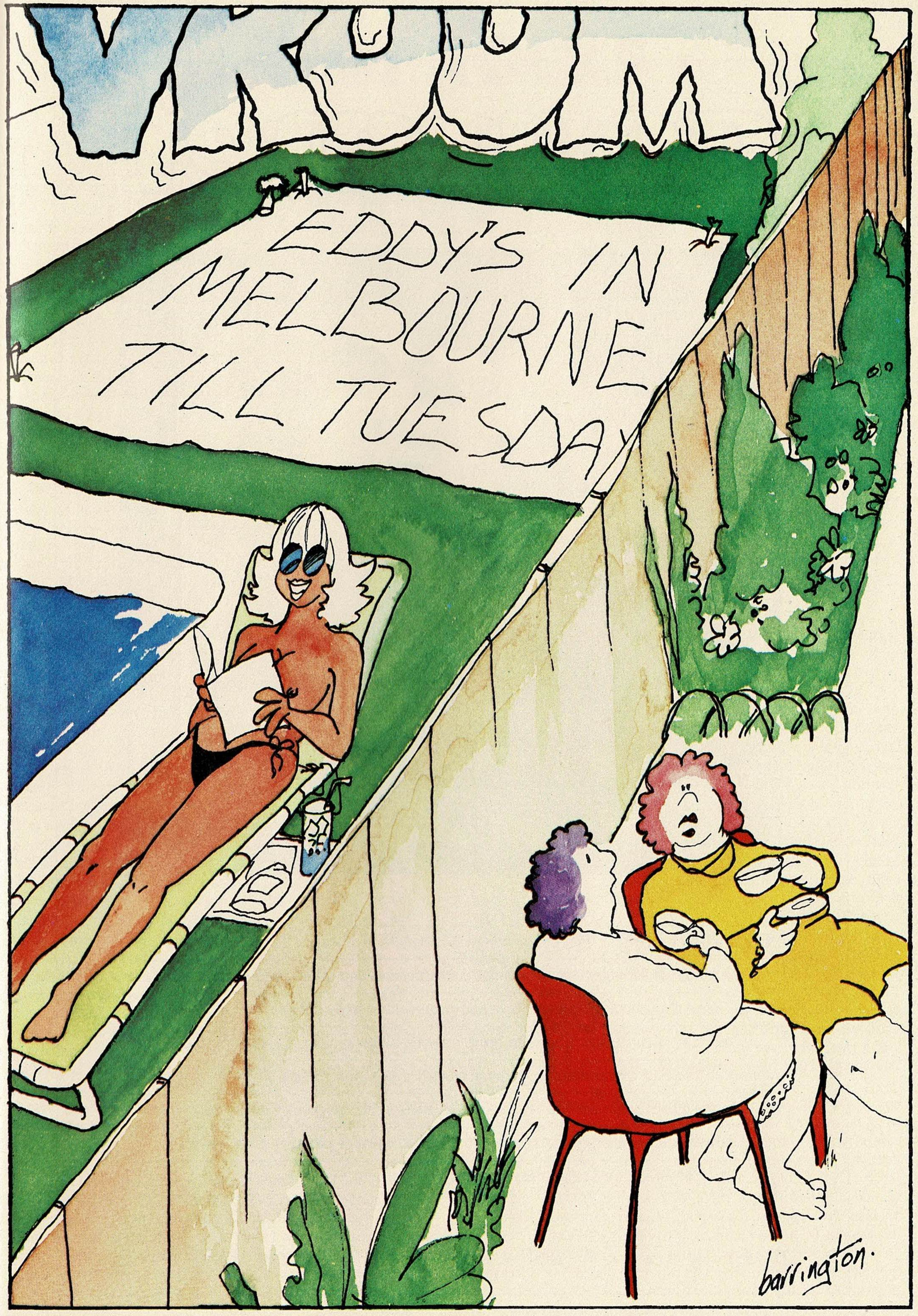
No sooner had the *Weed* kerfuffle died down, than the marijuana question blew up so dramatically as to make even the most bizarre conspiracy theories seem plausible. The Griffith businessman, Don Mackay, politician and anti-pot crusader, was believed murdered by the marijuana Mafia.

Griffith had become the centre of an organised and lucrative marijuana growing industry. In 1974, police raided two farms near Griffith, each containing about five hectares of marijuana under cultivation. Two Italian proprietors of the farms were arrested, found guilty and fined $500 and $250. In 1975, an irate Griffith housewife, Barbara Mackay wrote to the NSW Attorney-General complaining about the lenience of the sentence, especially when compared with jail sentences and fines of up to $900 imposed on the district's youths for marijuana smoking. Mrs Mackay's husband, the local Liberal leader, picked up the cause, and marijuana became his major campaign issue. In October 1975, he received a letter detailing a marijuana plantation at Colleambally, 62 km south of Griffith.

Mackay flew to Sydney and informed the drug squad. No action was taken and in November a second, more detailed letter arrived. Mackay again alerted the drug squad and a raid took place, revealing 32 hectares of marijuana.

The growers arrested in both incidents were Calabrians and this led to much gossip in Griffith. The conflict between long-term

(continued on page 149)


VROOM
EDDY'S IN MELBOURNE TILL TUESDAY
barrington.

"It may be just my imagination, Doris, but lately the planes seem to be coming in much lower."

gourmet

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HOT ROCKS

there are precious few ways to get rich overnight. . . buying gemstones is not one of them

IN THE movie *Night After Night,* a friend admires Mae West's necklace, exclaiming: "Goodness! What beautiful diamonds," "Goodness," Mae replies, "had nothing to do with it!" Diamond-studded belly dancers, high-priced hookers and international smugglers undoubtedly agree. The "diamonds are a girl's best friend" philosophy was even accepted by Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, former head of DeBeers, who attributed the diamond industry's prosperity to the "folly of man and the vanity of woman." He should know — the DeBeers' organisation controls the world's diamond business, making almost $100 million profit in a good year.

Like gold, diamonds have a psychological appeal which defies rational explanation. One thing seems certain — since the demand for diamonds remains strong and their supply is limited, prices will continue to rise. Many potential buyers are already finding themselves priced out of the market. Recently, in an attempt to woo these customers, several companies launched large media campaigns extolling the virtues of investments in colored gemstones as an alternative to diamonds. Understandably, this publicity has attracted the small investor (anybody with limited capital is by definition a *small* investor), because while some colored gemstones are as expensive as diamonds, most are significantly cheaper.

Nobody can blame investors for wanting protection from inflation's ravages. The problem is that when you buy gemstones, you are an amateur competing against experts (if you are an expert, you can stop reading here). There is a lot you need to know in order to buy and sell gems intelligently. When you learn all the facts, it becomes clear why success is less likely with colored gemstones than with diamonds.

To start with, you need to know that the stone you are buying is worth its purchase price. For diamonds, this is simple — you merely get the stone appraised by an expert gemmologist. The grading system is highly reliable and used world-wide. Unfortunately, despite several attempts to devise an acceptable procedure, there is no equally reliable system for rating colored gemstones.

The catch is that rubies, emeralds, sapphires and other colored stones are valued largely for the depth and purity of their color. Since evaluating color is both difficult and highly subjective, experts often disagree on color judgements. This means two jewellers appraising the same stone can come up with drastically different valuations. For that reason, buying gemstones involves an element of uncertainty not present when buying diamonds.

Another important difference between diamonds and colored gemstones is the way they are marketed.

Until this century, diamonds were sold by competing miners and wholesalers whose price wars would put today's discount petrol dealers to shame. After one particularly disastrous episode of underselling, the entire idustry hit rock bottom in the crash of 1893. The big miners decided to try another way and formed a buying and selling syndicate. Today, the main wholesale arm of the syndicate is called the Central Selling Organisation. The syndicate rose to prominence in the 1930s and has been the industry's stabilising force ever since. Here's how it works:

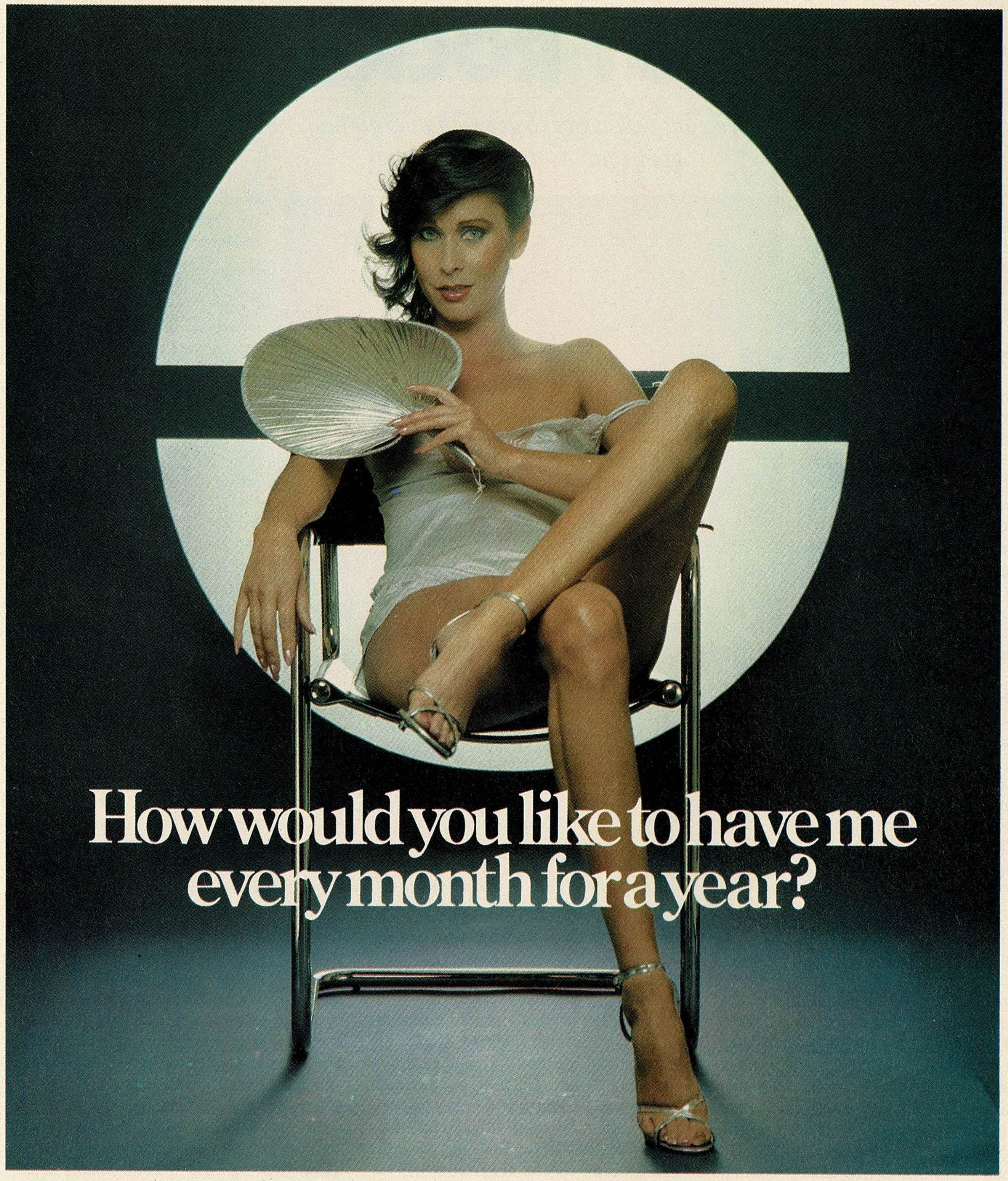
The CSO (headed by the giant DeBeers Company) acts as wholesaler for diamond miners. In other words, it sells diamonds to distributors on behalf of the miners. Most of these diamonds come from DeBeers' own mines, but not all. All the world's major producers are represented by the CSO; even the Russians deal through them. Since the syndicate controls 90 percent of each year's crop of quality diamonds, it has a monopoly on the industry. The CSO uses its power to cushion the diamond price from unpleasant market forces. In bad times, when demand is slack, the CSO stockpiles supplies (preventing price wars), then it doles supplies out to customers when demand returns.

Contrast this situation with the colored gemstone market. Rubies and sapphires come from Thailand, Kampuchea, Burma and Sri Lanka; emeralds are found mostly in Colombia, Zimbabwe and Zambia. These nations are politically unstable and economically unpredictable. Unlike the steady, controlled diamond market, these countries have created a colored gemstone market that is disorderly and marked by periods of feast followed by famine. It takes only one of these governments to dump its stones on the market, and the price of gemstones will drop precipitously.

Suppose you take a chance and you're lucky. You buy a gemstone and its price increases 30 percent yearly for three years. This still doesn't mean you've made any money.

Though it's true that the price you would have to pay for a stone has been increasing, it doesn't mean you will be able to sell your stone for that price. Jewellers have big mark-ups — usually 100 percent — so your stone would have to double in price before you got back what you paid for it. Even after three years at 30 percent you will not have made your money back, let alone turned a profit. The truth is, there are precious few ways to get rich overnight (almost none if you limit yourself to those that are legal). Buying gemstones is not one of them.

— STEPHEN SCHWARTZ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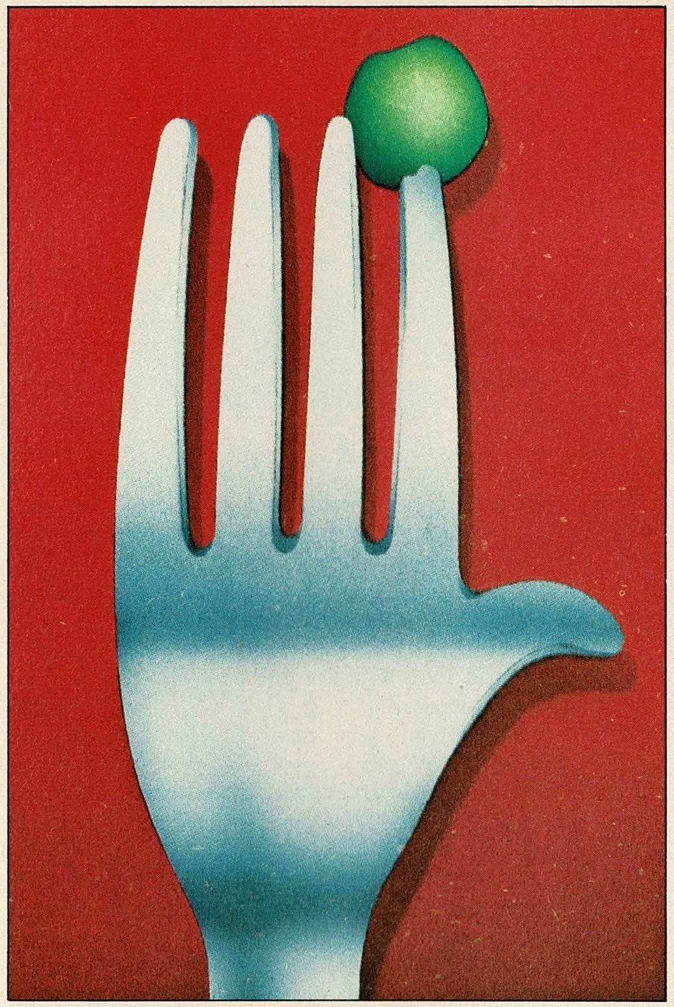
AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY

INTIMATE TUCKER

an impressive but simple dinner that won't have you spending all night in the kitchen



WILD over-reaching is the great pitfall that looms before the bachelor eager to impress and seduce with his culinary skills. I mean, it's all very well to launch yourself into *Salmon mousseline with yabbie tails Antoine Careme* followed by *Sliced duckling Montmorency* with *Salpicon a la royale Paillard* and *Strawberries Romanoff,* but unless you have a couple of days of spare time and 900 items of equipment you're heading straight for disaster — and the Chinese takeaway.

But there is an easier road to a bachelor's dinner bash and you can even have your strawberries Romanoff into the bargain.

A very simple but satisfying dinner for this time of year is a *chicken liver pate with port, moules a la mariniere,* cheese and a green salad, and the above-mentioned *strawberries Romanoff.* It has a feeling of summer about it.

Ingredients are for two people of average appetites. First the chicken liver pate. . .

This should be prepared the night before. You will need 500g of chicken livers, one clove of garlic crushed, two shallots sliced (if you can't get true shallots and by shallots I don't mean spring onions — chop half a small onion finely), salt and freshly ground black pepper, a lump of butter (about 100g), some port wine (tawny for preference).

Cut any membrane off the chicken livers and chop them into quarters. In the meantime, add the butter to a frying pan and, over low heat, gently saute the crushed garlic and sliced shallots or chopped half-onion. When they are soft, but not brown, add the chicken livers, salt and pepper. After they have cooked a little, — say five minutes — mash them with a fork, adding a tablespoon or so of the port. Cook a little more and then remove from the heat. Continue mashing until the mixture is smooth and amalgamated. Pack into a small bowl and, when cool, refrigerate until the next day.

Now to the main dish and the dessert, both of which can be prepared very quickly on the night. Actually you get the puddin' ready first but we might as well follow the soup-to-nuts progression.

You will need a *minimum* of a kilo of mussels for two people (personally I'd go for two kilos and give any leftovers to the cat); a bottle of moderate quality dry white wine; one large onion, thinly sliced; one medium-sized bunch of parsley, roughly chopped; a little salt and some freshly ground black pepper. You can also add a clove of garlic, crushed, if you want to.

Empty the mussels into the sink and inspect them. Discard any that have cracked shells or that are gaping open. Give them a good scrub (for this I use an old wire brush originally designed to remove flaking paint from walls) and set them aside. Get a pot that will hold all the mussels and pour in the bottle of wine, add the sliced onion, the crushed clove of garlic if you are using it, and the salt and pepper. Put the lid on and bring it to the boil.

Now, remembering that this dish takes no more than seven minutes to cook once the mussels and parsley have been added, take the pot off the stove and just let it sit while you and your partner get on with the pate and the first bottle of wine.

When you are ready, put the pot back on the stove again and bring to the boil once more. Then add the mussels and the parsley and cook for, say, five minutes, with the lid on. Have a look and see how they are going. When they have all opened up give them a couple of extra minutes just to firm up a little and serve, juice and all, in deep, wide soup plates with plenty of crusty French bread for mopping up operations. Open the second bottle of white wine.

To follow the mussels, serve a plain green salad with a good vinaigrette dressing (olive oil and vinegar in the ratio of six of oil to one of vinegar with a touch of dried English mustard and salt and pepper) plus a good strong cheese and relax a bit before dessert.

For strawberries Romanoff, take a punnet of washed and hulled strawberries, the juice of one large orange, strained, and curacao liqueur according to taste. Put the berries, juice and curacao in a dish and just before serving cover them with chantilly cream.

Chantilly cream consists of a carton of cream in what used to be the half-pint size, to which is added about a tablespoonful of caster sugar together with a few drops of pure vanilla essence.

As to the choice of the wine: pick white wine for the first two courses. My personal preference at the moment is for a chardonnay from Mudgee put up by Amberton Wines or, in fact, any of the dry whites from that company. But it rather depends on your State preference or chauvinism these days and if I were sitting at a dining table in South Australia, I wouldn't go past anything put out by the firm of Henschke.

For the pud, if you are feeling rich, champagne of course, and French of course. Otherwise stay with your preferred white.

You'll no doubt by now have noticed that apart from the green salad, which, by the way is best made with an assortment of greens (lettuce, parsley and endive make a good mix), that there are no potatoes and no cooked vegetables.

Spuds don't fit anywhere around this meal, but if you crave a cooked green vegetable and have the time to do it, a dish of asparagus fitted in between the pate and the mussels will work. — SAM ORR

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

(continued from page 67)

Reporters and cameras pursued James around his garden for the duration of the affair. Whitelaw went into hiding.

seat? How does he feel with $100,000 out against him? I'd have to give him $100,000 too. And, although we are rich, I don't propose to do that. The whole business is against my principles."

Fiona Walker's tastefully blued eyelids closed a little. "You blinded poor Mr Whitelaw's left eye. Remember? You owe him."

James raised his hands, palms upwards to Fiona. "Please, please don't let this business come between you and I," he pleaded.

She kept her eyeballs glued to his. "James, I want you to reconsider, why don't you let me know in a day or two?"

He looked at his hands, two effigies of helplessness. Embarrassed, he stuffed them in his pockets. "No, Fiona, the answer will be as it is today. I just can't do it."

"Is that your last word?"

"Yes, I'm sorry. But when can we see each other again?" he asked wretchedly.

Fiona Walker's eyes blazed at him and she stalked for the door, where she turned to face him. Her voice was sweet but too steady.

"Kid," she said, "you're just a little cocksucker."

I loved you, said James' soul, but his mouth held back the words.

James sat quietly at his typewriter for a time and late that evening in the scent of the night jasmine, he thumped with the intent of youth.

OUR GRASS ROOTS

by Country Gardener

My father once said that the most reasonable thing a person can do is to come to terms with Nature. This, he said, is reached on the realisation that you, like everything else in the life chain, will eventually become compost. He was one of those men who died content, knowing it was his lot to be reaped a little prematurely.

It has been the policy of the writers using this by-line that the garden, the field and the forest are the places where the secrets of life are stored.

This author has observed that society has still not found an education to match the gentle ways of the garden. Birth, propogation and death in a natural rhythm.

Yet, politicians who have never planted a seed, grow sleek as they try to manipulate their fellow humans. And, as this writer can testify, they will go to any lengths to increase this control.

So we must beware the politician, for, as readers can testify, even ambitious ants will try to exterminate one another in the quest for their ideal conditions.

There are no reasons for human politicians to stop at anything, even $100,000 plots. For they want the whole garden of life under their form of law and order.

Yet their science is proving the ruination of natural life. Flourishing alongside their ways is disease. Disease of the earth, disease of crops and disease of the animals and people who feed on diseased produce.

I have studied wild plants and fruits. They do not suffer mass infestations of disease and parasites. They are part of Nature's gentle cycle.

We must not lose touch with our grass roots. . .

•

In a chiropractic waiting room in North Sydney, a reporter from *The National Times* read *The Organic Gardening News*. Back at the office, he telephone James.

"Yes," said James. "No trouble at all. To keep our huge Government contracts, we have paid John Whitelaw MP $500,000 in the past nine years."

"Thank you very much," said the reporter.

"I blinded his left eye with a newspaper kite when I was 14," added James.

"I see," replied the reporter.

Afterwards, James remarked to his mother that the man seemed to be either excited or drunk. If not both.

After the headlines on the following Sunday, it took seven days for the Prime Minister to sack John Whitelaw from his Cabinet post and another five before the Press Office advised the leader that public reaction was sufficient for Whitelaw to resign his seat in Parliament. Whitelaw resigned and went into hiding.

Reporters and cameras pursued James around his garden for the duration of the affair and townspeople who did not know him spoke at length on television sets across the nation about the Whitelaw character and nature.

Mr John Burns, a local taxi driver commented to reporters that the town's greatest worry appeared to be over the huge Government contracts which kept many people employed at the Martin Tool and Manufacturing Company. He hoped the Government would not let such an affair reflect on the town's integrity.

A fortnight after the fracas, the sun was rising and the cobwebs hung heavily with moisture between the trees as James Martin took his stroll around the garden. The quietness gladdened his heart.

But, it was brief, for this morning the labors of generations of Martins lay in destruction. The old roses hacked off at ground level. The fruit trees had been ringbarked.

The vegetable garden had not escaped the crazy rampage. Beetroots lay bleeding — rooted from the earth and flattened. Cabbages crushed. Of the former glory, only the shy asparagus spears had escaped the stamping.

A broken hoe lay beside the mangled grapevines. And tears filled James' eyes.

In the nearby town, tears flowed freely, washing down the grime on firemen's faces as they battled gloriously but vainly with the clouds of black smoke and leaping flames rapidly transforming the Martin Tool and Manufacturing Company's factory to hot, white ashes.

In his pyjamas and dressing gown the general manager tried to rescue company records. An explosion, hot and white, reduced him to pieces of soot.

The police interviewed John Whitelaw, but he was able to prove that he was in Sydney at the time, negotiating a directorship offered by an American development company planning an expansion of its Australian operations. Miss Fiona Walker had accompanied him, and was able to substantiate his whereabouts. There was nothing to be done except try to prove conspiracy, and there were no leads.

Investigating officers failed to check John Whitelaw's bank account. It showed a cash withdrawal of $2500 which he had paid to a cool city professional who specialised in the delicate trade of industrial espionage and arson.

"The Martins will emulate the phoenix," James Martin told the media, but refused to elaborate beyond those words and a few phrases of condolence to the late general manager's family.

Bulldozers were called in to clear the rubble and the ruins of the Martin Tool and Manufacturing Company factory. In the hotel bars, the townspeople speculated on the size of the replacement.

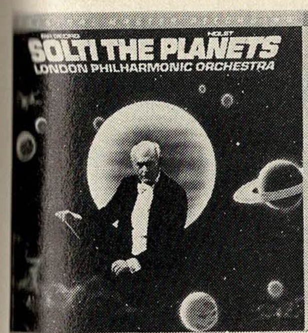
"An insurance job just to build a big one. Lots of government sympathy," said Jonathon Peake.

"They're too bloody mad," snorted Arthur Foley.

It was only 12 hours after the site had been cleared and levelled, that the whoomf-whoomf of a large two-stroke engine broke the town's clear, early-morning stillness. And by the time the adults left their beds, a crowd of children had gathered around the factory site.

While James Hedley Martin rotary-hoed the soil in long, black furrows, his mother Thelma dropped corn seeds 25 centimetres apart. Her daugher, Elizabeth, carefully raked ash-enriched loam over the little yellow embryoes.

Along the ridges, rain clouds eased themselves toward the town, and the air became warm and still and pregnant. It would be a bumper crop.



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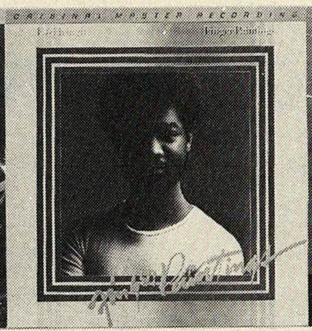

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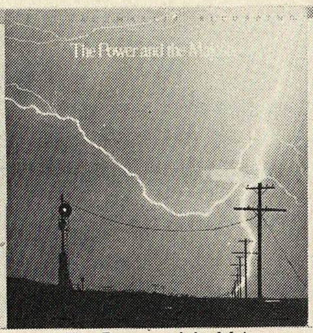

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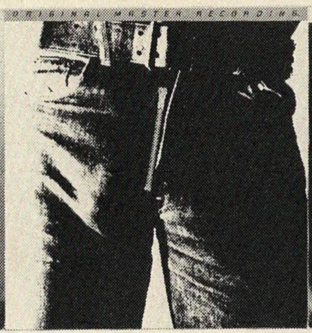

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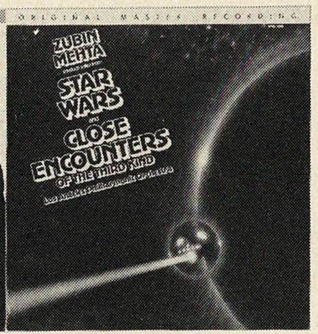
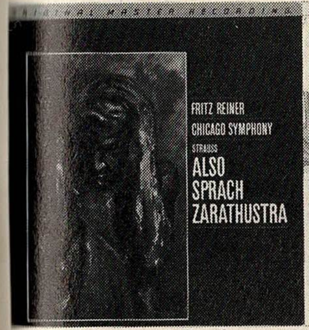


5. Star Wars, Close Encounters



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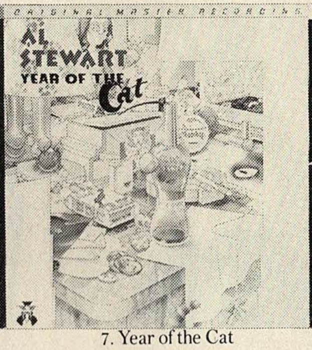

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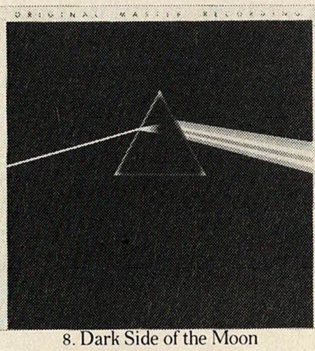
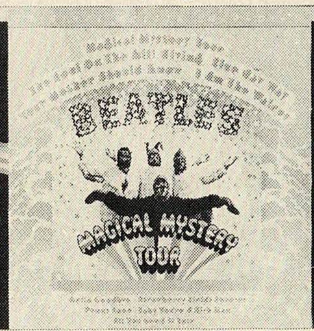
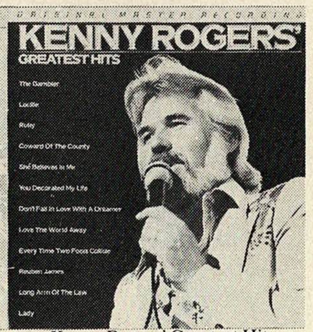


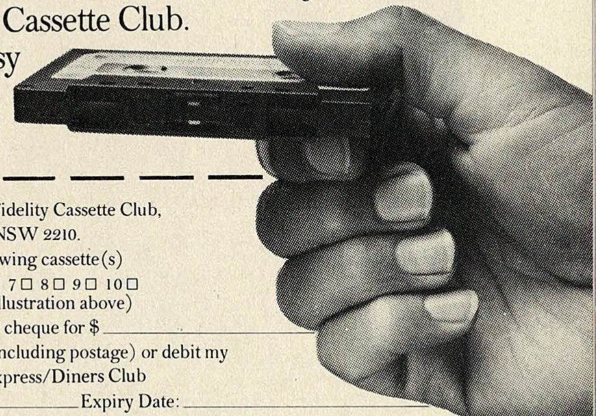
8. Dark Side of the Moon



9. Magical Mystery Tour



10. Kenny Rogers' Greatest Hits



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Playboy

"We met at Smitty's bar last night, remember? I won the ladies' mud wrestling contest."

HISTORY OF POT

(continued from page 140)

The Griffith incident was a severe setback for marijuana law reformers, and it changed the face of the drug debate.

Australian residents and the recently-arrived Italians had been the basis of a bitter ethnic clash. Word spread quickly that the Calabrians were the Mafia and that the Mafia had come to town to exact a terrible marijuana vengeance.

On March 6, 1977, the Coleambally trial began in Griffith. The day before, police had raided another farm 300 km west of Griffith. Marijuana crops were found and four Calabrians were arrested. Publicity suggested Mackay had been involved in the raid, but this was incorrect. Mackay instigated a petition to strengthen NSW drug laws, and extensively publicised the issue.

On July 15, 1977, Mackay spoke on the local radio revealing rather spurious, but dramatic, allegations that schoolchildren had been recruited to reap the marijuana crop.

That evening, Donald Mackay disappeared. All that was ever found were his parked car, bloodstains and three .22 cartridge cases. Visions of smoking pistols and assassination sparked off an anti-marijuana hysteria that endowed the herb with mystical powers of violent social destruction. The local Griffith newspaper, the *Area News* proved just how distorted and ignorant provincial Australian attitudes could be. The paper published a four-page pot special, and its reportage was in a style reminiscent of 1930s US anti-pot propaganda. "Cannabis," said the paper, "has eaten into the tissue of Western civilisation like a maggot." The cannabis smoker was described as: "A night walker with bloodshot eyes and slow speech, a sudden stranger to the laws of hygiene who may ignore the toilet and urinate in flour bin or scrub bucket. He is his own twisted philosopher, his own false prophet; his sense of values, where it exists, reflects the poverty of a diminishing mind. He is no rare bird fouling the distant scene. He is here in our backyard. . ."

Of course no one had been murdered because of marijuana, but because of the money involved. And the crooks in the business could not be dismissed as exotic non-Australian Mafia monsters: a network, involving some Italian farmers that was headed by genuine Australians protected by plain old police corruption ran a large part of the marijuana trade. Rather than isolating a foreign and cancerous Cosa Nostra in our midst, Australians had to come to terms with a home-grown Ocker Nostra.

The Griffith incident was a severe setback for marijuana law reformers, and it changed the face of the drug debate. Allegations of marijuana madness and brain damage were slowly being denied by modern research and more sophisticated debate.

Marijuana was beginning to be perceived for what it was: a relatively mild and fairly harmless herbal intoxicant, which would have about as much effect on moral degeneracy as the bikini.

Post-Griffith, the main argument against marijuana was not that it led to physical and mental decline, but that it led to organised crime.

With this in mind, various members of diverse pot lobby groups formed the Australian Marijuana Party and contested the 1977 Senate elections in several States. Following hot on the heels of Griffith, and because of the campaign's novelty, the party received a lot of publicity, so much so that the DLP complained they were receiving less coverage.

The AMP polled surprisingly well on a very simple ticket —remove organised crime by legalising the drug and selling it through a government set-up Cannabis Control Board similar to the successful wool or egg boards.

Shortly after the election, the Melbourne *Herald* announced: "Party Puffs Away In Fourth Place: Ask any Australian what our fourth major political party is, and you'll probably find the answers vary markedly. The chances are that nobody would suggest the AMP (who?). At the last Federal election, the Australian Marijuana Party ran Senate candidates in NSW, Victoria, South Australia and Canberra. Just what is this over-sized pressure group, formed as early as November last year, really hoping to achieve?"

The AMP failed in its objective of legalising marijuana.

A number of polls revealed that by 1978, 24 percent of Australians wanted marijuana made legal, but the political overtones of murder and corruption were too hot a potato for any politician to handle.

There was also the recurring theme of pot lobby groups' inherent ineptness. The glimmer of success in the 1977 election deluded some lobbyists as to their actual importance. The Victorian chapter of the party, plus the *Weed* newspaper became embroiled in a mad power struggle. Control of both organisations was commandeered by one individual whose behavior proved erratic, and who was bent on needless confrontation.

Consequently, both of the organisations lost administrative discipline, and the grass-roots support dwindled away to nothingness. In Adelaide, Marijuana Party members set police on each other in an argument over files and filing cabinets, and in Sydney, James Billington (who migrated from Victoria after his arrests), was beset with legal problems and expenses, and was subverted by rival lobby groups.

In Australia, the legal situation is currently quite interesting. On one hand, Victoria is about to double prison sentences for marijuana possession — from one year to two years, and the maximum fine is set to rise from $500 to $5000 maximum. In Sydney, on the other hand, metropolitan police have unofficially been informed not to bother with simple marijuana possession arrests and very few cases, if any, have gone through the city courts in the past year. Marijuana plantation cultivation is a current scandal in North Queensland, and gossip in the tobacco-growing town of Mareeba resembles gossip heard in Griffith in 1977.

In South Australia, the government is seriously worried about drug scandals involving police corruption.

What marijuana smokers urgently need is an effective lobby group. The most successful group in the world was America's National Organisation for Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML). Before being undermined by its own internal drug scandal, NORML achieved decriminalisation in 11 US States. Its image was strictly middle class, and its strategy was to lobby politicians, especially those whose children were in danger of being convicted of marijuana charges. NORML also selected special test cases and vigorously fought them in court.

An Australian version of NORML has recently surfaced in Sydney, but it seems destined to make the same mistakes as earlier lobby groups. The group's publicity is in no way related to the effective style of the American parent; indeed it seems as if the Australian NORML's image has been created in a time-warp — still, rather hippy and jejune.

For example, the NORML organisers invite people to "take a weekend trip on the marijuana bus to Wollongong, Newcastle etc. to buzz out on petitioning." The group lacks a credible middle-class spokesman and is short on lobbying skills. However, the recent announcement that Sir John Gorton has become the group's patron could suggest a maturity in approach.

And possibly there is some secret agent to be recruited from the womb of the Fraser Government.

The Bulletin magazine reported an amusing exchange at Fraser's 1980 election victory party: "Tony Staley was greeting Liberal wives with a kiss and an excited 'Isn't it fantastic? Marvellous!' A photographer was insisting that someone was smoking pot. 'I can definitely smell grass', he stated, and Tony Staley, quite interested, said: 'Are you sure it's not my cigar?' "

LECH WALESA

(continued from page 105)

"I'll help the party once it starts to discredit itself or collapse. We cannot overthrow the party."

that we cannot surmount. Of course, I don't mean such theoretical obstacles as reaching Jupiter in one jump or bringing the sun down with a rake, no. Only the realistic obstacles, the ones that you meet in everyday life, under normal conditions.

PLAYBOY: These are certainly not normal conditions. Why do you think the Russians still allow you to carry on? After all, for 36 years, things were done their way, and this is a very different situation for them.

WALESA: Because we outsmarted everyone. We learned from their models, we are their students, and no teacher can outsmart a good student.

PLAYBOY: As in the case of the farmers, perhaps? In Geneva, the Russians voted in favor of a farmers' trade union but later, in Poland, claimed that there was no legal basis for forming a union of individual farmers. Is that one example?

WALESA: I'm very tired now.

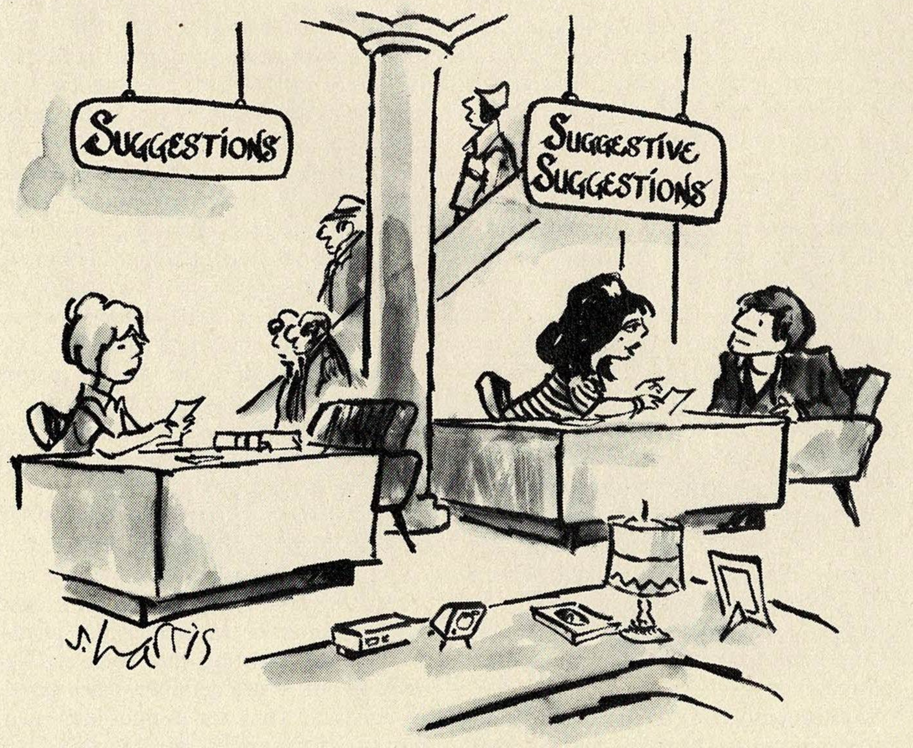
[*There is an interruption and the question is not answered. The interview resumes later.*]

PLAYBOY: There are other reasons, to be sure, but isn't the labor unrest at least partially responsible for all the shortages and for inflation?

WALESA: Of course it is. How could it be different? If I don't bake any bread and later say, "Give me bread!" — that is illogical. A baker cannot logically go on strike and then make a fuss because there is no bread. So, certainly; yes. But, at the same time, it is necessary to get to the root of why this bread disappeared, or why it was badly managed or badly distributed. This problem needs to be examined from several angles. We always hold that our work is wasted, destroyed, badly sold, etc. And in this, we see the main cause for the losses or shortages. We do not think it is because of how we work. We do not because, indeed, our work has been destroyed for many years — by building plants in the wrong places, by doing what was not needed, etc. This went on for such a long time that today we want to take care of these matters first. That way, we can get different results. Am I saying it right? Yes, I think so.

PLAYBOY: This question could only come from a country with food surpluses, such as America, but if consumers in cities go on strike or won't pay higher meat prices, doesn't that hurt the farmers who raise the livestock?

WALESA: No. You have to move in a real world, the one that we live in. But let's put it differently — in 10 or 20 years, when we establish international contacts, when factories establish contact with other factories, and so forth, I don't rule out the possibility that we would eat American meat instead of Polish. Because this or that manufacturer or processor will decide, no, they won't buy from Polish farmers, for they don't do it as cleanly or as well as the Americans. So the theoretical problem you raise is possible, but for the time being, there's no such danger.



PLAYBOY: This is a commonly heard criticism in the West: Walesa can get people to go on strike, but he can't get them to work. Why not?

WALESA: No, no, no! As I've told you, everything *can* be done, I can do *almost* everything! However, in order to play the game, one needs cards. Take the "free Saturdays" issue, for example. [*The government required Poles to work on Saturdays. Solidarity successfully fought for revocation of the edict.*] If during talks with the government I had been given the cards I wanted — and I did ask for them — the game could have been much more interesting and strong. But I wasn't given them. I did say officially: "Give me a card; I want to play."

PLAYBOY: We don't understand — you mean if the union —

WALESA: No, not the union, the government in this case. I cannot be more explicit. I needed cards, some cards that in the end we got anyway. But once again, the government party's pride wouldn't let them give us the cards just like that: "Here you are. You've got the better of the government — once again." The idea was not to give it to us.

PLAYBOY: "It" meaning more freedom for the union?

WALESA: No. . . we'll enslave ourselves on our own. [*Laughs*] No, at that moment we needed the following: to supervise the storehouses that the government claimed were empty. We wanted to check them and say, "Yes, indeed. The storehouses *are* empty." What other card did I want? I wanted something else, I can't remember right now. . . Anyway, had I got them, oh, that would have been beautiful, but they didn't give me any. Or, rather, they did, but not by dealing over the table, on the table, but *under* the table. Do you understand now?

PLAYBOY: Somewhat. Let's suppose the party discredits itself further at some point—

WALESA: I don't want that. I'll help the party once it starts to discredit itself or collapse. There are no other realities here. We cannot overthrow the party. We cannot take the power away from it. We have to preserve it. At the same time, tame it, and let it eat with us, so that it will relish what we create.

PLAYBOY: What then, if the party is still just as weak?

WALESA: I'll join the party.

PLAYBOY: You'll join the party?

[*Nervous laughter among Walesa's aides*]

WALESA: We cannot let the party become very weak. We know that with control, with constant prompting of our wishes and with help, this party will do a good job and people will be happy about it. But we have to create the proper conditions for this party. The conditions it had up until now were *no* conditions. And that's why we have to educate the party. Under no circumstances can we overthrow it, for that would be a disaster for all of us. Therefore, we want it to subsist and, at the same time, we want to control its activities. We want to live. We want the party to serve us — and it will serve us. We'll teach it to.

PLAYBOY: By disaster, do you mean the Russians would not stand by any longer?

WALESA: No, no, no. Not the Russians. We would shoot *each other* down!

PLAYBOY: Without any party, you think Poles would shoot each other down?

WALESA: Yes! Do you think that without the party I would not push myself for president? Or that my friend Jacek Kuron wouldn't also? Or [Leszek] Moczulski? Oh, come on! [*Laughter around the room*] We would all shoot each other down! We have no programs, we have no programs!

PLAYBOY: You can see no alternative to the party? The parliament? The courts?

WALESA: The parliament would fall apart, too. Everything would fall apart. No, ma'am. Right now, the arrangement is such that the party watches everything. But later, if there were no party, everything would just scatter. It's as if you brought us a basket of ants. In the basket, the ants stay together; but try to empty the basket, and, *Jezus*, we'd never hold them!

PLAYBOY: What about Prime Minister Wojciech Jaruzelski? Would he be an obvious candidate to become president?

WALESA: I don't think so. Although it's hard to say. Hardly anyone who has tasted some power as I have tasted it, who understands it and who wants to be honest about it, when faced with the possibility of giving it up, will give up power that easily. He will not want to. *I* don't want power anymore. Although I'm not saying that I would not accept something. . . but I really don't like it. If you *knew* how much I dislike it. . . but, poor me, what can I do? What other choice do I have? None.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree that a workers' revolt is the one thing that genuinely challenges the Soviet system of control since the Soviet system is supposedly based on the consent of the working class?

WALESA: I don't agree with that at all. The workers' movement does not challenge anyone. We ourselves challenge one another with this revolt. Who is responsible that things in Poland got to where they are? We are! Like a flock of sheep, we went to the polls, we applauded and shouted our support for each new policy. I shouted, too. When someone announced a meeting with a deputy or a councilor, we were the ones who didn't go. We went out for a beer instead. We elected decent people. At some point, I was even elected somewhere, and spat upon two days later. So this revolt is not a challenge to the Soviets but to ourselves. *We* are responsible for this mess. When some director did something wrong, all these people who looked on — where were they? So let's examine this revolt and we will find that we were the guilty ones. I was, too.

PLAYBOY: How serious is the split between the moderates and the radicals in the union? Have you become too much of a moderate for your hardliners?

WALESA: No, no. This is a great misunderstanding that I will try to straighten out. I am damned radical, but not suicidal. I am a man who has to win, for he does not know how to lose. At the same time, if I know that I cannot win today because I don't have a good enough hand, I ask for a reshuffling and then check whether I have a better hand. I never give up. I'm damned radical, I repeat. But I don't walk into a stone wall with my eyes shut — I'd be a fool. There are some such fools, but not me. If I see that I cannot win today, I ask myself: Damn it, why is he stronger than me? Is there any other way I can get at him? And I try the other way.

In Bydgoszcz, some of our supporters were beaten up, and that made a lot of people think. Some party members, who are also people, thought, this is a bad affair — someday *I* could be beaten up as well. And so they end up supporting us. There was also a police — [*Here the transmission of this interview from Warsaw to New York by Telex was halted, from the Warsaw end. After a pause of several minutes, transmission resumed.*] precinct that hadn't known about the beatings; and they supported us, too. So there is much evidence that in the end, we'll win, and here is my radicalism, a sensible one. I don't want to pay. I don't like to pay. I like to satisfy my appetite, but I don't like to pay.

PLAYBOY: How does your religion and the reality of a Polish Pope influence your decisions and actions?

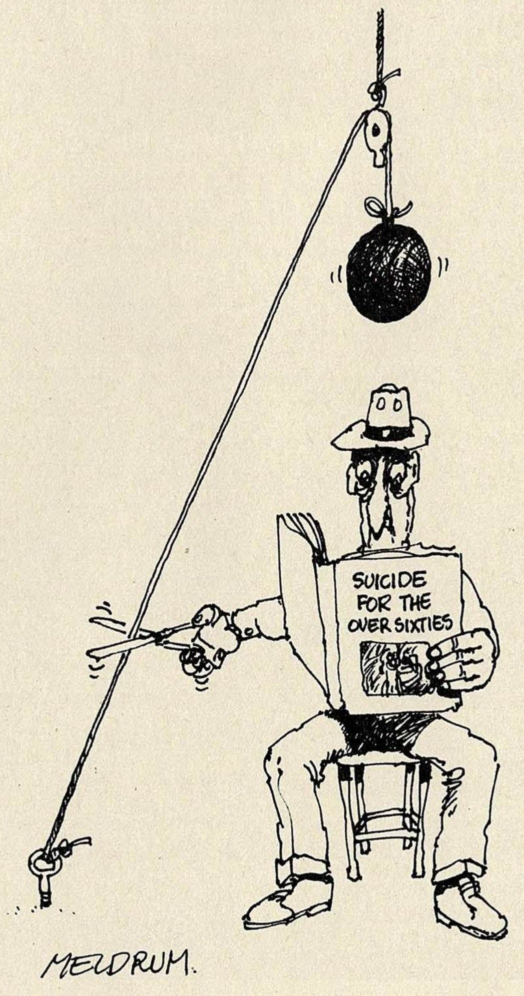
WALESA: I believe in God. As a matter of fact, if not for my faith, I would not be here. I would have walked away a long time ago. What do I need this for? As things were, I lived like a human being. Now what do I live like? It is all so hard, so thankless, that it's beyond my strength. But I am religious, and thus I endure. And there's beauty in everything. Even in pain. One can enjoy everything. One only has to know how to enjoy.

PLAYBOY: Even if you cannot always be home for supper?

WALESA: Of course. So I am *enjoying* the fact that I didn't eat today.

PLAYBOY: We talked to your wife and she worries —

WALESA: She understands me less and less. My wife does not understand me; I don't know whether anyone at all understands me. . . It's late now. I've given you so much time. I must go.



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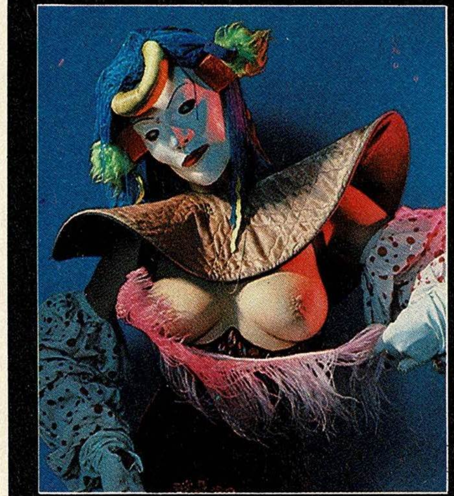

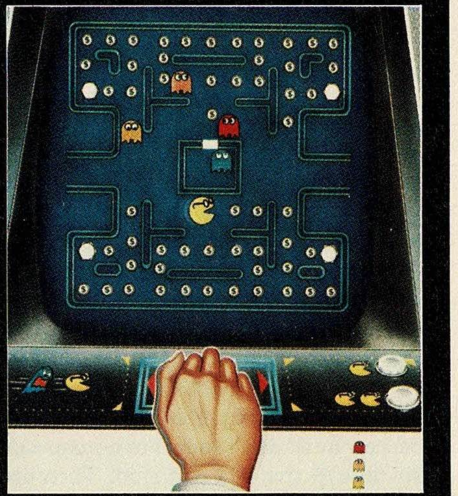

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WEIGHT WATCHING

(continued from page 62)

attracts the attention of the gods; outspread open palms show the absence of weapons; raising each leg high and bringing it down with a great thump (to the roar of the crowd) drives away demons from the ring.

A great deal of the beauty of sumo is not in the actual match but in the ritual surrounding it. In the top division matches which end the day, although the bout itself may last less than a minute, four minutes are allowed for pre-bout ritual. Under the eye of the small, glittering referee, who stands dramatically poised between them with his fan uplifted, the wrestlers purify their mouths with water, throw the salt in great handfuls, tasting it from their fingers, and crouch facing each other with their fists before them on the clay. They lift each leg and thump it down, and slap their belts and thighs.

The most important part of the ritual is the psychological warfare which takes place as the wrestlers squat and stare each other in the eye for long tense moments. A bout is often won or lost now. The smallest wrestler in the top division, Chiyonofuji (a slight 98kg), employs a stare so ferocious that he is known as "The Wolf". The fact that he never hesitates to use it full force on an opponent almost twice his size makes him a darling of the crowd. The fans love a good, long determined stare and they roar their appreciation when the silent battle reaches its climax.

Finally, the wrestlers are poised, facing each other, waiting for the signal from the referee. It comes: he moves his fan and suddenly the big men leap forward from a crouching position like runners at the start of a sprint. But they have nowhere to go except crashing headlong into each other, and from that point on anything can happen. Moments later it might seem to be all over, when suddenly the almost certain loser, clinging desperately to the edge of the straw ring with his toes, snatches his last possible chance, twisting his opponent to the side and hurling him out of the ring, following himself a split second after.

The speed and agility of these mountainous men seems unbelievable, but the most important part of a sumo wrestler's equipment is still his head. Often the intricacy of movement in a bout lasting seconds can hardly be appreciated even in a slow-motion replay. In sumo, physical skill, resourcefulness and courage are tested to the very limit.

Sumo is intensely Japanese. To know it well is to know Japan. The stoicism, sense of beauty, dramatic genius and unchanging devotion to ritual of the Japanese are all there. After more than 1500 years of sumo, they love it more than ever.

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